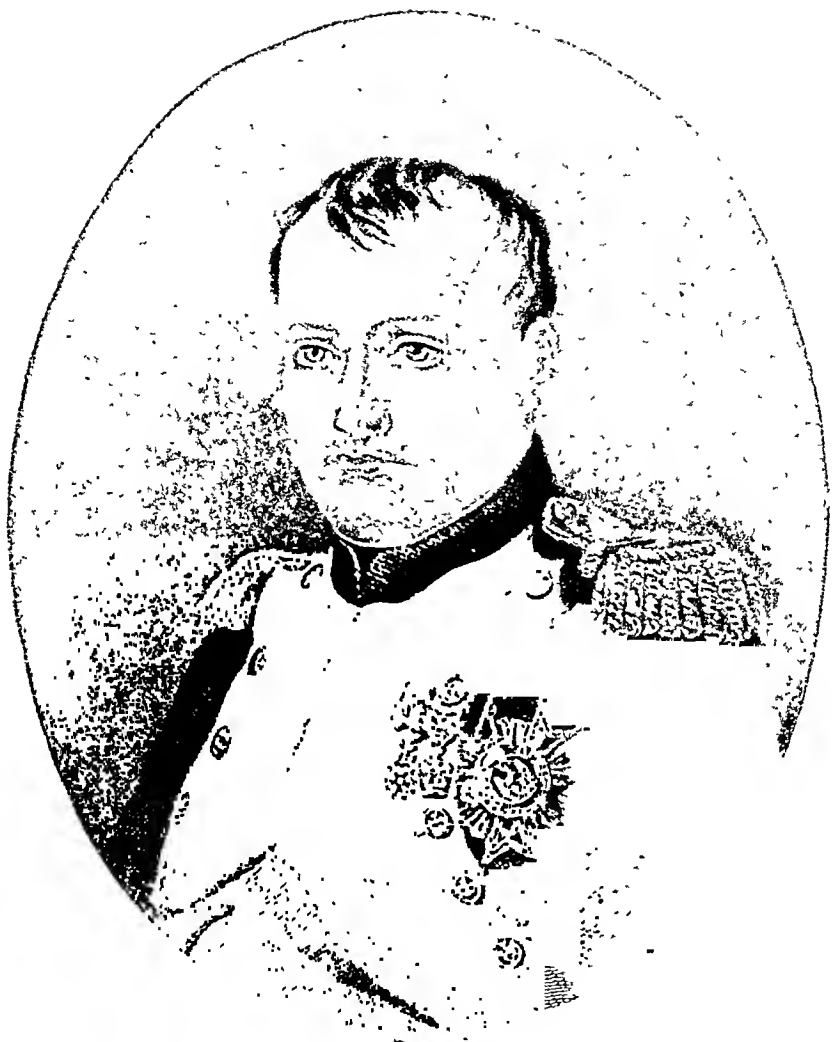




SECRET MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON.



*Napoleon*

SECRET MEMOIRS  
OF  
NAPOLEON.

BY  
ONE WHO NEVER QUITTED HIM FOR  
FIFTEEN YEARS.

[CHARLES DORIS.]

LONDON.  
JAMES GOWANS & SON.  
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## PREFACE

TO THE

### SECRET MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON.

*(Originally published in 1815)*

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THE favourable reception given by the public to my "Historical Memoir concerning Bonaparte," is one of the least motives which has induced me to undertake the present work. Six editions, of a thousand copies each, circulated in so short a time, would indeed be a sufficient motive for again employing my pen upon the same subject, but it is impossible not to feel that such success was the effect of circumstance alone. Other reasons influence me to engage in this new undertaking.

Naturally endowed with strong sensibility, I often find I regret over our so many laurels. Permen in France more ardently desired a new order of things. What I apprehend, therefore, did I not



experience when I saw the usurper compelled to resign his post! This was a pleasure which I could feel more forcibly than any other person, because I was more impressed than any other with the firm conviction that the misfortunes of France would never cease while she continued to receive laws from Napoleon.

Although the character of Napoleon is not, in reality, difficult to define, I am certain that of ten men who had each lived a month with him alternately, not two would be found to agree in their estimate of him. See him at the Tuileries, see him at Saint-Cloud, he is not the same man; have occasion to converse with him at Schœnbrunn, he is still a different personage; pay your court to him at Marrac, you would no longer suppose him the same.

But even from contemplating him under these different points of view, even from noting down facts collected upon the spot, no historian whatever would be able to present a faithful portrait of this versatile usurper if he had not been enabled to collect documents relating to his private life, to witness his daily habits and his private manners. By these means alone could he find the materials necessary for an accurate portraiture of Napoleon.

I cannot but solace myself with the belief that any endeavour to convince Frenchmen how entirely the usurper was what our supineness, our weakness, and circumstances made him, is to serve the cause of our king, our country, and humanity. The facts here given have not been derived from hearsay, but have been noted down in the closet, upon the knee—I might almost say—of Napoleon.

Many persons have written upon Napoleon, but have failed in attaining the end at which they aimed, that of showing him as he is. The reason is, that some wrote in the tumult of passion, others in the delirium of joy, others in the hope of paying their court to him. What has been the result? Many honest-minded persons have disapproved of the style adopted by certain writers of the day; it is a mode of writing which approaches too nearly to that in use during the most bloody periods of our revolution. It is an historian that we wish—not a bigoted *determined accuser*. Some writers, not satisfied with keeping to facts, have had recourse to horrible impostures, to useless falsehoods, which only served the cause of their opponents all the more effectually, as their falsity was easily proved.

For instance, in the *Journal des Débats* of the 9th



of September last, among the strictures upon a pamphlet, entitled "The Sepulchres of the Grand Army," we find it asserted that in the expedition to Egypt the wounded who were carried to Jaffa did not die of the plague, but were poisoned by order of Napoleon. Such an act would, indeed, be without parallel in the annals of crimes; but the accusation is false, as I can prove unanswerably.

The wounded had already been some time at Jaffa when the plague commenced its ravages. Soldiers and inhabitants were attacked; for the truth of this, let the assertion of M. C——, a celebrated physician attached to the expedition, be consulted. Had such an atrocity been really practised, it must have been known immediately; if none but Frenchmen had been attacked, then indeed the charge would have worn some colour of truth; but soldiers and inhabitants falling alike victims, if the one were poisoned, the others must have been poisoned also. Let the possibility of this double poisoning be proved to me, and I shall believe in the suicide of Pichegru. A stronger circumstance still in favour of the non-existence of the crime is, that many of the French soldiers, as well as of the inhabitants, recovered from the disease.

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doubt. "Some men have been named who have warmly disavowed the work—with the opinions of others it does not concur." It was very natural that the public should wish to discover the author, but in this they will never be gratified, unless I choose to be known. Yet, not to give occasion for further researches, I will acknowledge fairly that I am among those who have *warmly disavowed the work*. It is not that I consider it as reflecting upon my honour and reputation, but because I have special reasons for wishing to keep myself unknown, which are not of a nature to be made public.

A heavier imputation has been laid to my charge. I am reproached with being guilty of a deep offence in betraying the secrets of my master. To this I have nothing to answer. Fully convicted, I am still disposed to hope that the acknowledgment of my fault will give me a claim to some indulgence. If it be otherwise, I appeal to the present work; there I venture to hope my excuse will be found. The system which I laid down for myself will there be developed. It is one which I have constantly followed by day and by night, in France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia—a system which has given occasion to numberless observations, which has

cost me much labour, and thrown me into some dangers.

In this work an account of the great events which have signalized the reign of Napoleon will be sought for in vain; it is for the pen of history to dwell upon them; the present Memoirs relate to his private life. The author could not see everything, but he will write nothing except what he has seen, or of which he is very certain. His sketches will not have the proportions of great subjects, but for that very reason they may possess a greater charm. His statements will be based upon facts, and supplemented by a long and constant study of the subject.





# HISTORICAL SURVEY

## OF THE

### CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

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A PERSON of considerable talents, who for fifteen years has been struck with the numerous contradictions which he remarked not only in the political character of Napoleon but in his private life, said —“This man is a frightful enigma, the solution of which belongs to God alone.”—It was impossible to make use of a finer expression, but it was at the same time to advance a great error. Napoleon is from every point of view the easiest being on earth to be defined. If you would measure this Colossus, one who stands single in the annals of human kind, he must not be considered according to the immensity of the circle in which he revolved, he must not be examined apart from the tumultuous scenes which often allure unawares, not the multitude alone, but even persons of sense and discernment,—the pages which journals paid for giving false hues to events, and extolling to the skies one whom the universe would have wished to see a hundred feet under ground, must be torn ;—those soporific works, the

meanness of which equal their imposture, and at which he himself blushed, must be burned;—the times, the place, the bravery of the troops which he commanded must be calculated;—all these things must be done: you will then be able, without difficulty, to take the measure of a man, inexplicable indeed until recent times. Such a work is not easy to every one; it is possible to fail in an enterprise the details of which ought to be very judiciously selected.

What shall we do then in order to attain such a portrait as we wish, one which shall have the merit of reality? The man who would undertake to furnish it must lay aside every sentiment of hatred or malice,—the man who is to sit for it must be divested of all the pomp and pride of circumstance;—what he was, what he is, must be deduced from what he said and did in private.

I am going then to submit facts to the discernment of the reader; he will be at liberty to draw from them the results which he thinks they will best authorize. I do not mean to give my opinion as law; one may be deceived in measuring a Colossus. No one must expect to find in this sketch any fixed, any regular plan, any methodical arrangement. I only bring a parcel of rough stones to the spot, of which some skilful architect may, perhaps, hereafter avail himself to erect a more regular edifice.

For fifteen years I was, by office, attached to the person of Napoleon;—for fifteen years the attentive scrutator of his most trifling actions, whenever it was in

my power to observe or hear him, I have been more than once discouraged when I sought to form a decided opinion concerning him. What a man *he is* in fact!—what a monstrous assemblage of incongruities!—what a compound of apparent sublimity, of real littleness! What astonished me, and may astonish many others, is, that never did man pass so mechanically and with such extraordinary rapidity from one extreme to the other. The same minute presented in him the great statesman, and the petty village justice,—the celebrated captain, and the ordinary warrior;—the latter more particularly the case in the moment of retreat. Would you be convinced of the truth of what is here advanced, read the following extract from a document belonging to a prefect in one of our southern provinces.

"You are permitted to speak to him, he hears you; you conclude, he answers you. His accent is mild, his language civil and obliging, his words are measured and ever consistent;—fix your eyes upon him attentively, his looks are calm, his features are serene, his whole deportment is affable;—your heart is delivered up to hope. But chance has placed near him some object, perhaps a map, a book, no matter what; he casts his eyes upon it; well, this sort of mechanical abstraction has changed the man entirely. His looks are turned angrily upon you, his voice becomes rough and sonorous, his language insulting and laconic. Again consider him attentively, his countenance is austere, his eyes are inflamed with anger, and from his mouth issues a contemptuous refusal or a dismissal after the manner of a

sovereign of barbarians. You quit him annihilated, confounded, and doubtful whether you have not seen two different persons."

Would you wish for more? Attend. One of his Ministers accosted him, no matter when or where, laying before him a report which he had desired, relative to a conspiracy against his person. I was present at the scene. I own I expected to see him fly into a rage, thunder against the traitors, threaten the magistrates, and accuse them of negligence. By no means;—he ran over the paper without showing the least sign of agitation. Judge of my surprise, or rather of the sweet emotion I felt at hearing him utter the following sublime and consolatory words—"The State, sir, has not suffered, the magistrates have not been insulted, the plot was aimed against my person only; I am sorry it is not understood that all my wishes tend to the welfare of France. But every one may be mistaken. Say to these ungrateful men that they have my free pardon. Count, let the proceeding against them be abrogated."

I defy the most zealous Royalist to witness so magnanimous a procedure and not to say, "If Heaven in His anger has given an usurper to France, let us at least thank Him that it is such a man."—Hold, thou who wouldst say so!—thy eyes have seen, thine ears have heard, but do not therefore believe. Repair two days after to the levée of this Emperor so mild, so magnanimous, so little disposed to vengeance. He is surrounded by his courtiers, the eyes of all are fixed upon him, his countenance is discomposed, the muscles of his

face are contracted, his whole air and demeanour are impressed with ferociousness, with anger;—a funereal silence reigns in the assembly, Napoleon has not yet spoken, but his eyes wander all over the company. Presently he perceives the same Minister who two days before had brought him the report. "Count," he addresses him, "are those base conspirators executed? Are their accomplices in irons? Have the executioners given a new example to those who are pleased to conspire against my person?"

What painter could have skill enough to express the surprise, the stupefaction of the poor Minister? He believes himself in a dream, yet he is awake. Fain would he speak, but he hesitates, words fail him. In vain does he recall to the Emperor the pardon which he had so recently pronounced, even the very words in which he had expressed himself; he is roughly answered: "Nothing can be more false—you misunderstood me entirely."—A profound silence reigns for some minutes, the monarch being the first to break it. It is no longer the same person, his countenance is tranquillized, his words are serene, his voice has acquired mildness and flexibility. He converses with a Marshal of France, salutes a foreign ambassador, and turning towards the Minister, who is still red with anger and vexation, talks to him of indifferent matters with a condescension, a mildness, an amenity, which excites the utmost astonishment in everybody. This astonishment is raised to its utmost height, when, at the breaking up of the assembly, he once more addresses him, saying: "Count, you

will hasten the business."—The Minister retires penetrated with the deepest regret; he ventures, however, not to execute the cruel orders he has received, and the monarch never mentions the affair to him again.

Here every one must be tempted to pause and ask how these strange, these cruel, and contemptible inconsistencies, are to be accounted for?—Nothing is more easy. The genius of a man has its limits. Napoleon has undoubtedly talents, but they are both physically and morally too confined for the immensity of that career which he sought to run. The hero existed only by portions in every affair wherein he engaged, and his head was always incumbered by the multiplicity of his concerns. The result was, that what he did and said at the moment, by a mechanical impulse, was destroyed afterwards by reflection. Not having leisure to reason, his passions for the most part finished by running away with him.

It is rare that some strokes in youth do not indicate what may be expected in future of the man. The public concern themselves little with inquiring into the early years of one who never becomes celebrated; but the case is far otherwise with Napoleon; he is unfortunately so celebrated that the world would be glad to trace the progress of his life from his very cradle. Some sallies of his youth are known to me; what I can give are indeed but words; such words, however, paint the man more strongly than great events.

One day somebody was making a warm panegyric upon the Viscount de Turenne, when the young Cor-

sican was present. A lady in company observed, "Yes, he was a great man, but I would admire him more if he had not burned the Palatinatel"—"What did that signify," answered Napoleon eagerly, "if it was necessary to his glory?"—What a reply! How truly did it give promise of all that we have since seen!—He was then fourteen years of age.

It would not be more absurd to deny the light of day, than to refuse this celebrated man every sort of merit and of glory. Thus all the wretched nonsense vociferated against him with so much eagerness since his exile, has fallen into the contempt it merited. From his earliest years his ideas were always soaring, but not within the sphere of humanity, and almost always beyond the bounds which the most ambitious man commonly prescribes to himself. His uncle more than once found him with a *Life of Cromwell* in his hand. One day he asked him what he thought of that usurper. "Cromwell," he answered, "is a fine work, but is incomplete." The uncle, who thought the nephew spoke of the book, asked what fault he had to find with the author. "It is not of the book I speak," answered Napoleon hastily, "it is of the man." Not more than four years ago, Cardinal Fesch reminded him of this anecdote.

M. Dupuis, who was at that time principal of a large school at Brienne, where Napoleon was a student, happening to be at Marseilles in company with the latter, the conversation turned upon the misfortunes which environ the crown in all times of *anarchy*.



"Do you know why kings are to be pitied?" said Napolcon on a sudden.

"You will perhaps tell us," answered M. Dupuis, astonished at the young scholar's forwardness.

"Yes," replied Napolcon, "and I will venture to assert that it is more difficult to conduct your school than the first kingdom in the world. The reason is, that your pupils do not belong to you, and that a king who would be really a king, is always the master of his people." Every one began instantly to exclaim against the sophism. "Talk as much as you please," answered the young scholar, "but if I were king I would prove the truth of what I advance!"—For fifteen years he has indeed proved to us that it was not altogether a sophism.

I have read, in a modern work upon England, that the Protector was placed at the helm of affairs by a regular gradation, without any premeditated design of his own. The same cannot be said of Napoleon; scarcely had he entered upon the scene of the world, than already his head was at work on some part of the great projects which he afterwards carried into execution. I shall only cite in support of this assertion the celebrated reply which he made to the unfortunate Vandamme. Some days after that on which he fired upon the Parisians, Vandamme said to him: "What have you done?—Well perhaps for the moment, but I know not whether you may not one day have cause to repent it."—"You cannot see then," said Napoleon, "that it is my seal which I put upon France." This answer was in truth the seal of his ambition.

Nothing can justify the Directory, unless it can be proved that the destinies of States are irrevocably written above, and that no human power can change their course,—this alone could justify the Directory for not having seen in Napoleon a warrior who was determined to be celebrated, no matter at what price, among what people, or in what country. His project for the war in Egypt was sufficient to have cleared the mist from the eyes of the most short-sighted statesman; but it was decreed that he should impose upon power itself. General Perignon, nevertheless, long ago penetrated his designs. It may be recollected that in presenting him to the Directory he said to them: "I present to you a young officer whom I request you to promote; if you neglect him, I know the man, he will be sure to advance himself."

Nothing could have been worse planned than the snare into which the Directory fell. It is sufficient to submit it to the judgment of the reader for this to be self-evident. After the first career of victory run by Napoleon in Italy, Europe, although terribly convulsed, no longer offered to his ambition the immense field of action for which his bosom burned. What does he do? His wandering eyes are cast upon a new world. To him the burning sands of Sahara, the vast deserts of Africa have no terror; who knows where he himself had laid the boundaries of his career? In vain did Desaix write to him, "The project is good if it be practicable;" he would hear nothing, he had formed mighty designs, and was determined that they should be executed.

Unfortunately he found a Government but too much of his own disposition.

How could this Government indeed refuse to subscribe to a project so splendid and alluring? The author of it had convinced them that as soon as the French standards should be seen waving over the pyramids, over the minarets of Egypt, the English, with their colonies, their manufactures and their trade, would be immediately annihilated. "Yes, Directors," said he, "no sooner shall I be master of Egypt and the solitudes of Palestine, than England will give you a vessel of the first rate for a sack of corn."—"It is only," another time he wrote to the members of the Directory—"It is only under a Government so wise, so great as yours, that a simple soldier like me could conceive the project of carrying the war into Egypt." Who would not have been caught by flattery so well-directed? Who does not know the fable of the fox and the raven? Be this as it may, the plan was vast and magnificent; would to Heaven that it had been wiser, better reasoned, and, above all, capable of being executed; but this did not enter into the calculations of our worthy Directors. Thus did a Corsican obtain from them in an instant forty thousand of our bravest troops, artists, men of science, and a fine fleet to carry them all to the banks of a river, whose inhabitants had no quarrel whatever with us.

The result of the expedition is known to the whole world; it is known that there perished all the flower of that army which were the first conquerors of Italy. If

the ashes of the unfortunate Kleber could revive, what secret details would they not give us on this point! This unfortunate man had at first but slight suspicions of Napoleon's cherishing an unbounded ambition; not till after the revolt at Cairo was his mind fully impressed with the conviction that he sought only his own aggrandizement.

The general-in-chief was enraged at the revolt of the capital of Egypt, and particularly at the energy shown by the inhabitants, who, although totally defeated, had still menaces in their mouths and hatred in their hearts. In a moment of ill-humour he was heard to say: "It is over, never will an European give them laws for any time; I wish I were two thousand leagues off!" This exclamation, where self-interest so palpably burst forth, sufficed to confirm Kleber in the suspicion which he had begun to entertain, that Napoleon's object in the Egyptian expedition was not the prosperity of France, but his own independence, and he could not forbear saying to his intimates: "It would be a curious spectacle indeed to see, eighteen hundred years after Christ, a little citizen of Corsica, King of Egypt and Jerusalem." What would he have said if he had lived to read at the head of a diploma: "Napoleon the Great, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Swiss Confederation, &c. &c. &c."?

Kleber had perceived for some time in the countenance of the general-in-chief the various sentiments which occupied his mind. Our affairs in

that part of the world were then almost desperate; even French bravery could no longer resist the numerous and always increasing force of the Mussulmans. Kleber thought it right therefore to sound the general-in-chief upon his designs, and upon the fate to be expected by the remains of the army. "I am ignorant," said he one day, "what projects you meditate, but you are not calm as usual; I would not seek to penetrate your secrets; I must, however, flatter myself that you will not abandon the remains of an army which you alone have brought hither."—"One would suppose, according to what you say," replied Napoleon, "that I was the sole author of this expedition; you do more, you seem to lay to my charge the misfortunes which have befallen our army."—"I know you too well not to believe you the author of the project," replied Kleber, "and I am too sincere not to avow my opinion. As to accusing you alone, I shall never forget that the Directory ought not with so much facility to have furnished you with the means of carrying it into execution." The general-in-chief quitted him purple with anger. This scene finished at Kleber's house.

A very remarkable circumstance relating to the Egyptian expedition is, that the west birds of Europe have always believed it a project conceived by the Directory for removing the conqueror of Italy out of their way. If this had been the fact, the Government would have merited the heaviest punishment. To have given up forty thousand men to almost certain slaughter for the sake of destroying one of whom they were afraid, would

have been of all political crimes ever committed, the most atrocious. It was crime sufficient to permit their marching on such an errand without any premeditated design.

A reflection very simple, but very striking, connects itself naturally with my subject. It is that the renowned Christopher Columbus could never obtain from his master more than two wretched vessels to conquer for him a new world; while a private individual of a very small island, easily obtained from another Government forty thousand men of the best troops in the universe, with a numerous fleet, to go and acquire the hatred of a number of people among whom there were neither new provinces to be discovered nor treasures to be obtained. Assuredly in the fifteenth century, rulers were less prodigal than at present of the lives of their subjects and the wealth of their States: but other times, other manners.

Before I take my leave of Egypt, I cannot forbear mentioning an anecdote of Napoleon, the reason of which I have always in vain endeavoured to solve for myself. It is indeed of a most striking and singular nature. We were at the distance of two leagues from Kaminieh; the general with his état-major were on their way, followed by about fifty guides on horseback. On arrival at a certain spot, he ordered the party to halt; being all fatigued, they endeavoured to repose themselves in the shade, as much as the nature of the place would permit. Napoleon alone walked about with a thoughtful air. In three minutes we lost

sight of him, he being concealed from us by a little mount. On a sudden I heard him call me by my name, probably because I was the nearest to him. I immediately ran towards him, followed by two other persons, the one by name Talbot, a private of the guides, the other Reguillot, second trumpeter of the same corps ; both are still alive, and one now resides at Paris [1815]. When we came to the general, he asked whether I had any money. On my answering in the affirmative, he bade me follow him, which I did, accompanied by the two guides.

A few paces beyond the little eminence were three or four small cottages, into one of which Napoleon entered. We found there a woman very ill, lying upon a sort of mat spread on a heap of leaves, which made a great rustling as she moved ; over her was thrown a piece of cotton extremely white and clean. Everything in the cottage bespoke extreme poverty, but the most perfect neatness was everywhere displayed. Close by the sick woman's bed stood a girl who appeared about sixteen years of age ; although brown, she was perfectly handsome. She did not evince the least astonishment, but contemplated the general from head to foot. He then asked me whether I understood anything of her *patois* ; I was going to answer in the negative, when Reguillot addressed the girl in her own language, telling her that it was the general-in-chief whom she saw. At these words she smiled, and kissed his arm between the hand and the elbow ; she was about to repeat the action, but the general would not permit her, and ordered

Reguillot to put several questions to her relative to the sick woman and herself. We learnt that they were mother and daughter ; that the mother had fallen sick from chagrin at her only son's following the army of Djezzar Pacha : that the girl was in despair at being no longer able to procure her mother the assistance of which she stood in need, totally destitute of means as she was.

During the conversation tears streamed down the poor creature's cheek, on which the general took her in his arms and kissed her on the forehead, in the most impressive manner. I was extremely surprised, for I had never witnessed anything like it from him. He then asked for my purse, which I gave him—it contained a hundred and twenty-seven francs, French money. After just looking in, without counting the money, he made the whole a present to the girl, who opened it immediately without ceremony. At sight of the gold which it contained, she uttered a scream of transport, let fall the purse, and threw herself upon the general's neck, kissing him eagerly. It seemed to me as if I saw the young Paul upon the neck of M. de Labourdonnaie.\* I am wholly at a loss, however, to conceive what was passing at that moment in the soul of Napoleon. He looked at us, then, breaking away from the young woman, repelled her so hastily that she fell at the feet of her mother. On seeing this, the latter uttered a violent scream. Napoleon immediately quitted the cottage, leaving the girl extended as she had fallen, while

\* See the beautiful tale of "*Paul et Virginie*," by M. St. Pierre.



her countenance bore an expression of the utmost astonishment. I leave it to the reader himself to form his own opinions from a scene, the parallel to which is, perhaps, scarcely to be found in the history of the human heart.

Some days before Napoleon quitted Egypt on his return to France, he discovered that he had lost some papers. This occasioned him mortal uneasiness, as no one knew of the loss, and he dared not unbosom himself upon the subject to any person whatsoever. General Desaix said to him at breakfast: "In truth, general, there is a sadness in your appearance to-day, enough to freeze everybody about you."—"What would you have, my friend?" answered Napoleon mournfully. "I am not made to be happy. For fifteen months I have been on the rack; to-day I am on burning coals. Do you know that they are in possession of my secrets? Do you know that?" Desaix could not recover from his astonishment at what he heard—an astonishment which was not a little increased by the general's words being perfectly incomprehensible to him. The case was otherwise when he afterwards heard him say, "But no; those people have not common sense. Would they have riches and honours? Well, they shall be overwhelmed with them. Let them but give me back my treasure, they shall be overwhelmed with them. I shall have—yes, I shall have my hand in the mine."

I was extremely surprised at such a monologue, and know not how the scene might have ended if the Generals Murat and Belliard had not come in at

the moment. General Desaix, who was impressed with the strongest desire to know the meaning of what he had heard, came in the evening to seek information upon the subject from me, and was not a little mortified and disappointed at finding me no better informed than himself.

Although I never knew exactly the contents of these mysterious papers, chance, at length, threw a faint gleam of light upon the mystery after the following manner. Some days before our return to Paris, Napoleon ordered me to take out from a chest everything relating to the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. It was an enormous roll, I laid it upon his desk. He began to undo it himself, when on a sudden a small roll of papers about a foot in length and about the thickness of my arm, fell out, it was enclosed in a sheet of very light coloured paper. The moment he saw it, he uttered a cry which almost turned my head, as well as the heads of two valets who were present. His emotion was so great that in a minute after the blood gushed from his nose, he then held the roll in his hand. When the blood was stopped, he opened the roll, and such was his joy at having found the papers that he was guilty of a thousand acts of folly, nor could he forbear saying, 'What vexation would have been spared me, if, when I was at Cairo I had but conceived the idea of opening this chest!' I should have thought a finger a trifling sacrifice to have arrived at the development of a mystery which appeared of so much importance, but this was a satis-

faction constantly denied me, though more than once I endeavoured to obtain it at the most serious risks.

The first steps taken by Napoleon, in France, after his return from Egypt, were stamped with the utmost bombast and boasting with regard to himself, and no less with that contempt which he so much accustomed himself to show towards the rest of mankind. Some days before his excursion to the Council of Five Hundred he was advised to present himself there well attended. "If I present myself with troops," he said, "it will be only to please my friends ; for, in truth, I have the greatest inclination to appear as Louis XIV. formerly did before the parliament, in boots with a whip in my hand."

Will it be believed that I have heard a man sincerely applaud this despicable gasconade, without considering the inaptitude of the comparison? Louis XIV., truly surnamed the Great, might be allowed in a moment of ill-humour to present himself in boots, with a whip in his hand ; though it is not one of the incidents in his life that reflects the greatest honour upon him. But that a simple officer, without titles, without a mission, a deserter from the post confided to him, the chief of a party in short, should place himself on a parallel with the descendant of Henry IV.—indeed it would be difficult to carry boasting and audacity to a higher pitch.

I think I read here in the hearts of the hero-worshippers of Napoleon, severe accusations against me, that this last stroke only proves my hatred to him—my prejudices against him. They are mistaken.

I should, perhaps, rejoice more than they could I cite some strokes in his favour, but vainly have I sought them in the history of his life. Anything I have found which, viewed on the surface, would seem to do him honour, has always appeared so connected with really guilty views, that I have imposed it upon myself as a duty to be silent with regard to them. In a word, if my reflections are believed to be the fruit of resentment, let those who think so prove them wanting in truth. This I defy them to do. I am certain that whatever may be their dialectics, they will never succeed in proving to me that the castle of Vincennes has the same destination as the hospital for the blind.

Is any great penetration necessary to see that a man is insatiable, when we witness the answer he made to General Murat some days after his elevation to the Consulate?—"The Republic," said the General, "could not do less for you." "Nor," answered Napoleon, "could I do less for her." This expression involved a double meaning, but he soon explained the sense he intended by it, when he added, "It was, perhaps, right that I should make one of the volumes of a collection of governors, but France has had too many of those collections, it is time that she become herself again."

The height of power to which Napoleon was now arrived, had soon an important influence upon his natural disposition. His character, already well disposed that way, assumed an impression of haughtiness and authoritativeness, the weight of which everybody

about him were made to feel very sensibly, not excepting even the members of his own family.

Lucien, born with a high and independent spirit, never would bend to the caprices of his younger brother. One day when the Consul had done something, with the express intention of humbling him, he reproached him with it in a tone of some warmth. 'Sir,' said he, "whatever may be the superiority which chance, as much as talents, has given you over your connections, it is not decent to be constantly making them feel it. I am the only one of your family who does not tremble before you—I know it well. But this exception does me honour, and to prove that I am not formed to submit to your disdainful manners I quit you at this moment, never to return. Do not forget, however, that I am your elder brother, and by no means your courtier." Napoleon was almost thunderstruck with such a sally; he only remarked upon it, however, "He shall be kept to what he has said."

Although their personal interests constrained his family to live upon good terms with him, none of them had any affection for him, excepting his sister-in-law, the Queen of Holland. They all feared him; Jerome never spoke to him without trembling. This young man is not, however, devoid of character; he even expresses himself with nobleness and facility. He was nevertheless so entirely over-awed by Napoleon, that the latter had one day the insolence to say to him: "If the majesty of kings be impressed on their counte-

nances, you may very well travel *incognito*—you will never be discovered.”

Does any one wish to know the manner in which he addressed crowned heads, here follows a letter to the King of Holland, dated the 24th of March, 1809:—

“SIRE, MY BROTHER,

“In placing you upon the throne of Holland, I had no other end in view but to make you an assistant in the prosecution of my designs. Whatever may be the title of king with which I have honoured you, you ought never to forget that I am the centre to which all your actions should have relation. I learn, notwithstanding, that, in contempt of my will, you suffer your ports to be open peaceably for the reception of English commerce; that your kingdom is a warehouse for English manufactures; that your markets are the places where English merchandise is exposed to sale. If you do not immediately repress an order of things so contrary to my interests, I shall be constrained to forget that you are my brother and a king. This letter being for no other purpose, I pray God, &c.”

Let any one say how an Asiatic monarch, dissatisfied with the conduct of a simple pacha, would make known to him his sentiments. This style is truly that of the most determined despot. So indeed thought his brother, and wearied with a crown which he had assumed with regret, he took the wisest part, that of abdicating it, and not seeing his brother any more. Napoleon was extremely affected at his abdication.

"This man," said he, "has taken upon him to justify the opinion of the public, who consider my brothers as a parcel of poor creatures."

I have just read in the *Gazette of France* for May the 23rd, 1814, an article which obliges me to recur again to Egypt, in order to notice a particular circumstance. This paper gives the public the copy of a letter purporting to be written from St. Jean-d'Acre by Sir Sidney Smith, to the General-in-Chief of the French Army. This letter is given as authentic; but this, however, I deny, as far as relates to its style and contents, which would be a disgrace to the English Commodore. The style imputed to him is alternately that of a hero of the Garonne, and of a petty village preacher; full of miserable irony, of mean allusions, of paltry recollections, given from one end to the other in a prophetic tone. Certainly the Commodore had too much honour, too much good sense not to observe all the rules of decorum in writing to a warrior whose first military efforts occupied all the trumpets of fame.

It is very true that Sir Sidney Smith did address an epistle to Napoleon while the latter was before St. Jean-d'Acre. I have had more than one opportunity of running it over, and as no one can be injured by the publication of it, I shall give it here word for word.

"GENERAL,

"I have known for some time of the arrangements made by you with a view to raising the siege; the precaution of sending away your wounded, and of not

leaving any one behind you, merits a high eulogium. This last word ought not to come from my mouth—from mine who have no reason to love you, not to say worse, but circumstances lead me to wish that you would reflect upon the instability of all human things. In effect, could it have appeared credible that a poor prisoner from the dungeons of the Temple—that an unfortunate being for whom you refused to interest yourself in the slightest degree, when you could have rendered him a signal service, since you were then all powerful—could it have appeared credible, I say that such a man should become your antagonist, and force you to raise the siege of a miserable town amid the sands of Syria? These are events which you must acknowledge surpass all human calculation. Take my advice, General, assume more moderate sentiments, and you will not think him an enemy who tells you that Asia is not a theatre made for your glory. This letter is a little stroke of vengeance which I allow myself to salute you, &c.”

I leave it now to those who have an opportunity of seeing the two letters to compare and judge the different style of them. They will at the same time see what degree of confidence is to be given to many writings which the public papers take upon themselves to put into circulation.

With respect to military genius, I should be almost tempted to keep silence on a man who in fifty pitched battles has always contrived to range victory on his side.



But since Napoleon's martial exploits will always be the part of his character which affords the most ample subject of remark, I shall venture here to suggest what I consider as the true solution of his unparalleled successes. It will perhaps appear astonishing that since the affair of Marengo, in which I accompanied him, nothing, no, absolutely nothing, has surprised me in all his most splendid victories. I analysed his tactics, till I was convinced that he ought almost always to have the advantage. Of this the reader may easily convince himself by attending to what follows.

To suppose Napoleon Bonaparte the first captain in the world would be no less absurd than to deny him every sort of military genius. At all times the French were a brave people; in this the whole universe is agreed, but never was their bravery so celebrated as under the orders of Napoleon. As a man of address, but with a view to his own private interests alone, he knew how to avail himself of the commotions excited in every mind by our political troubles. The vastness of his designs, the lustre of his triumphs, and the idea that he could command victory, all contributed to increase the national courage. Surrounded by the pomp of a glory more brilliant than solid, his presence made an impression upon the army, which was always decisive for the issue of the battle. Under his eyes whole squares of French Infantry passed without trembling over other squares which had been cannonaded in their ranks. Scattered members, the trunks from which they were separated, the corpse of a brother, a friend, a relation, the

groans of the wounded and the dying, nothing could stop these masses when once put in motion. Insensible to danger, they marched on coolly to death, without reflecting that such torrents of blood flowed for one man alone, who, when the battle was over, took not any interest in their fate.

I shall instance one fact of which I was myself a witness, and which will prove that he was sometimes even inhuman towards the soldiers: an inhumanity so much the more culpable, since in this instance, at least, it could only proceed from pure harshness and severity of disposition, without anything that could give it either colour or sanction. In the middle of February, 1811, one day when the weather was deplorably severe, when the wind, the cold, the snow, and the rain were enough to cut the unfortunate traveller to pieces, the Emperor, in a good carriage with the glasses up, was travelling from Rambouillet to Paris. By the way he met two unfortunate battalions of light infantry, overpowered with fatigue and cold. Will it be believed that some malevolent genius put it into his head to order these regiments to halt, when he made them manœuvre before him for a full long hour? This he called inuring them to fatigue. I am confident that two hundred at least died in consequence of the frolic. This anecdote will suffice to convince every one that if sometimes the soldiery were the objects of his especial care, it was according to the place, the time, and the occasion he had for them.

One art he possessed perfectly, which was that of

being exactly what he ought to be on the day of battle. He was then easy of access to every officer; whoever accosted him was sure of being well received. Did he pass in front of any rank, he smiled graciously upon the warriors; and the effect of a smile, of an affable word, of a gesture of encouragement, upon a body of men who have not all of them sufficient penetration to know the exact value of words and things, is at such a time indescribable.

I must here cite an instance of what a word well placed, may do in the time of battle. At the affair of Friedland, General Rapp, perceiving a regiment had been thrown into disorder by the galling fire of some artillery, rushed into the midst of the fugitives, exclaiming: "Who are you?" A voice answered: "The seventy-first regiment."—"What!" said the General, "the seventy-first regiment, and you give way a single step?"—At these words they all stopped, the ranks were formed again in an instant, they marched upon the guns by which they had been assailed, and in a few minutes had possession of them.

Nor let the great words of *honour* and the *country* be forgotten,—precious words with which a great deal of evil is sometimes done, as well as much good. They are words which the French officers, without contradiction, of all men in the world know best how to make the most effectual use. Add to all the hope of distinctions.

The institution of the *Legion of Honour* was perhaps one of the happiest stimulants which Napoleon could have devised to apply to French valour. Of this he was

himself well persuaded, since he said one day to Lacépède: "You know not, sir, how much I am indebted to the Legion of Honour. When you make out a brevet for it, you may say with perfect certainty, "It is an Order for some splendid action that I expedite." This honourable distinction cherished a noble emulation among the warriors to such a degree, that in a report made to General Grenier, upon an officer who had behaved with extraordinary intrepidity, the following play on words was inserted: "*This officer would put himself on a cross to obtain the cross*"

The hope of advancement which might be entertained by every individual among the military, may also be enumerated as one of the reasons which contributed to his extraordinary successes. In the midst of continual wars, and in a nation which the ambition of a prince had rendered all warriors, nothing was more rapid than their advancement. A body of officers which, complete in the morning, by the evening was reduced one half, offered promotions in abundance, and the vacancies were always filled up by those who had distinguished themselves the most. A still stronger circumstance, and one to which I am astonished that more attention has not been paid by our politicians, is that his mode of recruiting without having any regard to physical considerations, and in opposition to all the laws of nature, created among the French military a necessity of confronting the greatest dangers.

The conscription, it is well known, involved alike all young men who had attained the age of eighteen. At

that age their future fate was not yet determined ; he who was destined to the bar had not commenced his studies, the artist had not commenced his career, the mechanic had not gone through his apprenticeship ; the parents of these different persons, fearful of soon losing their dear children, had even neglected their education.

Behold them then soldiers. Those who began to grow into years in the service, said within themselves :—“ I am not rich, I have no profession, at four-and-twenty or at thirty years of age I cannot commence an apprenticeship, I must of necessity continue the trade of arms, and I must distinguish myself that I may be promoted.” —Thence that astonishing number of brilliant actions of which no nation in the world can afford such multiplied examples. Who would believe, at the first glance, that the despair of seeing any end to their military career could produce distinguished actions :—actions of such brilliance as have frequently contributed in no slight degree to gaining the battles which have had the most important results ?

In support of this assertion, let me cite a fact of which I was myself a witness at the battle of Wagram an hour before the termination of that terrible and memorable affair. Five battalions of French infantry received orders to form themselves in close columns, and seize a position which the German cavalry had just abandoned. The movement was instantly executed, but unhappily a mistake was made in taking a direction to the right, instead of passing a rivulet to the left, on a bridge which had been thrown up by General Bertrand's

orders near a lime-kiln, so that this mass of infantry was enclosed by the windings of the stream within so small a space, that there was not room for more than a single battalion to develop itself at once. This fault was immediately perceived by the enemy, who brought up six pieces of artillery to fire upon them. All had been over with the five battalions had not a young officer of hussars, whom I knew perfectly well, and who was manœuvring with sixty men on the other side of the rivulet, fallen on a sudden upon the six pieces of artillery, and put the cannoneers to the sword before they had time to fire a single ball. This charge was so much the more remarkable, since a man must absolutely have lost his senses to think of it, as the party must pass under the fire of three companies of the enemy who were charged with supporting the battery.

• Nineteen men of the hussars fell victims to this extraordinary act of bravery, and the officer received two balls which broke his left elbow and wrist. The five battalions, who during this transaction had time to disengage themselves, now took possession of the ground to which they were ordered, and thus was the victory decided in that part of the field. Some time after my return to Paris I went to see my young officer, and found him decorated with the Legion of Honour. I was not surprised to see it, but I observed that he was deficient of his left arm. I did not know that he was married before he had engaged in the service ; of this he now informed me, presenting to me his wife and a fine boy of three years old. In the midst of our conver-

wounded who yet breathed, the multitude of corpses, and the dark cavities which the blood of these unfortunate men had hollowed in the snow, formed a spectacle, than which a more horrible one can scarcely be conceived. The états-majors were sensibly affected with it, Napoleon alone contemplated the scene of blood and mourning with perfect coolness. I spurred on my horse some paces before him, I was curious to observe him at such a moment. Any one must then have pronounced him devoid of all human affections; must have pronounced that he considered everything around existing but for him alone. He talked over the manœuvres of the preceding day with perfect tranquillity. In passing before a body of slaughtered Russian grenadiers, the horse of one of his aides-de-camp was frightened; the Prince perceiving it, observed coldly: "That horse is a coward." To complete the picture, I will only remark that the word humanity was, to him, one wholly devoid of meaning, and that it was to this culpable insensibility he owed the barbarous tactics which have occasioned us slaughters innumerable, and have crowned us with immortal laurels.

If Napoleon Bonaparte owed a part of his victories to the little value which he placed on the blood of his men, to that also he owed the influence which he exercised for fifteen years over the several Powers of Europe. Many princes, too weak to resist him, and struck with the lustre of his conquests, sought his protection to save their States, or to recover them after they were lost. Fear, more than policy, was the cradle

in which was nursed the Confederation of the Rhine. To Napoleon was it reserved to prove untrue the commonly received assertion that the throne was at all times a seat on which every man burned with desire to be placed. It was with trembling hands that many of the German princes bound round their brows the bandage of royalty.

Nor was the influence of his martial exploits confined to foreigners, it extended equally over all France. Generals and Ministers, magistrates and subjects, dazzled with his ephemeral glory, accustomed themselves insensibly to consider him as their master. The catastrophe we have just witnessed is the most complete proof that his colossal greatness must necessarily vanish with his military reverses. From the moment that he ceased to be victorious he was lowered in the public opinion. If he could have placed any bounds to the career which he had marked out to himself, he would have been ranked by posterity among the greatest geniuses that ever existed.

A plan to this effect was traced out to him by a captain in the sixty-fourth regiment. Here follows the letter, written soon after the battle of Marengo:

"CONSUL,

"What bounds would you now put to your glory?—Conqueror of the first Powers of Europe, what do you desire more?—A sceptre?—Alas! it would prove the rock on which, sooner or later, you would be wrecked. Your reputation is established, you have



only to consolidate your triumphs. Consul, believe me, I am your friend, trust nothing to events. One great action alone, sublime and worthy of thee, will put the seal to thy glory, will give peace to Europe, and make thee friends in every part of the world. Turn thine eyes towards the lawful heir to the throne, say to him, 'Sire, I remit into your hands the sceptre of the Bourbons, of which your family was deprived by an atrocious crime; I remit it to you in all its splendour. Victory has scared over a part of our wounds, and the wisdom of your reign will accomplish the rest. Come, contemplate the ranks of an army of brave warriors whom I have for a long time conducted to victory, and who are still ready to die in the service of your Majesty.'—Yes, Consul, if true glory have charms for thee, it may now be thy patrimony; a happiness pure and without alloy may be thy lot, and I shall have the sweet pleasure of seeing the first man of his age loaded with wealth and honours."

The letter was signed Bost Montbrun, captain in the sixty-fourth regiment of the line. This good Frenchman, this true friend to Napoleon, was killed at the battle of Austerlitz; his widow is now living at Paris [1815].

Napoleon was seated when he received it. I was alone in his chamber, occupied with cutting the leaves of a new pamphlet upon the money system. Scarcely had he run over the letter, when he rose spontaneously, appearing in great emotion. Without attending to me,

he walked hastily up and down the room, saying "What would this officer have of me?—Let him not think of it Does he suppose me—yet he is in the right, yes, in the right—Wealth—honours—immortal" This last word he repeated twice over, then stopped before a window which was closed, and began playing with his fingers upon the glass, always talking to himself, but I could not now distinguish what he said, he was too far from me Presently he sat down again, and put the letter under a small porphyry lion which was upon the table He asked me for the pamphlet, which I gave him, he endeavoured to read it, but soon threw it down upon the table and drew nearer to the fire A messenger came in and announced Cambacérès, who immediately appeared, when I withdrew In a few minutes a valet was ordered to call the First Consul's carriage, Cambacérès and he got into it, and I returned into the chamber My first care on returning was to examine whether the letter was still under the lion, contrary to my expectation, I found it there I trembled in every limb, but had, notwithstanding, the courage to read it and take a copy, not without first using all necessary precautions that I might not be surprisèd in the act.

In reflecting on this adventure I have always been firmly persuaded that, if at the moment of Napoleon's reading the letter, some eloquent defender of the Bourbon cause had been present, all had been concluded, the diadem had been replacèd on the head of Louis XVIII Then had Napoleon, loaded with

wealth, with dignities, with honours, taken his rank among the first captains of the world, and Europe would not have had to mourn the loss of ten millions of men. I am the more strongly confirmed in this idea from the First Consul's never having taken any steps against the writer, he even conferred the cross upon him at the camp at Boulogne.

It will perhaps excite some astonishment that Napoleon could be so forgetful as not to secure from the eyes of every one a letter of so much importance. I can pardon this astonishment in any one who does not know him so well as I do; I will even say that few princes ever could keep a secret like him; that he was little communicative. But these qualities, so important in a prince, he possessed only in an eminent degree when he was in possession of himself. Very frequently the events of the day would betray him into saying and doing things which disclosed important secrets. Nothing proves this truth more strongly than the affair of Baron Kolli, who was put to death for having attempted to liberate the Prince of Asturias when he was destined a prisoner at Valençay. The secret report of this plot was found torn in his breeches pocket. One more fact, the last I shall cite, will suffice in itself to prove that it was very possible for any one who saw him daily, and who did not inspire him with suspicion, to obtain possession of many secrets, and to see many written documents of great importance. The piece which follows remained for a long time within my reach.

Napoleon had for some time projected the Spanish war. Before it was undertaken he resolved to consult some of his most able diplomatists upon the subject. One among them warmly opposed a measure equally unjust and impolitic. "Let me have your sentiments in writing," said the monarch, "but let them, I intreat, be as brief as possible."—"Sire, you shall be obeyed; a good cause has no occasion for diffuse arguments." Two days after, the following piece was remitted to him :

"SIRE,

"Your Majesty has commanded me to deliver my sentiments on the project of placing a prince of your house upon the throne of Spain. I should think that I dishonoured myself in the eyes of the universe, and betrayed your Majesty, if I did not, as a man who cannot make any compromise with his conscience, or with what he considers as his duty, declare myself very decidedly against this war.

"The Spanish war is unjust, impolitic, and contrary to all laws divine and human. It is unjust, because we have no ground of quarrel with Spain, who has always been our most faithful ally. It is impolitic, because its object is conquest and aggrandizement. The Powers of the north, Sire, have their eyes upon you, they hope to see you take some false step. Scarcely will you have entered upon this sanguinary contest, when England will endeavour to rouse Spain from its lethargy, having against you both the justice of its manifestoes, and the

weight of its gold. The Spanish war is impolitic, because it will open the Peninsula to the armies of Great Britain.

"Spain, Sire, is not a country always open. It abounds in strong positions, in defiles, in inaccessible rocks, which a handful of soldiers can defend. Cadiz, this secure port, whence England will always throw new battalions upon the continent at her pleasure—Cadiz alone would occupy an entire army. Fear to revive the slumbering valour of the Spanish nation. We have but too many examples of what a people can do when driven to despair, and fighting for their homes and their king. Our triumphs do not enjoin us to forget that this same nation, which we would drive to despair, brought France to the brink of destruction on the plains of Pavia. The Spanish war is unjust and contrary to all laws, because you have no right to snatch from the throne of his ancestors a prince who never took part with the enemies of your Majesty.

"To you, Sire, is reserved a task more just, more noble, and more worthy of your Majesty. Become the disinterested mediator between the son and the father. If Charles IV., fatigued with the troubles which weigh down his latter years, would abdicate the throne in favour of his son, and retire into your States, extend to him your protecting hand, prepare for him an asylum worthy of a crowned head, show to Europe that France is the sure refuge of kings under misfortune.

"Your brother is king of Naples, the people are already satisfied with his reign; would you tear him

from them? Will you present to the world an example, single in the pages of history, of a king sometimes upon one throne, sometimes upon another? Such vacillation must weaken the diadem. Finally, your Majesty cannot dissemble to yourself, that, in order to place a prince of your house upon the throne of Spain, you must secure the whole royal family; Charles IV., his wife, his son, his brothers, his uncles, with all their most faithful servants, must find in France prisons and gaolers. What then will Spain do, indignant to see her king and her princes in irons?—She will arm from one end of the kingdom to the other; despair and indignation will give her as many soldiers as she has inhabitants, all of whom you will have to combat. The commotion will soon communicate itself to the sovereigns of the north. Instructed by misfortunes and fifteen years of defeats, they will adopt a new system of tactics. The French, in short, pressed from the north to the south, will leave you, after glorious defeats, the regret of having undertaken an unjust and guilty war, useless to the glory of your Majesty, and to the happiness of your empire."

With this interesting piece, worthy of reflecting for ever the highest honour upon the illustrious diplomatist who had the noble courage to present it to the most absolute monarch of his age, I shall terminate my survey. I could add a great variety of anecdotes, but it does not enter into my plan to compromise a number of persons eminent for their knowledge and their merits.

who were led away involuntarily by a momentary error,—an error perhaps inseparable from the circumstances under which they were placed,—and who might thus run the risk of being deprived of honours and employments.

Nothing more remains than to trace a portrait of the ex-Emperor of the French. No sentiment of hatred or interest shall conduct my pen, I will take my colours from the various anecdotes which compose this work, and from others which I cannot publish. If the hues be dark, if the portrait be not flattering, let me not be therefore accused. I shall be perhaps of all those who have spoken of Napoleon, the person by whom he will be the least ill-treated. What, alas! can be said of a man who could give occasion for the following expression being applied to him? M. B. . . . t, coming one day from Paris, was asked how the Emperor was. "Very well, very well," he replied, "he is fat and jolly, he eats laurels and drinks blood."—Be this as it may, I have tortured myself to soften the shades, and find some milder features ;—is it my fault that they are not to be found? I have in any case the consolation of knowing that Napoleon will not find more apologists among posterity than in the present age, if he be drawn with the pencil of truth.

Napoleon was at once celebrated and culpable ; he owed his military triumphs less to his own genius than to French bravery, and to the torrents of blood which, at his command, were shed. An excellent commander in victory, he was the most timid of men

in retreat. From the Kremlin he came to Paris, leaving behind him, without pity or remorse, thousands of his unfortunate followers a prey to the most terrible calamities. Never did man set so little value upon the lives of others. If ever he practised forbearance towards those whom he termed guilty, it was his own personal interest which dictated the pardon he pronounced. He was the slave of his passions, or rather he had but one passion, to which all the others were subservient—this was an ambition, unbounded beyond anything of which the annals of the world afford an example; a rage for being celebrated, no matter at what price. To this rage were sacrificed the lives of millions of men, and at length himself. Power and glory calcined his heart; the incense of greatness deprived him of the pleasures derived from the mild affections; thus he was never surrounded but by courtiers,—never had he a true friend, not even in his own family. Imperious by system, no one could presume to be in the right in his presence if he would have it otherwise. If he had a Court, he owed it to the honours of which he was so lavish, the necessity which men feel to acquire riches, and to be talked of. The people were to him what flocks are to the proprietors, he valued them for their bodies and their fleeces. The word humanity conveyed no meaning to his soul, it was even impossible for him to attach a meaning to it, so much had absolute power steeled his heart. In short, if anything could justify this man, fatally celebrated, and entitle him on the part of the French to the pardon which religion de-



mands, it is that he was the work of a God in anger, who sent him forth to chastise Europe for her secret crimes.

Let us not be greater Royalists than the King, more severe than the Deity. If the hand of God shall grant him peace and happiness among the rocks of Elba, it is that he is not so guilty in His eyes as in ours.

# SECRET MEMOIRS

OF

## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

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### CHAPTER I

#### NAPOLEON'S EARLY CAREER

NO person in the world knew Napoleon better than myself, no person in the world could know him better—I will not say unless it were himself, for more than once I have guessed what he would do, even before he had projected the thing. It is I alone who am authorized to use such expressions, I should condemn them in any other writer. Nevertheless, if their rashness pass the bounds prescribed by pretension itself, it is that I have so deeply and so uninterruptedly studied the person whose features I sketch, that I have myself the fullest conviction of the truth of what I say.

Princes, Ministers, generals, men in place, have frequented Napoleon, have conversed with him often in public, sometimes in private. These persons may,

perhaps, know him better under the great relations of political, civil and military interests: but they have scarcely ever seen the Prince except through the medium of discussions and debates upon different affairs of importance: then, occupied entirely with the interests, with the business they were discussing, could they give a studied, a concentrated attention to the study of the man? No, such a study will not admit of anything that distracts the attention; it can only be the task of one who is capable of pursuing it with a patience, a tenacity, which a taste of a very peculiar kind could alone render practicable.

Napoleon was, by character, always either more or less occupied internally. The moment that he was no longer surrounded by others, he fell into soliloquy, often accompanying his words with appropriate gestures, the same gestures being almost always used under the same circumstances. The application which I made continually of his pantomime to the affairs by which he was then occupied, combined with the mute examinations of which he was constantly the object, have often given me the solution of matters which would otherwise still have remained problems to me. So perfectly assured was I of the truth of my analysis of these gestures and soliloquies, that I would have wagered my whole fortune upon never being ten times out of a hundred mistaken in it.

Had he just quitted you, were you the object by whom he was occupied internally and externally; if he had deceived you by false promises, or if he

believed you his dupe in any way whatever, I instantly guessed it. His step was then irregular, hurried, and eager; he walked about the room with his head cast down and looking at his hands, which he rubbed at intervals; his smile was gloomy and fixed, his eyelids winked, the left eye was almost totally closed; he was satisfied with himself, and some unconnected phrases mingled with this pantomime put me in full possession of the matter.

Had any one been giving him an opinion upon a subject on which he had desired it, if that opinion was in conformity with his interests, or if it accorded only with his passions, which was much better for those by whom the opinion was given, his countenance exhibited a kind of gay care, it lightened up, he repeated: "Nothing can be more true—he is perfectly in the right—he has the proper feeling—no objection can be made." Had he been listening to wise representations, although given with all the delicacy possible, but in opposition to his wishes, and combating his gigantic projects; or had he learned that such representations had been confidentially made to any of his Ministers, then it was that he was really in a state of epilepsy from anger; all was disorder about him, physically as well as morally. The shock of the different passions which tortured him at such moments was so terrible that if the thunder had fallen at his feet it would scarcely have roused him from his convulsions. This was the only fixed state in which he ever remained long, yet the machine

being at length unable to sustain such shocks, he became more calm ; then was it truly painful to observe him. A concentrated gloom, wild and funereal, reigned over his whole countenance, he was evidently in a state of great suffering.

I am sure that if this man had been penetrable to the precious gift of tears, they would then have flowed as a cordial to him ; but this sweet satisfaction was denied him by Heaven. I cannot help believing, however people may be disposed to doubt the credibility of the thing, that this torrent once let loose it was impossible for him to control it. I say this the rather, because he was perfectly well aware that these fits of passion had cost him the friendship and advice of many persons of great merit—of two, among others, who resembled him perfectly in the despotism of their ideas. He regretted the loss of their friendship sincerely, but he was too much of a born despot himself to think of making any apology for his faults. He said one day to his uncle, speaking of them : “ I know that they are in a state of suffering when with me, and were they not retained by their employments and by their ambition, they would go and live at the farther end of the world to avoid the sight of me.” In effect it was a very curious spectacle to see them together. It is impossible to conceive two persons more dry, more cold in their manner, more laconic in their words, more embarrassed in their whole deportment. I owe it in justice to them to add that two years ago, before the fall of the Imperial

throne, whether it was the effect of anger, or whether it arose from a point of honour, they had never deviated a single instant from the line of conduct they had marked out to themselves. Thus their indifference in all political matters is still a problem to great numbers of persons.

When Napoleon gave himself up to these fits of passion, the bravest of the brave were indeed afraid to approach him. The following story will support this fact. He had a very particular esteem for Prince Poniatowski, yet one day he was violently incensed against him for reasons which I am going to state. This Prince, finding his flanks wholly uncovered, took upon himself to make a retrograde movement. Platow, taking advantage of this, got possession of some hundreds of carriages, and what was still more important, of the chests of some regiments. The Prince in his report of the affair thus expressed himself: "I did not learn till evening that a large body of cavalry was manœuvring on my right, and endeavouring to turn me. I knew that my left was exposed by the retreat of the Fourth Corps, one hour's delay might have endangered the safety of my division, perhaps of the whole army. I was not ignorant that the convoy which was in the suite of my division must be lost, I nevertheless ordered it to march by the cross roads, which flanked the high road, wishing to make my infantry keep possession of the latter. But, notwithstanding all these precautions, the cavalry of the enemy got possession of the convoy."

According to the Emperor's opinion, the Prince had here committed an unpardonable fault. The Prince, he said, might have made the convoy file off in the evening by the high-road, and have remained in his position till the morning. It is a fact, however, that if the Prince had waited till morning, all had been over with his corps; for at break of day the head of the column met five squadrons which had already divided it. Napoleon, who was informed of this circumstance, said no more, and the Prince never heard anything farther of the affair. Napoleon had, however, at first fulminated most furiously against him, during which an officer came and remitted him some private despatches sent by Marshal Davoust. This officer was so terrified at the state of fury in which he surprised the monarch, that he had no power to do more than give the packet into his hands, when he retired without speaking a word; yet the officer was one of the bravest of the brave. A remarkable circumstance in this affair was, that the Emperor kept the packet at least ten minutes in his hands without knowing who had remitted it to him; he learnt that only from me.

It was towards the end of the year five [1796] that I saw Napoleon for the first time. I must confess that I was by no means prepossessed with his exterior. I had formed to myself the most engaging portrait of the conqueror of Italy. My imagination, seduced by the lustre of his victories, had dressed him up in the most flattering colours; I was surprised, I was

even humiliated to find him a man of a very ordinary stamp. His deportment had nothing striking in it, his physiognomy had neither the fire, nor the dignity of a hero, his manners were devoid of ease, and had a strong tincture of his cold, dry, and laconic language. Altogether he neither inspired respect nor confidence;—the principal feeling he inspired was a wish to retreat from his presence. His severe and disdainful look indicated the man who commands, but not him who is to be admired.

First impressions have always a stronger influence upon a young man who does not reflect at all, or who reflects but little, than upon one who is older, and whose judgment is more matured. The unfavourable impression of Napoleon which I had formed, made a sudden revolution in my wishes with regard to the profession I thought of embracing, and I desired the relation who was my patron not to speak to the General in my behalf. At this moment I was introduced to M. d'Harved the elder, who had been much acquainted with Napoleon, both at Brienne, and at the Ecole Militaire at Paris. I communicated to him the impression which the first sight of this celebrated Corsican had made upon me, when he said frankly: "I see that you, being young, judge of men by their outward appearance; in that you resemble the multitude. But mark me—think differently of Napoleon; this man, be assured, will create a new era in the world. I will say more:—if Europe were not now full of his name, Asia would for two



years have resounded with it." I leave any one to judge of my astonishment; I entreated M. d'Harved to explain what he meant by the last phrase he had used, when he related to me what follows: I only beg to observe that the conversation was written the moment he quitted me.

"Napoleon," said M. d'Harved, "is born to command mankind; he knows it, he is but too much impressed with the conviction, his first successes have but too powerfully augmented and confirmed it. Perhaps he may not possess all the qualities requisite for realizing his ambitious views, but he conceives that he has them, and that is sufficient. He knows not how to make himself loved, but he knows how to make himself obeyed, and held in high consideration. In the part which he now plays, and in the parts which he probably will play, these two latter qualities will make his fortune. His air, coldly concentrated, and his unabated moroseness, have established him in the minds of the vulgar the reputation of a superior being. The decided emulation that he has not to appear like other men, and to give laws to them, was transmitted to him with his existence, it is incorporated in his nature. At Brienne, at the Ecole Militaire, and under the garb of a sub-lieutenant of artillery, he thought the same, and never will he think otherwise, whatever may be his destiny. If he did not command men, he must give the law to his servant-maid; he believes himself superior to all other men, and sets very little value upon them.

"If France was the theatre of his *début*, it was that France first presented him with the opportunity of making himself known. An ardent thirst of domination made him a cosmopolite from his earliest years; his true country will ever be that in which he can acquire the greatest share of preponderance. To him the banks of the Seine, and the shores of the Bosphorus, are alike indifferent; nor can anything better prove this hypothesis than the following anecdote:—

"After the siege of Toulon, when we had reconquered it, Napoleon, who laboured under a strong suspicion of leaning towards terrorism, experienced chagrins which he felt so much the more acutely, since his superiors wanted to remove him from the service of the artillery to that of the infantry. He came to Paris to remonstrate against this; promises of support were given him, but nothing was done. He addressed himself in particular to the representative charged with the military department—it was, I believe, the citizen Aubry. The complaints of the young Corsican were still disregarded, and he could obtain no redress.

."Irritated with the refusals which he daily experienced, and yielding to the impetuosity of his character, he resolved upon quitting the country. It was then that he became acquainted with a young man of English extraction, by name Blinkamm, a person of a good mien, and who spoke French fluently. I met them both at the Repub-

lican Coffee-house; Napoleon, whom I knew very well, accosted me first. I was affected with his situation; he was extremely dejected, his chagrins and discontent were strongly painted in his countenance. He broke out into invectives against the Government in terms so little restrained, that I was obliged, both for his safety and my own, to hint that he would draw the attention of everybody upon us. He then took me under one arm, and Mr. Blinkamm under the other, and led us into the garden of the Palais-Royal, where he continued to give vent to his anger against many of the authorities and people in the place: he finished by imparting to us his project of leaving the country. I asked him whither he thought of going, and suggested England. 'The English,' said he, 'are mariners, and I am not so; they are, besides, an established people, who have no occasion for anybody; a foreigner will never make his fortune among them. In Germany there are too many competitors; Spain would perhaps suit me, as there is not a single warrior in that country.'

"During this conversation the Englishman appeared very attentive, but said nothing: as it was cold, however, he proposed our going into the Café du Foy. There Napoleon launched out very much on the subject of Spain; many of the reasons he gave for preferring that country were specious, some were even solid; but the whole scheme was romantic, and in fact far beyond the means of the projector. The young Englishman, who perceived this, said: 'My

friend, Spain will not do for you. Since you think that in France justice is not done you, let me mention a country where your knowledge may be made of great value. Quit Europe, repair to Constantinople, I will recommend you to a relation of mine established in that country, one whose business gives him frequent access to many persons belonging to the Seraglio. I will engage that at my solicitation he will soon bring you into notice and perhaps you may become a second Comte de Bonneval. If you like the idea I will write to-morrow and by way of England I can have an answer speedily.

Napoleon, always in extremes could not restrain his joy at the proposal made by his friend and though eloquence was not among his most brilliant natural qualities, what he said on this occasion will never be effaced from my memory, it fixed my opinion of him irrevocably, in it he displayed his whole soul, his character, and his undoubted ambition. 'My dear Blinkamm,' he exclaimed, with transport, 'you are in the right—yes, you are in the right. Constantinople is the place,—Turkey is the place. But where then is my own head? Alas! I am so unhappy, that I can no longer think.'

'Then taking his hand "Tis a true and important service indeed that you render me, Blinkamm, I will go into Turkey. The Turks are the last people in the world in military affairs, for the little knowledge they do possess they are indebted to a Frenchman,

who was persecuted, and was unhappy like me. With the European tactics, I will teach them to pass over three centuries at once, and place them on a level with other nations; their mutinous spirit does not dismay me. I would impale ten regiments, if necessary, to reduce one to obedience. Their ignorance will assist my designs; if they were more enlightened, I should only have more obstacles to encounter. If I excite envy, if I see that offence is taken at me, I will not suffer the tempest to gain too much strength, for fear of not being able to allay it; I will always keep in reserve the means of procuring myself to be exiled into some Government of that vast empire; and this exile shall be the first step towards a happiness of which I have always formed to myself a seductive image. Blinkamm, to thee I shall owe all.'

"He ceased, his countenance beaming with delight and hope. 'I hasten,' he said, 'to solicit permission to retire to Constantinople.'

"In effect, some days after he did solicit it, but he was refused. If you doubt the truth of what I assert, ask those who were in place at that time, they will confirm it. It is a fact of which you may be assured, that had it not been for the thirteenth of Vendémiaire, or rather if he had not been refused the permission he desired, this young warrior, whose deeds are now so celebrated all over France, would have probably been at this moment disciplining the Janissaries on the shores of the Bosphorus."

So earnestly was my attention riveted to the narrative thus given me by M. d'Harved that I had scarcely power to breathe. But now that time and experience have torn aside the splendid veils by which many a quality then unknown was concealed, how much reason do we see to say with my friend, "Yes, the character of Napoleon was fully displayed in what he said to the young Blinkamm?" There broke forth indeed his soul, his heart, and above all his inhumanity, there shone the despot, who for twenty years has given law to us. "I would impale ten regiments, if necessary, to reduce one to obedience." What a sentiment! Let the reader impress it well on his mind, he will immediately see in it the grand secret of all the military successes of this warrior, the fundamental principle of his tactics. It is as if he had said "Yes, I will suffer ten regiments of Frenchmen to be massacred, to make one triumph."

His words at that time fully justify what a writer advanced eighteen years after, that Napoleon would fain carry us back to those times of ignorance and barbarism when a king was nothing but a military chief. He rested his confidence in the ignorance of the sons of Mahomet,—he was in the right, for he was not himself ignorant that the more a people are enlightened, the less firmly can any tyranny be established.

If, however, to the misfortune of Europe, he has realised there a part of the projects which he had formed on Asia, I have the consolation of reflecting that

he has not realised the hopes presented by the latter part of his harangue. No, I do not think that he has chosen an exile in which he will find the happiness of which he has always formed to himself so seductive an image. It is true that this happiness has been enjoyed by him, but the man is weak, and the tyrant is no more; he has been despoiled of everything with means in his hands, which would have sufficed for any other to commence their career. I shall make only one reflection—an useless one I own, since it carries through into the abyss of the future; but be that as it may, I cannot refrain from it. Had the little citizen of Ajaccio obtained permission to go into Asia, and had he found there the same opportunities of aggrandizement which have since presented themselves in France, what would now have been the state of Europe, or that of the world at large? On such trifling circumstances do the destinies of nations often depend!

After what the reader has just heard, he will easily understand how I conceived a very different opinion of the General who commanded the army of Italy—nay, I even fell into the opposite extreme, for I was just at the age of enthusiasm; and if any one has reason to blush at having considered this man with adulation, I was guilty for the space of two years. It was that during that time I viewed him only at a distance, I judged only by his victories, by the reports of his courtiers—for courtiers, and very dangerous ones, he had in abundance. Circumstances on a sudden placed

me about his person, and the charm disappeared. I shall simply observe here that between great men and the stars the case is exactly reversed—the nearer the latter are approached, the greater, the more brilliant, do they appear; see great men very near, they dwindle away into insignificance.

It is seldom that an opportunity is afforded of feeling this more strongly than was now afforded me, and I must own that I felt the discovery painfully humiliating. What concerned me most was, that my friends had in their hands many letters, wherein I had launched forth into the most lavish eulogiums of my hero. I consoled myself, however—and I might do so honourably, without yielding too much to *amour-propre*—when I reflected that all Europe remained still in the same error from which I had just emerged. I did more, I felt a pride in being one of the first to know accurately the dimensions of this little Colossus, so to speak.

It was now that I traced out to myself a plan, the most inconceivable, difficult, and perhaps dangerous that could have entered the imagination of man. This was to pursue a constant and unremitting study of the character of Napoleon, physically as well as morally; to observe him alike in public and in private, by day and night, in fact at every moment when I could approach or hear him. I saw him daily, but not constantly; on occasions of very particular interest I quitted him, except when he was in his fits of passion—I was then his master. The sort of carelessness and



semi-idiotism which I outwardly assumed when with him, placed me above the reach of suspicion, and delivered him up to me entirely. Never had any man about him one by whom he was scrutinized more minutely, with more penetration or tenacity. Admitted to the examination of all the springs which moved the despotic machine, I investigated them with the utmost accuracy, even amid the disorders into which they were occasionally thrown. I found it very difficult, however, to give anything like a connected form to my early aberrations; but nothing was easier, when a deep study of the mechanism of my hero had given me the clue to his character and its perpetual inconsistencies. Habit and memory at length served me so effectually, that I could readily assign to such a gesture, such an action done or to be done, to such words, such an event past or in embryo,—and with some trifling modifications, I was scarcely ever mistaken.

This system of observation had in the beginning no determinate aim; but in the sequel, in proportion as the fame of this personage increased, my plan contracted a fixed and decided end. At first I was urged by curiosity alone, then it became a pleasure, and at length a passion—a passion to which I am much indebted, for I now reckon as nothing the cares, and sometimes the uneasiness, which it occasioned to me. How great a pleasure was it, in fact, for a thinking being to be able to say within himself: “If this proud man before whom the enraptured crowd bend the knee, whose name is in every mouth, who makes and un-

makes kings, who humbles the ministers of God, and throws his Vicar into chains;—if this man, one word from whose mouth can give death to the hopes of a whole people, who can seize upon its children, consume its treasures, enchain the consciences of some, petrify the courage of others, can exile merit and condemn probity to death;—if this man were in the place that properly belongs to his genius, to his personal qualities, to his wisdom, to his virtues, to his moral character, to his humanity,—then should I—I who now serve him—see him despised, unknown, confounded, lost among the crowd who now fear, now admire him.”

These reflections which passed frequently in my mind, while I was in this situation, constituted its charm, its delight. To these researches I am indebted for the science of knowing the human heart. From the soul of the master it was easy to descend into the souls of the courtiers and the servants. What have I not seen? What a disgusting assemblage of meanness, of imposture, of self-interest, of servile adulation, of corruption, of incapacity! It seemed a contest who should degrade themselves most before the idol. Everything in Napoleon was false, but a part of his court was still more so. If he ruled France with a rod of iron, it was forged by his flatterers. From the days of Pharamond to his own, never was a monarch flattered so incessantly, so servilely; the sword and the bar, eloquence and poetry, all by turns offered incense to him. Several documents to be produced in the course of these Memoirs will support the truth of this state-

ment. France has, indeed, permitted shameful sanctions to be given to the most criminal projects; but the approvers have always been the ruin of the approved, and it is to them that Napoleon owes his downfall. Unfortunate man! he could not see the thunder amid the clouds of incense by which it was obscured; he could not but perish.

## CHAPTER II

### ATTEMPTED ARREST OF NAPOLEON

IT was after his return from Egypt that Napoleon began to absorb my whole attention. Scarcely were we arrived at Paris when I saw that he meditated some great project, everything in his features expressed disquietude and ambition. On the second of Brumaire he gave a splendid dinner at Malmaison at which were present persons of every description. General Murat and Lucien Bonaparte being among the number. After dinner the whole company retired into the drawing room, where a very warm discussion took place. In about half an hour Napoleon and Roger Ducos left the room, the latter with a much more free air than the General, they went into the garden, where they remained together for about twenty minutes.

Suddenly Madame Bonaparte's carriage drove into the court, so General Murat went out to receive her. She had not time to give him her hand, but jumped out hastily from the carriage.—“Where is the General?” she said. “I do not know, he went out just now with Roger, but Lucien is here.”—“Seek the General instantly, I must speak to him without delay”—I

told her he was in the garden, and she ran there hastily. I went and placed myself at a window whence I could easily descend into the garden. I was not deceived in my expectations; Napoleon no sooner perceived Madame than he quitted Roger Ducos and came to meet her. They went together into a neighbouring walk; I saw them distinctly. Josephine spoke with eagerness; the General kept walking on; she stopped him several times. At length they turned towards the house. I quitted my post, and met them upon the steps.

Madame Bonaparte held the left hand of her husband; her countenance was extremely animated, there was in it I know not what, at once dignified and mild; it was a pleasing mixture of heroism and tenderness. Napoleon was pale, and looked thoughtful, but his eyes were turned with complacency towards his wife: she would not accompany him into the drawing-room, but retired to her own apartment. Napoleon called Roger Ducos, and they both rejoined the company. A general movement was then made; the guests all called their carriages, and returned to the capital. Lucien, Murat, and Napoleon remained in the ante-chamber, where Madame Bonaparte soon joined them. On receiving Murat, she said, "How! General, still here?—You do not attend to it, sir," she proceeded, turning towards her husband; "the General ought to be at Paris.—To horse!—away instantly to the streets of Varennes, or else I will go myself." Murat smiled, but in four minutes he was in full

gallop on his way to Paris! while the three who remained returned into the drawing-room.

I was extremely desirous of knowing what was in the wind, and since nothing detained me at the chateau, I was on the point of mounting my horse and going to Paris, when I perceived a party of infantry making directly towards the house. I thought it expedient to inform the General of it. He was seated between his wife and his brother. "How!" said he, "troops?" "It is nothing," said Madame Bonaparte, smiling, "your company are gone, mine are but now arriving; it is a rendezvous which I have given; but be comforted, you are not one too many." All the three men then went into the court where the company of grenadiers ranged themselves in martial order, but without beat of drum. "This is admirable," said Madame Bonaparte to the captain, "you are here, sir, almost as soon as me." "Madame," said the officer, "we have been ready to set out these four hours." The officers accompanied the General to the drawing-room, and some refreshment was given to the soldiers.

About nine o'clock in the evening, a courier arrived with despatches for Napoleon, when immediately he, with his wife and brother, set out for Paris, giving orders to the grenadiers to repair thither also, and to observe the strictest silence. The next day no business was so urgent to me as to search out the cause of what I had witnessed the evening before. On the first day I could collect but feeble glimmerings

upon the subject ; it was not till the sixth of Brumaire that the whole mystery was unravelled to me.

In 1795, at the passage of the Mincio, Napoleon was guilty of some injustice towards a young man who had been a fellow-student with him, and who then served under his orders. This offence the other never could pardon. I cannot say how it had come to his knowledge that Napoleon, with some others, were determined at all hazards to change the form of government. He, however, went to the director Gohier, and imparted to him his discoveries and suspicions. Gohier, perceiving that the matter wore a very serious aspect, sent to Moulins, desiring to speak with him immediately. Moulins was not at home, nor did he and Gohier meet till the next day. The latter then told him of the information he had received, when Moulins, in the utmost astonishment, desired to see the informer. He soon arrived, but was destitute of any documents to bring in support of his charge. Gohier hesitated, but Moulins carried his point, and it was decided that the General should be arrested in his way from Paris to Malmaison, where they knew he was to have a party to dinner that day. Unfortunately this resolution was not taken in the presence of him who had discovered the plot ; he was left alone, locked up in another room.

Gohier urged their communicating the intelligence to the other directors, that they might act in concert, but Moulins opposed this. "One of our colleagues," said he, "is absent, and of the other two, one is the

intimate friend of Napoleon, the other, Barras, is his patron ; but for him this Corsican had never been known We have no occasion for the assistance of any one , away with forms , we alone are privy to the affair, let us act alone. Nothing is easier than to arrest the General , I know two men in the police who, if supported by a dozen soldiers, will readily undertake the business, so there is no cause for fear The moment the General is made prisoner he will experience the fate of all unsuccessful conspirators, and his party will be annihilated "

The two directors went out together, and secured the persons to whom the execution of the project was to be entrusted Thus far all was well, but when they returned to Gohier's house, the prisoner was no longer to be found in the room where he had been shut up He, little satisfied with the conduct of the directors, conceived himself lost, and taking advantage of their absence, escaped by the window. When they found that he was gone, Moulins exclaimed, " We are undone , this fellow is a rascal sold to our enemies, the conspiracy is a mere invention, a snare laid for us , they wanted to set the General, and consequently the army, upon us Let us haste and revoke our orders, if it is not too late." In effect the orders were revoked , but one of the men who was to be employed in the arrest had previously told a friend, who proposed their going together to the theatre, " I cannot, I am going this evening upon an expedition of great importance , it concerns, I believe, the arrest of some great personage."



This proposition was repeated in a house where Madame Bonaparte happened to be, who, without any other clue, immediately conjectured that her husband might be the person alluded to. As a prudent wife, her attention was instantly directed to saving him, if he was, indeed, the person intended. The guard of the legislative body she knew sided with him, and she secured some of the principal officers, without, however, saying what occasion she had for them. She saw Colonel Perrin, who promised to send a company of grenadiers to Malmaison, if she would ensure his having subsequently an order to that effect from General Murat. This she promised, and the promise was faithfully performed: hence arose the visit of the company of grenadiers already mentioned as coming, on the second of Brumaire, to Malmaison. Josephine had besides collected a number of her husband's friends at the house of a member of the Council of Ancients, in the street of Varennes. It was thither that General Murat hastened, to be in readiness to give any new orders.

While these precautions, to avert the apprehended danger of her husband, were taken by Madame Bonaparte, Moulins and Gohier did not remain inactive; they had the adroitness to order a rich Hamburger, who was at Paris on commercial business, to be arrested, on the pretext that he was suspected of carrying on a correspondence with the enemies of France. This affair was so well conducted, that the same evening Madame Bonaparte acknowledged she had been alarmed

without reason. The most curious part of the transaction is, that both parties sincerely believed they had been deceived in their conjectures. It was not, indeed, till a long time after, that I was fully convinced of so curious a fact, as that an intention of arresting Napoleon had existed in the minds of two of the directors, only a fortnight before his triumph; for this epithet may justly be given to the ever-memorable eighteenth of Brumaire.

Many writers have treated of this day, celebrated for ever by the results which it produced to France. Some, writing according to the dictates of Napoleon, have consequently given nothing but falsehoods, instead of the truths which we had a right to expect. Others, deeply impressed with a just resentment, have relied too much on rumour, and given way to exaggerations in details founded on error. For my part, I shall confine myself to giving the notes which I minuted down in my tablets as the occurrences took place.

## CHAPTER III.

### OVERTHROW OF THE DIRECTORY.

THE Directory saw the supreme power escaping daily from their hands ; two of the members in particular observed, with pain, the ascendancy of the Jacobins over the Royalists. Barras feared the first, his colleagues feared both parties : on one point they were agreed—that they must seek the support of some general who already enjoyed a high reputation. Both desired a new order of things, but both also desired to govern. Two warriors alone could serve their purpose, but one was killed in Italy soon after ; Moreau alone remained. Proposals were made to him to co-operate with the two directors in changing the form of Government. Moreau, a consummate warrior, respected by his enemies, cherished by his troops, had a sort of repugnance against mingling in political schemes, which his modesty led him to believe himself unequal to. To these offers of the directors he gave only vague answers, and the negotiation rested in this uncertainty when intelligence arrived that Napoleon had landed in France.

If the intention of the directors was to change the form of Government in France, this was no less the

project of Napoleon. For a long time, notwithstanding that he was at such a distance, and that the means of communication were not easy, he had been in correspondence with the discontented party in France. To this faction was joined that still more dangerous class of people who find their only happiness in troubles and innovations.

Napoleon, perfectly acquainted with the state of feeling, knew how to render subservient to his purposes the discontents of the one party, and the dangerous principles of the other. He flattered all parties, equally taking care that none should suspect this triple duplicity. Persons of every party were cordially received by him, but on different days or at different hours: the best concerted precautions were taken so that no two of opposite parties should meet at his house during the constant assemblages of company which he received on his first arrival at Paris.

If, however, he caressed all parties, there was one towards which more circumspection was evidently practised, than towards any of the others; these were the Jacobins. It was not that he in any way agreed with their principles; on the contrary, this was the party, of all others, that he hated the most cordially. I know that in France he has had the reputation of being an extreme Jacobin; this I can safely affirm he never was, in the general acceptance of the term; he was so only in his ambitious projects. If he ever practised any dissimulation in his conduct towards

professed Jacobins, it was that, in truth, he feared them—a fear which followed him even to the throne. Of this I had a proof not more than three years ago, in an observation made by him, which, though trivial, was sufficiently expressive.

He had just given an appointment of very great importance to a man who had often figured at the tribune of the Jacobins. The High Treasurer made some very wise and just remarks on the appointment. "I know well all that you would say," Napoleon replied; "but the reasons you urge for his exclusion are precisely those which have determined me to give him the place. He is a savage beast, I know, but this dignity shall be his gag." To this the High Treasurer replied, that the time was past when such kind of men were to be feared. "They are always to be feared, sir," Napoleon responded. "These chameleons are always to be feared. For the rest, the thing is done, let no more be said about it. When the wolf has his throat full, he can no longer bite."

According to this mode of thinking, the Jacobins were those towards whom he practised the greatest share of circumspection. Next followed the Republicans—those who were so in the purest sense of the word; these he at once hated and despised. Lastly came the Royalists, who, like the others, easily fell into the snares laid for them. I could perceive that with them he put more restraint upon himself: he was milder, more gentle and complacent, consequently more ambiguous, and lured them on by false promises and

fallacious hopes Nevertheless, some of them saw through him, or at least suspected him strongly Here follows word for word the extract of a letter which he wrote to a Royalist —

“You are importunate, too importunate, you will mar everything. No, sir, let events take their course, and then let us follow them with the utmost eagerness I wait the annihilation of an odious power, and the death of all the lesser powers, then, what influence I have, if any, will prove to you that your answer of yesterday evening was not applicable to me. But I readily forget this scene, do you on your side never forget that, in time, I shall be what you wish”

He never signed or directed such letters, and they were always sent by some confidential person

It is impossible not to see that this letter is a model of ambiguity, craft, and perfidy. Yet there was at that time many a man of merit, and clear-sighted too, who was caught in a like snare.

Be all this as it may, the two directors, at the first news of his return, determined to confide their projects to him, intending, when all was accomplished, to proportion the honours and rewards bestowed upon him to the services rendered Having no conception of the magnitude of his ambition, they conceived him satisfied with the prospect before him, and devoted to them entirely. Barras, in particular, bearing in mind undoubtedly the obligations which he had conferred on the General, had not, in the disclosure of his

projects, mingled all the confidential warmth which the ambition of his former *protégé* required. This was the primary cause of his exile—the causes to which it was generally ascribed were but accessories. How just soever may have been the reputation Moreau had obtained—however great may have been his qualities, he will always be accountable to France for not having exerted his genius, his influence and popularity with the troops to oppose the ambitious projects of his rival.

Napoleon was well aware what powerful obstacles Moreau might throw in his way; he was but too intimately convinced of them. This is not all: it has not hitherto been known to the public what pains were taken by Madame Bonaparte and by the General's brother, Lucien, to unite Napoleon and Moreau. The former was uneasy about the result of their schemes, and the principal reason of his uneasiness was, his love of life—a characteristic which always distinguished him. Whenever he appeared to expose himself, it was done from ostentation, and in places where there was no real danger. I saw with my own eyes how much, as the important day approached, his alarms increased, although he endeavoured to suppress them as much as possible. Sometimes he gained courage from talking with those conspirators who had the greatest assurance of success. His eye was then more animated, his countenance more resolute, and his voice more firm; he was, in fact, another man. But such moments were transitory; when alone, his

pusillanimity revived, he became gloomy, thoughtful, irresolute, and taciturn. These observations, which few people, other than myself, had the opportunity of making at that time, contributed essentially towards assisting my daily progress in gaining a thorough knowledge of this mighty individual.

I was not the only person sensible of his fears, and who perceived the little energy he showed on the eve of so decisive a moment. His prudent wife was well convinced of them. In the afternoon of the ninth of Brumaire, after a very eager conversation, Josephine said to him, "Well if prudence suggests doubts to you respecting the success of this great undertaking, make some sacrifices, throw aside all lesser considerations, unite yourself with Moreau. Moreau and you united, all uneasiness will be at an end." At this moment Lucien arrived, Madame Bonaparte informed him of what had passed. Her brother-in-law pleaded eloquently the cause of the modest conqueror, making use, among others, of the following expression: "You and Moreau! that would be strength and victory united." But all that he could say produced no effect, Napoleon was inexorable.

At least two hours after this conversation he was still murmuring—"Very well, brother—Moreau and me—that would be victory and strength united. Go, consult Pichegru, see what he says—Moreau——" I could not distinguish anything more. Then awhile after "M. Lucien, you are sometimes troublesome, let me tell you." I was afraid of forgetting M. Lucien's



expression, and I wrote it down with a pencil in the inside of my hat.

Few people are aware that for a long time Napoleon always consulted his wife in all civil matters, even in those of the highest importance. He would, however, have been exceedingly angry if he had known that his courtiers were well aware of this fact. If I had been able to divide myself, how gladly would I have followed this excellent woman! What a difference between her and her husband! They were two extremes united.

Thus, amid the varied sensations experienced by Napoleon, the great day advanced which was to put an end to a power detested by almost the whole French nation. It was in the night between the thirteenth and fourteenth of Brumaire, that the execution of the plan was fixed for the seventeenth, which answers to the eighth of November. On the sixteenth, in the morning, nothing was changed either in the plan or in the means agreed upon for executing it, when a hint was given to Napoleon that the commandant of the seventeenth division was not absolutely determined to serve him; that he had even expressed a wish to resign the command of his corps. This intelligence fell upon him like a thunder-bolt, and he sent for Josephine. The moment she saw him she exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?" He put the letter, containing the fatal news, into her hands. They remained closeted together for the space of a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which Madame Bonaparte came

out, her countenance beaming with delight,—she bade me go instantly to her husband. The coachman was ordered to get the carriage ready, and in six minutes Madame Bonaparte set off. When I went into him he was perfectly calm, and asked me the following question: "You were at the theatre yesterday?" "Yes, my General." "What was the play?" "Manlius." "The assassin! How was it performed?" "Most execrably." "Is there any news stirring at Paris?" "People's minds are very much disturbed, and everybody sighs for tranquillity." "I believe it—they must be worn out." He might, perhaps, have said more, but the arrival of Murat, Lucien, and a general officer whom I did not know, put an end to the conversation. The whole day long there were people coming and going, and notwithstanding all the precautions taken to prevent anything transpiring, it was easy to see that perfect unison did not reign among them.

Madame Bonaparte was absent till near eleven o'clock. At her return she went up to her own apartment, and sent for me. "Go," she said, "and contrive to speak to my husband, without being perceived by the rest of the company, desire him to pass by the by-way, and come to me, I wish to see him." I had some difficulty in executing my commission, but at length I succeeded. Napoleon contrived to quit the room without being observed, and after an absence of about ten minutes, rejoined the company. It was two o'clock in the morning before all the parties retired. Napoleon appeared extremely satisfied with himself, but

did not go to bed, only throwing himself into an armchair.

Ever since the fourteenth of Brumaire, I had been exceedingly perplexed. I knew that the execution of the plot was fixed for the seventeenth, and I could not understand the events of the day and night; I formed a thousand conjectures, but none appeared conclusive.

Yet no long time was to elapse before I was to be satisfied. I learnt on the morrow, that Napoleon, contrary to the advice of all the conspirators, had deferred the execution of the plot till the eighteenth. The only reason he gave was, that some information received in the morning had raised strong suspicions in his mind, and he wanted the day of the seventeenth for satisfying them; that he wished to come to a right understanding with some of the superior officers, especially with General Lefebvre. He added, smiling, "Besides, the seventeenth falls on a Friday, and that is a day of ill omen; it is the day on which the God of the Christians died."—This was said to M. de la Chabeaussiere.

The day was, indeed, employed in assuring himself of all who were to co-operate with him in the "expedition," for this was the term which he applied to this affair. He returned home at night, and he was joined by a number of persons of the highest note. The eighteenth at length arrived. The Council of Ancients had been summoned in the night to assemble in the place where their sittings were held, when the plan of a resolution was remitted to them, trans-

ferring the Legislative Body to Saint Cloud This plan was readily adopted, it having been agreed upon in the evening A copy of the decree was immediately despatched to Napoleon, with the order for carrying it into execution This favourable beginning gave him infinite pleasure, it was instantly communicated to his wife, and in a quarter of an hour we were all on horse back Napoleon, surrounded by his staff, went directly to the Tuileries the garden was filled with troops, he harangued them, and said he only accepted the command to preserve France from the horrors of anarchy and civil war A part of them had orders to *file off immediately for Saint Cloud, whither we went at a gallop* The two Councils were assembled, every one knows what passed at the Council of Five Hundred I shall only observe that when Napoleon attempted to speak, the cries, the menaces, the exclamations of "*Down with the Dictator!*" made so strong an impression upon him, that he became confused, and unable to pursue the thread of his harangue He then turned to us, ordering us to assure ourselves that General Murat was at the head of the troops, but, after a moment's reflection, he resolved to satisfy himself of it He went out, mounted his horse, and rode immediately to the bridge in a state of extreme emotion Having met Murat, he became more calm, and returned to the chateau

A short time after, he received the news of his being named to the Consulate, in concert with Roger Ducos and Sièyes. "Gentlemen, he said to them

the next day, "France having taken one great step towards attaining happiness and peace, we will do everything in our power to procure them both. Our task is great, I know, but the ardour we shall exert, aided by our experience, will, I have no doubt, at length obtain this important end." A grand dinner was given by him, and he was complimented on his new honours by a crowd of persons of every age and rank.

After his accession to the Consulate, a complete change took place in his manner. During all the time that I knew him only as a General, his haughtiness, disdain, and contempt for others, were apparent in even the most trifling action. No sooner, however, did he become Consul, than the expression of his countenance was enlivened, his voice seemed less harsh, his eye became softer, and his manner more attractive. If he conferred or promoted any one to an office, it was done with courtesy, often with the addition of some complimentary expressions. The beauties of language were unfamiliar to him; he was a stranger to those brilliant obscurities, those neat inversions so necessary to statesmen, who should take care that their modes of speech do not always express what they ought to say, but what they wish others to understand. To remedy this dearth of oratorical powers, he formed a dictionary of chosen words and phrases, which he arranged and moulded according to time, place, person, and circumstances. His formal speeches were always arranged beforehand; he knew what would

be said to him, and his answer was ready prepared. Thence came that barrenness of ideas, that pompous bombast, to which his courtiers gave the appellation of "sublime." Many times have I seen him study the style of M. M——, under pretence of running once again over despatches which he had read but the moment before. These things would be trifles if they concerned a person less celebrated, but the facts are precious, and even useful, when one reflects that such a man contrived to have his brows surrounded with a royal diadem,—that he overcame all the States on the Continent.

A good writer has recently made a statement which I must combat, not only because it bears an impression of calumny, but because it is utterly false. "Immensity of power," he says, "and still more his numerous courtiers, corrupted Napoleon,—to them he owed his ambition, his crimes, and in great measure his despotism. But for the base servility of his flatterers and the approbation of a whole people deceived by the eulogiums of a perfidious and venal court, he would have been a good prince.

Such an opinion only proves that the author did not know the despot, that he is perfectly a stranger to his physical as well as to his moral qualities. In vain does he draw a consoling picture of the early days of his consular authority, in vain does he dilate on the hopes which France had conceived of him, he forgets this, and thus destroys his assertion,—he forgets, I say, the time and the circumstances in which these sweet hopes

of a happy futurity were conceived. Harassed by changes of government, fatigued with twelve years of storms, France thought she saw the port,—thought she saw it even there, where she has been most in danger of suffering shipwreck. Napoleon was born a despot;—the passion of domineering over men and crushing them was innate in him, and could never be eradicated. Men and circumstances have fed this passion; that I acknowledge; but even without such stimulants, he would never have been a good prince; place and circumstances never could have done anything but modify his rage for soaring aloft. Master of a school or upon a throne, chief of a squadron or a corporal on guard, at Paris or at Kamschatka, everywhere he would have been a tyrant. Many of his courtiers, it is true, have assisted in the eruptions of this volcano, but they were not the furnace by which it was fed.

The unbounded ambition of such a man could not be satisfied, as has been sufficiently proved, with a divided power; but this divided power was one step towards the throne, and that was a great object attained. His hypocrisy, his feigned moderation, served at first as masks to disguise the part he was playing. His primary aim was to silence all parties, to extinguish all animosities, to allay the fermentation of men's minds. These projects were crowned with success; and that this was a blessing cannot be denied, but he rendered this public reconciliation, this annihilation of parties, subservient to his own guilty and ambitious views. The French nation, having become calmer and less

excited, no longer watched his motions with the scrutinizing eyes they had been accustomed to employ towards their would-be tyrants. Many persons, however, detected under the mantle in which Napoleon wrapped himself, a heart burning to throw aside the consular scarf for the ermine of the monarch. He perceived that his designs were suspected, and Josephine confirmed his suspicions.

Scarcely had he been provisional Consul six weeks, when on a sudden he appeared devoured by chagrin, impatient, wrapped up in himself. If he restrained himself in public, he made ample amends in private; it was then difficult to serve him, scarcely possible to accost him; he would see nobody, not even his wife. On the third day of this morose seclusion, Josephine wrote to him as follows:—

“SIR,

“When any one labours under great uneasiness of mind, it is not in solitude that he must expect consolation. The sweetest, the most certain means of alleviating our sorrows, is to confide them to the bosom of a true friend. I trust I am your sincere friend, and as such I have surely a claim on your confidence. You deny yourself the sweet consolation of imparting your troubles, and you deprive me of the pleasure of assisting you to bear the weight of them,—perhaps of finding a remedy for them. My sex may possibly on this occasion be an obstacle to your laying open your heart but your wife thinks she has a right



to be considered as an exception; your secrets once confided to her bosom would there find their tomb. But I must do more, sir; I must anticipate what you might impart, even though you condemn my boldness.

“Consul, I know your noble ambition, know how deep are your designs. You are not made for divided power, your precarious dignity is a burden to you. These two truths are impressed on your countenance, to any one who knows you. My friend, begin by being master of yourself, that you may be the master of events. You are suspected by many parties, they would seek to penetrate into your heart, and they may do you injury. I say no more. Terrified at the importance of what I have said, I entreat you to believe me her who takes the deepest interest in your glory, as well as in your happiness.

“JOSEPHINE.”

Scarcely had he run over her letter, when his eyes were cast upon the ground; he walked several times about the room, and then came and seated himself again at his desk. I devoured his gestures, his movements, everything, even to his sighs. His emotion was evident, but there was nothing in it gloomy or giving occasion for remark. “Say to Madame,” he said mildly, “that I will pass the evening with her, by ourselves.”—I would on no consideration have trusted this commission to another, I was too deeply interested not to be anxious to perform it myself. I hastened with the utmost speed to Josephine’s apart-

ment. "Let my dear husband come," she said. "How is he? Did you leave him perfectly well?"—"Much better, Madame, than he was an hour ago; he spoke to me very mildly."—"So much the better!—this is the only good news I have received within the last three days."

Two hours elapsed before the Consul joined his wife, and it was past midnight when he returned to his own apartment. I do not know what passed at their interview, but the next day he was not like himself.

Although from the eighteenth of Brumaire he had exerted his utmost endeavours to reconcile and unite all who were in dissension with each other, and to dissipate all partisan spirit, he had as yet only partly succeeded; some Republicans and a greater number of Jacobins occasioned him the utmost uneasiness. As to the Royalists, deceived in their hopes and destitute of all support, they had dispersed, waiting for a time more favourable to their cause.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.

IN such a state of things Napoleon saw plainly that in order to obtain absolute authority, it was of importance to him to be invested permanently with what at present he enjoyed only provisionally. His friends were put in action, some of the Jacobins were bought over, and France, dazzled with his assumed moderation and manifestly great qualities, appointed him First Consul. This was halfway towards the throne, and was all his plans required at the moment. The Republic existed now but in name. The majority of the Republicans, finding it best to be content with the places they enjoyed, no longer thought of murmuring; the Jacobins, who were most to be feared, preserved silence, and some, even abjuring their principles, served him with all their influence, and became his firmest supporters.

Fully convinced that in order to seat himself upon a throne, the last occupant of which had perished on a scaffold, the multitude must be dazzled, and as nothing would do this better than the lustre of military exploits, he prepared to put himself at the head of the army in Italy.

A company of spies was formed, and pervaded every part of the administration, civil as well as military, they obtained a footing about all the great personages of the State, and even penetrated into their social and family life. This band, which he jokingly called his "Telegraphic Company," was independent of the general police, who were themselves rigidly watched. The number of these dangerous stipendiaries amounted in the month of March, 1803, to three thousand six hundred and ninety-two, including the ambulating detachment. This party comprised about a hundred of the best instructed, least scrupulous, and most daring of the troop. To these qualities, it was necessary to add a handsome exterior, a studiously correct style, and a discernment with regard to the deportment and language suitable for different occasions.

These spies of the first class were charged with attaching themselves to the great secret agents in employ at the foreign courts, with watching over them, with giving an account of the connections they formed, and their habitual occupations. The spying of the family of the Bourbons, and managing the great arrests in foreign countries, was another part of their office. It was from one of these wretches that the letter emanated which occasioned the arrest and execution of the Duke d'Enghien.

The reader will not be sorry to have some particulars respecting the death of the spy Monsim, who died, loaded

with crimes, about two years ago [1815], in the prime of life. The last year of it was spent like that of a saint; his recollections rendered his life horrible to him, and his riches brought him no comfort. I know not the causes of his conversion, but it was so sincere, that the priest who attended and administered to him the last offices, wrote thus to Mons. de Belloi, who had interested himself in this person:—

“Monsim died this morning about seven o'clock. For a year I have been attending upon him, and I have never seen remorse more sincere, repentance more ardent or affecting. The enormity of his crimes seemed to render incredible to him the possibility of being pardoned, and I could with difficulty persuade him that the mercy of Heaven was still greater than his offences. Before he breathed his last, he desired to see his family. His wife, his young daughter, and his son, came to his bedside: his son fell on his knees. ‘I leave you a terrible example,’ he said, ‘my dear son.’ He could say no more—his lips were fastened to a crucifix—he expired. His family were dissolved in tears, and I could not restrain my own.”

This Machiavellic organization was no sooner arranged, than Napoleon hastened to take the command of the army of Italy. Always adroit in throwing a lustre over himself at the expense of other generals, and in surrounding himself with everything that could increase his reputation and multiply his triumphs, he

formed his army of the flower of the soldiery of France.

It is not my purpose to enter into any military details and if I mention the ever celebrated day of Marengo, it is not because it decided the fate of Italy, but because it was here that Napoleon first practised a new mode of fighting, which he ever afterwards constantly followed and encouraged. It was there that he conceived the idea of those horrible and murderous tactics, which rendered battles massacres, in which the art of the warrior was no longer any thing, which occasioned rivers of blood to flow and were the primary and principal source of all his successes.

The First Consul felt the great importance of this encounter, the fate of Italy, and perhaps of all his other projects, depended upon it. The evening of the twenty fourth of Prairial, I observed the manœuvre which he made for the purpose of avoiding a battle, it was the first, and I think the only time in which I ever saw him hesitate to give battle. Nevertheless some reports which he heard in the evening decided him, and during the night he laid his plans.

At break of day the enemy, three lines in thickness, advanced, presenting an immense front. Couriers were immediately despatched to the divisions of Lemonnier and Desaix, with orders to come on by forced marches. The conflict immediately began on both sides, from six in the morning both fought with equal determination and advantage, until the

enemy concentrated his front upon his centre. Napoleon then committed a tactical error which nearly lost all. Instead of manœuvring in mass upon the centre of the enemy, he weakened his own centre to strengthen his wings, with the intention of surrounding the Austrian army. The Austrian general perceiving this movement, advanced rapidly with his centre in mass, upon the weakened centre of the French; the latter, being few in number, could not stand against the triple fire of the column, and dispersed. The enemy lost no time, and dividing the victorious column in two, made them march directly upon our wings, who, seeing the centre in flight, followed suit.

Berthier, covered with dust and sweat, came to announce this to Napoleon. It was in vain that he ordered all the superior officers to stop the fugitives, the bravest were swept along with the multitude. All seemed over, and the French army were on the verge of being shamefully defeated, when suddenly a cloud of dust, accompanied with repeated and confused cries, announced the divisions of Lemonier and Desaix. As nothing could be distinguished clearly amid the dust and noise, Napoleon, who had throughout displayed the utmost coolness and presence of mind, told me to go and see what was the matter. I had not gone far before I learned, and returned immediately to inform him. He instantly put himself at the head of these new combatants, and ranged them in two close columns, which were joined by all the fugitives; a mass was thus formed capable of terrifying anything

What added still more to the strength of the phalanx was, that as it were by magic all had regained their courage. Napoleon, profiting by this enthusiasm, rushed impetuously upon the enemy, who, not having had time to form again in a mass, were suddenly crushed, almost before they had time to know what was happening. I saw groups of not more than from sixty to fourscore soldiers fall, without keeping any ranks, upon whole battalions of the enemy, breaking and dispersing them without their making any resistance; so rapid had been this movement, and so completely were they disorganized. Never was a victory decided in so short a time: rarely were troops ever so completely beaten. There were not two regiments left entire in the Austrian army.

France, however, lost a hero; Desaix received his death in the midst of his laurels. I was not near Napoleon when he learned this sad event, and so I do not know whether he made use of the words ascribed to him, "Why am I not permitted to weep?"

Be this as it may, the incident which decided this ever-memorable day was an inspiration to him. This mass of men falling on a sudden upon their antagonists, breaking and dispersing them, was a delightful picture to him, and he could not turn aside from contemplating it. For a long time he repeated to himself, when he was alone, the last details of this action. "It is singular!—what I all was lost—they close again, they throw themselves upon the enemy, and he is overthrown! This action is worth all the commentaries of



Cæsar." In effect, the art of fighting from this time took another form with him. It was no longer those judicious combinations, those stratagems of war, which, without shedding oceans of blood, terminate the quarrels of kings; manœuvres upon the field of battle were now only made to watch for the favourable moment when he could pounce upon his prey and destroy it. If Napoleon had been required to choose between immolating two thousand of the enemy with the loss of four hundred of his own men, or of mowing down twelve thousand with the loss of fifteen thousand on his own side, we should have had to lament the death of fifteen thousand French. Thus all the success which he has since obtained, never astonished me; never did I say to the military of my acquaintance on the eve of a battle, "To-morrow you will fight, but to-morrow you will overwhelm!"

The convention which followed this bloody day gave both parties time to breathe. Napoleon returned to Milan, and his arrival was the signal for a change in the government. The ancient system was overthrown, and these people, grown old under the laws of the house of Austria, saw themselves in a moment Republicans, without any wish of being so. Things had long been in a state of preparation for this event. Italy was swarming with emissaries of Napoleon; proclamations were daily circulated, for the purpose of disseminating among the people that revolutionary spirit, in which intrigue, audacity, and ambition easily find food to gratify their appetite.

The success answered the hopes of Napoleon, and the Cisalpine Republic was organized. Here, as in France, he contrived to make partisans all over the country; the whole administration was infested with them. No one at that time suspected that he was then only sowing, in the hope of reaping at a future date; so that if his projects in France failed, he might have recourse to Italy.

## CHAPTER V.

### DEVELOPMENT OF NAPOLEON'S PLANS.

ON his return to Paris, he was absorbed in his principal project, that of placing himself upon the throne of France. He saw that all the resources of his genius must be put in action to attain this great end; that everything which might divide his attention would obstruct the progress of his schemes. He determined, therefore, to make peace with Austria, and a peace was signed at Luneville by his brother Joseph and M. Cobentzel. But what a peace was that of Luneville! Ought such a name to be given to a forced contract, all the elements of which were hostile to each other? For the rest, it was what the two parties wished it should be. Austria only desired time to breathe, and repair her losses, that she might return anew to the conflict; and the immense projects of Napoleon required a suspension of arms.

In support of what I advance, I must cite an extract from the secret instructions given by Napoleon to his brother, as his plenipotentiary at Luneville:—

“Let your demands be high, they will be easily obtained. I am advised that Austria has no intention

to observe the conditions of the treaty, she only wants to purchase a respite. She thinks to deceive me, yet she knows well that I am pretty resolute to have my own way. The interests of France will not allow that her hopes should be narrowed' (*Copied from the original*)

This specimen will show what were his ideas of good faith, and it is not surprising that with such an opponent Europe should have so long groaned under an interminable war.

Tranquil for the moment with regard to Germany, Napoleon simulated pacific views towards England. Proposals were made to the Cabinet of St James's, through the medium of M Otto, and a treaty of peace, called final, was signed at Amiens, the fourth of Germinal, in the year X [1801]. A short time after a concordat was signed with the Pope.

These different treaties, which the most short sighted policy might have seen the inconvenience and instability of, yet gained Napoleon infinite credit with the multitude. His partisans were unwearied in sounding forth his praises. To hear them, one might have supposed that he was a god who was to bring back the happy days of the golden age. The populace, carried away by the acclamations they heard, thought they saw in Napoleon the man set aside by Heaven to promote their happiness and prosperity.

Napoleon lost no time in availing himself of this tide of popularity, so as to make it further his plans

towards the crown. The great bodies of the State were assailed in every direction, as they were principally composed of individuals who did not concur in his opinions. Some honest and unsuspecting men were carried away by the lustre of his exploits, and were willing to do anything he wished ; others, having no fortunes but their appointments, promised their votes on condition of being continued in their offices.

A few staunch Republicans yet remained ; to some, situations were given, which removed them far from the capital ; others were bought over, and the remainder were either dismissed or else followed the current. The Jacobins still remained, and it was of importance to secure them ; a brilliant future and great hopes were the snares into which they were drawn. Napoleon, well assured of the elasticity of his springs, delayed not a moment to put the machine in motion, and he was soon named Consul for life. This was making a gigantic stride towards the accomplishment of his designs, and he now no longer doubted of complete success.

Meantime, his projects upon France did not turn him aside from those he had formed with respect to Italy. Among his papers were found the development of his system, and his schemes with regard to Italy undoubtedly display him to advantage as a consummate, able, and ambitious politician. If France had refused him the sceptre, his plan was to make that subservient to seizing on the throne of Italy.

His brother Joseph was the only person then in the secret.

When, after the victory of Marengo, Napoleon planned the re organization of the Cisalpine Republic, his idea was to put his brother at the head of this new State. He wrote to him upon the subject, and received the following answer —

CITIZEN CONSUL,

‘ I received your letter, dated the third of Messidor, and am grieved that I must be obliged to decline the eminent station which your kindness condescends to offer me. You think too highly of my abilities, I will confess freely, that I do not by any means feel myself endowed with the qualities necessary for presiding over a people so turbulent as the Italians. Jealous of all their neighbours, but more particularly of the French, the Italians will never, but with impatience, behold me at the head of their government, and all the weight which you have in that country will not save me from the *Gallus cantat*\*. Do not then, Citizen Consul, take offence at my refusal, and believe that on any other occasion I shall not hesitate a moment to render you any service in my power.

On receiving this letter, Napoleon allowed his irritation to burst forth for a moment. He crumpled it up in his hands, and throwing it upon the fire, said, “ He is in the right, he is a poor creature, I addressed

\* An allusion made in full converse to a French Cardinal.

myself ill.—*Gallus cantat!* The fool does not know how applicable the answer was!" After walking some turns about the room, he added, "It is over; we must have patience!" In effect, from that time the thing was never more thought of, nor at his return to Paris did he ever evince any resentment towards his brother. So much forbearance appeared at the time a problem to me, but I soon after received the solution.

The principal citizens of the Cisalpine Republic received an order to repair to Lyons, where an extraordinary consultation was to be held, at which Napoleon himself intended to preside. One half of the members were sold to him, and the remainder trembled at what was to come.

Some days before the general meeting was held, he assembled a great number of the representatives at his house; probably those who, from their known abilities and the opinions they held, he was conscious were most to be feared. "Gentlemen," said he, "since you were formed into a body for conducting the State affairs, I have received nothing but trouble and vexation at your hands. You abound with intrigues, with wretches in the pay of Austria. I declare to you, gentlemen, that this alternative alone remains, either you must be considered as a conquered country, and treated as such, or you must be independent. In the first case, I shall know how to preserve my conquest; in the second, the power which I have created, and of which I propose to make myself the chief—a thing I never should have thought of, had I found any one

among you of sufficient weight, sufficiently firm, and, above all, sufficiently free from local prejudices for the situation—that power I will protect, will make it respected everywhere. I request you then, gentlemen, to transmit to your colleagues this summary of my intentions, which have nothing in view but the happiness of your country. They will then have time to prepare their answers to the plans I shall have the honour of laying before them at the general meeting.”

The whole assembly appeared thunderstruck with astonishment, on perceiving which, he resumed his discourse:—“You appear surprised, gentlemen, but do not lose confidence; the epoch has come which is to place you in the first rank among the secondary Powers of Europe. Everything that precedes or follows this great work ought to be impressed with the stamp of energy and firmness. It was not my intention to wound any one, and I flatter myself that for this you will give me full credit.”

These last palliatives did not produce all the effect he expected. Some of the deputies retired extremely discontented. This, however, made no alteration in his projects, and four days afterward he was named President of the Italian Republic, formerly the Cisalpine Republic. This important affair being concluded, his attention was next directed to Switzerland, which for some time held out against him. Troops were marched thither; and after a little slight skirmishing, they too were also compelled to be silent, and to follow the course he prescribed.



A short time before this, treaties had been concluded with the Ottoman Porte and the Dey of Algiers. Napoleon was just about to absorb himself wholly in the execution of his great schemes, when he received information from his spies that the departments of the Lower Seine and of the Eure and Oise were not favourably disposed towards him, and that many of the most distinguished persons in the country helped to foster this disaffection; that a journey into these parts was indispensable, and that above all things he must everywhere show himself affable and popular.

This advice was too important to be neglected, and accordingly he soon after set out on a visit to the departments indicated, where he paid particular attention to the manufactures, the workshops, and every branch of trade and commerce. Glowing promises, and a sufficient quantity of charlatanism, acquired him as much reputation as would have been derived from a victory, and excited the enthusiasm of the inhabitants.

To give a specimen: in one of the towns which he visited, his carriage went over the body of a man, by trade a watchmaker. He was old, and grievously hurt. Napoleon sent to inquire after him, and the person charged with the commission brought the following quatrain from the dying man:—

“Now may I seek, resigned, the shades below;  
France, the most perfect gift to thee e’er sent  
I’ve seen,—the noblest prize the world could show;—  
I’ve seen Napoleon, and I die content.”

'It is charming,' he said, "but I have broke his thigh' This little anecdote is a proof that nothing is more easy than to captivate the multitude, and that an able charlatan, who combines power with pliability, may always mould them to his pleasure

On his return to Paris the First Consul thought that it was time to make the grand stroke, that of seizing on the Imperial dignity, and rendering it hereditary in his family But, to his great astonishment, he found that obstacles were to be encountered which he had not foreseen, or rather which he believed were no longer in existence These emanated from the Jacobins One of the most distinguished among them, whom he had won over, was charged with sounding them upon this important matter, without, however, suffering the thing to appear like a plan already formed The report he made was by no means satisfactory "How," said they, "would you have us place on the throne a man who will never forget that we were the great enemies to monarchical power? He will never believe that such a sacrifice of our opinions can be sincere Always suspected by the monarch, it will be necessary always to keep on our guard against him Napoleon, besides, in his different correspondences with foreign Powers has always aimed at convincing them that he was a stranger to the events which occasioned the downfall of the throne. This distinction, which he has ever sought to establish between the opinions of those days and his own, is an unanswerable proof that if the diadem be placed on

his head, our lives and fortunes will no longer be safe."

The information thus acquired was remitted word for word to Napoleon. "I should not have expected," said he to his agent, "that men whom it was my purpose hereafter to load with wealth and honours, would so decidedly oppose my elevation. You did not, I hope, let them understand that you were in my confidence?"—"Fear nothing, Citizen Consul, the conversation related to you is merely the abstract of what has been collected from sounding the minds of several among them."

This unexpected opposition was extremely adverse to the projects of Napoleon. The next day he held a long conference with MM. Cambacérès and Fouché. When they quitted him, he appeared wholly lost in thought. Cambacérès returned immediately, and they were closeted together for some time. In about half an hour they came into the drawing-room, where they conversed awhile, and then went out together.

Next day Napoleon was much indisposed; he kept his room and would not see any one except his brother Joseph, who came to him about noon. They dined together and conversed very earnestly. "You paint everything in dark colours," said Joseph; "upon trifling obstacles you believe all lost."—"My brother, you are mistaken; it is not so—nothing is lost; but we must have recourse to great means, for I do not see any overture that can be made to them. I have them sounded every day, and in all directions." "Be-

lieve me they will come to at length, but time must be allowed." The two brothers separated the best friends possible.

Things remained in this situation a fortnight; it was an age to Napoleon, and he was on the point of confining his desires to being Sovereign of Italy.

At this time he began, under various pretences, to violate the treaty of Luneville. He pressed the Emperor on the Rhine, while, at the head of a numerous army, he pushed forwards to the Tyrol, and carried the war into the very heart of Germany. Relying on his tactics, and on the number and courage of the soldiers he commanded, success never appeared doubtful to him.

The Emperor of Austria, trembling for his capital, solicited peace, and it was easily obtained. Conditions were even granted which, considering the circumstances, he had no right to expect. An armistice was first concluded, and Frankfort-on-the-Maine was afterwards fixed upon as the spot where they were to treat for a solid and lasting peace. The plenipotentiary for France was already chosen, being Napoleon himself.

The two ambassadors met; the Consul opened the matter boldly at once, and said:—

"France restores to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, without any equivalent or any subsidy whatever, all the conquests she has made since the commencement of the war in 1792, till the ratification of the present treaty, with the exception of those pos-

sessions in Italy now comprised within the Italian Republic.

"Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the said Italian Republic, shall be declared and acknowledged Sovereign of this territory, under the title of 'King of Lombardy.'

"His Majesty the Emperor of Austria engages to have him recognized as such by the Electors who compose the Germanic body. The kingdom of Lombardy shall be hereditary in the dynasty of Napoleon, confined to the male line only. The royal family of France and the imperial family of Austria are for ever excluded from the throne of Lombardy.

"Desirous of putting a period to the factions which desolate France, Louis Stanilaus Xavier, brother of the last king, shall be recalled to the French throne.

"Napoleon, King of Lombardy, shall engage, if it be necessary, which he does not believe, to support, by force of arms, and with the power which France has confided to him, the return of Louis XVIII. to his States, and in concert with His Majesty the Emperor of Germany to assist in strengthening him on the throne of his ancestors.

"His Majesty Louis XVIII. shall engage on his side to acknowledge Napoleon Bonaparte as King of Lombardy, and to employ his good offices with other Powers to have him recognized as such.

"France shall remain in possession of Hanover till the conclusion of peace with England. This article is submitted to the discretion of the King of France.

"All the States which have been invaded shall

return under the dominion of their ancient masters, particularly Holland.

"The present treaty shall be submitted to the sanction of all the other Powers of Europe without exception.

"The belligerent Powers shall not lay down their arms till after the complete ratification of the present treaty."

Let me now request the reader to cast an eye over this projected treaty, and see if he does not discover in it the hand of a profound politician and highly ambitious man. If a plan thus wisely conceived had been carried into execution, all Europe would at once have been restored to perfect tranquillity. Napoleon would have met with no obstacle to it on the part of foreign potentates. The balance of power in Europe would have been preserved, and perhaps more firmly consolidated, by the establishment of the kingdom of Lombardy, with the condition that the Houses of France and Austria were for ever excluded from the succession to it. Holland and Prussia, in particular, would have seen with pleasure this growing State. The Emperor of Germany would have been the only sufferer; but what was the position in which he stood at that time? Harassed by twelve years of losses and defeats, the French victorious in the very heart of his country—perhaps already in possession of his capital—all his dominions upon the Rhine, the Meuse, the Sambre, and the Moselle in the hands of the enemy, his fine provinces of Brabant and Belgium

irrecoverably lost,—in such a position, could he hesitate for a moment to sacrifice his possessions in Italy? Everything was restored except these; to sacrifice them was, I own, much; but in the actual state of things, the conditions of the treaty were more favourable than he could reasonably expect; nor must it be forgotten that the provinces he yielded were not to contribute towards the aggrandizement of any other State. Reasons so powerful were sufficient to obviate all objections on his part.

Let us advert now to the article the most interesting to France, the most artfully conceived, and the most decisive for the personal fortunes and interests of Napoleon. I mean that which recalls Louis XVIII. to the throne of his ancestors. I shall not dilate upon the consequences likely to result from such a stroke; they were incalculable, no less with regard to the interests of France and of all Europe, than of him who projected the plan.

The Consul, in recalling to the throne the legitimate heir, suppressed by a single stroke the party of those who had obstructed his own way to it. His vengeance was so much the more complete, since he became their Sovereign, by deciding their downfall; his glory and renown were fixed upon a foundation which nothing could destroy. Whatever were the parties which at that time divided France, Napoleon, in issuing out his orders, under the name of Louis XVIII., would have seen multitudes flock to his standard. The Royalists both within and without

the Empire would have rushed to it with the utmost precipitation; the Republicans even, awakened from their dreams, and who, never carrying their private views too far, had confined themselves to the idea of serving their country—these men, among whom were many to be highly esteemed, would soon have united hand and heart with the king's friends. Delightful picture! When I found the materials which proved to me that it ought to have existed, the time was, alas! past that this was possible—an atrocious crime had precluded its possibility.



## CHAPTER VI.

### ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

IN the beginning of February, 1804, the chief of battalion Rosey, a person who had gained a footing about Mr. Drake, then Minister from Great Britain to the Court of Stuttgart, informed Napoleon that the English Ambassador carried on a clandestine intercourse in France, by the intervention of agents upon the right bank of the Rhine, as well as at Weissembourg and Offenbourg; the Baroness de Reich being a principal person among them. No time was lost; active and skilful spies were immediately despatched to the right bank of the Rhine, with orders to gain a footing among the different agents of the English Government. The chief of battalion Rosey was secretly to assist them in fulfilling the objects of their mission. On the second of March, a letter was remitted to Napoleon from one of the spies who had insinuated himself into the society of the Baroness de Reich. After many other things relative to the Baroness and those in her confidence, the letter concluded with the following unfortunate details:—

"On Tuesday evening I was at the Baroness's house, where a numerous company were assembled. I was playing at cards at the table with M. Stelaubens, when the military successes of the First Consul were warmly discussed. Some ascribed them to his great knowledge in the art of war; others boldly denied this, when a person of the company observed, that in order to judge the question fairly, every one should be acquainted with the opinion which he had heard delivered by a very great man, one fully capable of forming a judgment in matters of this kind. 'The exploits of Napoleon,' our orator continued, 'as this deep-judging observer said to me, prove very little in favour of his military genius. I have long been in possession of the secret of his tactics and of his successes. He owes his triumphs only to the little value he sets upon the lives of his soldiers. So long as the other Powers do not oppose to him a like system, they may be assured of defeats. Yes, gentlemen, it is by throwing whole battalions upon the swords of the enemy's cavalry, it is by taking no thought of the number of killed and wounded, that he has succeeded in misleading Europe by the lustre of his victories.' Every one was struck with this argument; the name of the person who had given such an opinion was earnestly inquired, but the speaker was inflexible, and would not disclose it.

"For the last quarter of an hour I had quitted the card-table; but I had never ceased to observe my

man accurately, and was determined that he should not escape me. We entered into conversation ; I expressed an earnest desire to know who it was that had given the opinion in question relative to the military genius of the First Consul. He was not, however, to be moved ; I perceived that he was even disposed to be angry at my importunities ; to avoid suspicion, therefore, I forbore to urge him farther. The next day I occupied myself with endeavouring to learn who this person was, but could obtain no satisfaction. The third day, however, I was informed from good authority that he was no other than the Duke d'Enghien, who had, in fact, been three weeks at Ettenheim. This was to me a ray of light, and from some particulars I obtained—trifling ones indeed—I am very much mistaken if he was not himself the author of the opinion which he pretended to cite. As to the Baroness de Reich, her house is the focus of intelligence with respect to the intrigues which the emissaries are carrying on in France. Pellier will give you a sketch of some other details. Those on the part of M—— and of L—— are on the blank leaf which encloses the others ; the whole must be passed over the hot cylinder.”

After receiving this secret report, Napoleon shut himself up in his private apartment, and in an hour after sent for Murat. When he arrived, the Consul talked to him with some warmth ; the General seated himself at a desk, and took notes for a full quarter of an

hour, after which he retired. When Napoleon was left alone, he went to the window; there was a great deal of company in the garden. He retired to his closet, and sent for his wife. I know not what passed between them, but when she retired she looked pale, and Napoleon said to her, "What would you have?—'tis the only means."—He paused, they turned back together towards the closet, but did not go in. "Calm yourself," said Josephine to him. "I am calm, perfectly calm; besides, I have considered over the matter thoroughly. Speak lower, or let us return."—"No, I am too much affected, I must quit you. Ah, my friend, I will write to you—in the name of Heaven, let nothing be done hastily." That very evening she went to Malmaison, where I learnt that Cambacérès paid her a visit the next day.

After quitting his wife, Napoleon returned to the window. His countenance was more serene, and his features were more joyful. He was visited by several of the great dignitaries, and received them with mildness and tranquillity. At eight o'clock he went to the theatre, where he did not stay long, for he returned by half past nine. General Bessières came to him soon after; he wished to speak to Napoleon respecting some army contractors, who wanted the consular authority to be exerted for superseding the commissary's rejection of some saddles and harness furnished to the artillery in the year twelve [1803].

"If," said Napoleon to Bessières, "the commissary

thought the saddles and harness bad, he did right to reject them."—"That is not the question," said Bessières; "it is mere malignity on the commissary's part; the things are good, very good, and the contractors only desire to prove it. They are honest people of my country, and I interest myself for them. If their demands were not just, I should be the first to object." This defence of the contractors was uttered by Bessières with some warmth. Napoleon replied, smiling, "Do not repeat this to others, or it will be said that your *protégés*, as an inducement to you to make their saddles pass, have presented you with a golden one."

Bessières was about to reply, when the Generals Lannes and Duroc arrived. The conversation soon became general, and Napoleon gave his orders for a review on the eighteenth of Ventose. The next morning, among the different persons who came to pay their respects to the First Consul, was the ex-Jacobin whom he had won over and engaged to sound his brethren on the subject of his being placed on the throne of France. "I wish to speak with you," said the Consul, "let the crowd pass." When they were alone, Napoleon took him by the arm, and they walked together up and down the room. I know not what had been objected by the other, but Napoleon said, "I can easily convince you;" and they went into his closet, where they remained together some time.

Cambacérès was announced; he came directly from

Malmaison, and remitted a letter to the Consul "It is from my wife," he said, taking the letter without opening it. "I know the contents, but nothing that can be said will be of any avail, my determination is made, everything requires it,—yes, everything requires it." Cambacères was standing with his back to the fire, he made no reply. They both went out. I remarked that Napoleon had put the letter into his breeches pocket.

From this time till the nineteenth of Ventose (the tenth of March), secret conferences were held every day in the Consuls private closet, but only a very few persons were admitted. I felt assured that some great undertaking was on foot. I was certain that everything in the affair went according to Napoleon's wishes, and that it was a matter to which he attached very great importance. A *decided joy* was evident in all his features.

In the night between the tenth and eleventh of March, the Governor of Paris, the General of Brigade Hullin, and a third officer whom I did not know, were introduced into the Chief Consuls closet. In a quarter of an hour Murat went out, having in his hand a sealed packet. I learned at his return that this packet had been sent to the Minister of the Police, Murat, Hullin, and the other officer retired soon after.

In about two hours Madame Bonaparte returned from Malmaison. No sooner was her husband informed of it than he collected a number of papers

together, and went to her. He ordered me to look among the documents relative to the construction of the Pantheon, and select what M. Viel, the architect, had written upon the subject.

This order I turned to my own profit. Some papers of very great importance were mingled with them ; but nothing very much to my purpose. A letter from Madame Bonaparte to her husband, however, came at length in my way, and partly solved my perplexity relative to the events of the last few days. I had not time to take a copy of it, I only ran it over. It was a model of tenderness and sound reasoning ; she pleaded for the interest and the glory of her husband—she pleaded the cause of a young prince. Throughout the letter, however, the question seemed to be that of detaining the person in a State prison. I shall give only one passage, which I retained in my memory, and afterwards wrote down in my tablets. “If I were not fearful that this action would tarnish your glory, be assured that I would have preserved silence, and not have given you the mortification of seeing me in opposition to you.”

The knowledge acquired by the reading of this letter was an important thing to me ; but I was still ignorant who the prince in question was, and that was of no less importance. I did not then know of the fatal report which Napoleon had received from his spies on the right bank of the Rhine ; this did not fall into my hands until seven months after the catastrophe to which it led ; in fact, three weeks before it

and several other papers relative to this tragical affair were burned

I could not divine who the victim was to be immured. How indeed should I have thought of the Duke d'Enghien? I knew that for three months he had been living at Ettenheim, that before he went thither, he had requested the Elector of Baden to permit his establishing himself there, but that the Elector would not grant the permission without previously consulting Napoleon, while he, from the good report made of the Duke by the Elector, had acquiesced in his wishes. I knew still farther that M. Rosey, who was sent to watch the English Ministers at Stuttgart, was secretly charged with keeping his eye upon the Prince, that in a letter dated January 20th, 1804, he expressed himself thus "The Duke d'Enghien lives perfectly retired, all that I hear concerning him leads me to think he takes no concern in political events, his habits are those of a private man who has abandoned all recollections"

After such a report, could I suspect that the Prince was now in danger? Alas! it was not permitted me to know it till it was no longer possible to save him. Meantime, on the eleventh of March, which answers to the twentieth of Ventose, about eleven at night, the same officer who had some days before accompanied the Generals Murat and Hullin was introduced into the Consuls closet. Napoleon was alone. The officer remained with him somewhat more than a quarter of an hour, when he took



his leave. Napoleon's last words to him were—"Above all, be diligent." The very same evening I learnt that this man was General Ordener.

Four or five days after, Madame Bonaparte requested a few minutes' audience of her husband. "Let her come," he said aloud; "but if it be on the errand I presume, assure her that she will gain nothing." Some moments after, she arrived; the Consul received her at the door of the apartment, which he would not shut, to prevent her speaking aloud. She, however, shut it herself. Nothing, therefore, was to be heard but a low murmur for the space of about ten minutes. Josephine then retired; her countenance was bathed with tears, which she did not attempt to conceal. Her husband told me to follow her to the antechamber, and to come and tell him what her women said. I remained there half an hour. Madame Bonaparte, after shedding some tears, had gone to bed. Her women said that she had been soliciting a favour of her husband, which he had refused. This confidence was not of a nature to be reported to Napoleon, so I only told him of the state in which I had left his wife. "It is her fault," said he hastily, and without appearing to reflect that he was speaking to me; "the Duke has deserved his fate, and the universe cannot save him—I have told her so twenty times, and still she persists." Then perceiving me there—"I know not what I say," he added, "and that troubles me." He looked at his watch. "I will go out in an hour," he said. He

afterwards placed himself at the window, still talking aloud to himself; but as his head was without the window, it was impossible to understand anything.

Scarcely had I retired to my own room, when Napoleon's words recurred to my memory. Who then, I thought within myself, is this Duke whom the universe cannot save? This is not the Prince whose cause Josephine pleaded in the letter which I found some days ago. No, he was only to be detained as a prisoner. A Duke!—it must be the Duke d'Enghien—there can be no doubt of it. My blood ran chill in my heart. I endeavoured, notwithstanding, to reject the idea; the crime appeared to me impossible. Could Napoleon, who had so warmly disclaimed having had any share in the death of Louis XVI., think of sacrificing a descendant of the great Condé?

Alas! my uncertainty was of no long duration. On the nineteenth of March a courier brought information to the Consul that the Duke d'Enghien was then within thirty-six leagues of Paris. In the morning of the next day, another brought advice that the Prince would be at the barrier of Saint-Martin, at the latest, about five o'clock in the afternoon. A courier was instantly despatched to meet him, with orders that the carriage should go round by the walls, and that the Duke should be lodged in the castle of Vincennes. Napoleon's aide-de-camp was at the same time sent to the Governor of Paris, with instructions immediately to

summon a special council of war, consisting of seven members, of which General Hullin was to be the president; the said council to assemble at ten o'clock in the evening at the castle of Vincennes, for the purpose of trying a prisoner accused of conspiring against the safety of the State and the person of the First Consul. The name of the Duke d'Enghien was not mentioned in these instructions.

A large company was assembled the same evening at the Tuileries. About two in the morning a courier arrived from Vincennes, with a letter for Napoleon. He went into his closet, where he remained a short time; then calling an aide-de-camp, he gave him a letter, with orders to hasten to Vincennes, and not to return without an answer. He afterwards rejoined the company, but whatever efforts he made, he could take no part in the conversation. At five o'clock in the morning the aide-de-camp returned, and put a note into his hands. He broke the seal eagerly, and having read it, said aloud, "I have been troubled long enough—I shall then hear of him no more." The next day it was known all over the chateau that the Duke d'Enghien had been shot that night at the castle of Vincennes.

It is impossible to form an idea of the impression that the death of this Prince made upon all who were usually about Napoleon. A gloomy and reserved air pervaded them all; there were even some who took so little pains to disguise their sentiments, that he perceived them. This was particularly the

case with M. Cambacérés. "Citizen Minister," said the Consul to him before a number of people, "you had better, I think, write down what you have to say, you will then be spared oral communication with me, which I perceive gives you pain. If half measures are to your taste, this is not the age for you, citizen." (*Given word for word.*) M. Cambacérés answered—"There are circumstances, Citizen Consul, in which a man has not sufficient self-command to be capable of rendering himself agreeable to everybody, yet without having the least wish to hurt any one." This scene was not attended with any further consequences.

Napoleon was, however, perfectly convinced that the death of the Duke d'Enghien had alienated many persons from him, and so did all he could to efface the impression. His manner, naturally severe and despotie, became on a sudden more pliant and engaging. Then was the season for asking favours; whoever solicited one, might almost depend upon not being refused.

In dealing with this unfortunate affair, justice demands that I should correct an error into which the public have fallen. It was not M. Armand Caulaincourt who directed the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien; he was unacquainted with the secret of General Ordener's mission. The latter set out from Paris on the twentieth of Ventose, in the year XII. [1804], and it was not till the twenty-first of the same month that the Minister of War, Berthier, gave orders to

M. Caulaincourt to repair to Strasburg, for the purpose of urging the construction of the flotilla destined for the invasion of England. He was also to concert measures with M. Mchéc for arresting the Baroness de Reich.

The death of the Duke was soon forgotten by a considerable part of those who had at first been revolted by it. There were even mercenary writers who pretended to justify the deed. The two principal reasons which influenced Napoleon were his desire to conciliate the Jacobins, whom he feared, and the conversation above mentioned, which passed at the Baroness de Reich's.

This crime gratified at once both Napoleon's thirst for vengeance and ambition. The blood of the illustrious victim raised an adamantine barrier between him and the Bourbons, but it conciliated the Jacobins, and removed the principal obstacle which barred his way to the throne, the great object of his desires. There were, however, still two men whom he feared as much as the Jacobins; these were Moreau and Pichegru. The former was beloved both by people and army for his affability and modesty, and had a contempt for the bombast of Napoleon, which he did not always sufficiently disguise. The Consul had placed about him two spies, who were constantly haunting him, and who brought a faithful account to their employer of the General's most trivial actions. An authentic extract from one of their reports is subjoined:—

"We dined yesterday with Moreau the company consisted of the General's brother, Freniere, Valubert, Desbordes, Lamartillière, and Pichon. The conversation turned upon the French navy. Lamartillière said that he should never have the satisfaction of seeing us with a respectable one, how could it be indeed, since we had no such thing as an eminent seaman? 'It cannot be expected,' said Pichon, 'all eyes are upon the land'—'Where they do not, however, see great things,' said Valubert good humouredly—'Perhaps more than you think,' said Moreau, 'there are people who assert that the Corsicans will in a short time have a fine laugh against us'—'How?' 'That's plain enough, they will say France would not leave us a King—we are more obliging to them, we give them an Emperor' Several jokes followed this sally of the General's. During the dessert, Desbordes, in taking off the rind of an orange, squeezed some of the juice, so that it sparkled into his eye. 'Aye, aye,' says he, 'I might have known that I should gain nothing by pressing *l'ecorce* (le Corse\*),—that it would only make me smart' This sally produced a general laugh. 'Do not, however, go and say that elsewhere,' added the General, 'if the great Corsican were to know it, he would not laugh!'"

It was thus that General Moreau had among his intimates men base enough to report to Napoleon

\* This is a play upon words. *l'ecorce* signifies the rind—*le Corse*, the Corsican.

everything he said, everything that passed in the bosom of his family. One of these wretches being afterwards attached to the army of Spain, was hanged by the inhabitants of Saragossa.

Less perfidy would have sufficed to excite Napoleon's utmost animosity against a man whose talents and reputation always cankered him. Cruelly jealous, he was anxious, above all things, that Moreau should be removed wholly out of the way; but he wished to unite his destruction with that of Pichegru, whom he hated, if possible, even more mortally, not only on account of his military genius, but still more for his steadfast attachment to the cause of Louis XVIII.

Skilful emissaries were sent to England, with orders to connect themselves closely with the Royalists in that country; to persuade them that France waited only a signal to oppose the ambition of Napoleon, who aimed at ascending the throne. In the interior of France multitudes of secret agents of the police were dispersed in the houses of all people attached to the King's party. These dangerous spies were crafty chameleons, and could readily take the hues of all the partisans of the house of Bourbon. They succeeded in making them believe that in every part of the Administration there were a number of men ready to oppose the projects of Napoleon; but that all observed the strictest silence for want of a complete understanding.

Some of the first persons in the State did not blush to associate themselves with these spies of the police,

and to support their impostures. This horrible combination was attended with the desired success: the Royalists of the interior, deceived as to the actual state of things, believed that the favourable moment for the royal cause had arrived. They wrote to this effect to their friends abroad, who, deceived and deluded like themselves, fell into the snare. The police on the coasts, and in the interior, had orders to wink at the correspondence being carried on. This negligence was carried so far, that it was some time before discovery could be made of the places where many of the conspirators lodged, after their arrival at Paris.

Pichegru, who, from some unfortunate circumstances, was at variance with Moreau, had however several interviews with his former companion in arms. Of this Napoleon was publicly informed by a member of the Government even before it was reported by his secret spies. At the receipt of the news he uttered an exclamation of delight, and when, an hour after, the news was officially announced to him, he said, "It is all we want." It was indeed all he wanted for the destruction of his illustrious enemies. Orders were immediately given to Murat and the Grand Judge; the runners of the police dropped the characters they had hitherto assumed; some became *sbirri*, others accusers. The sequel of this unhappy affair is well known as to all its leading features; but there are circumstances of which the public is still ignorant, and which it is expedient they should know.



To the jury alone properly belonged the right of judging the accused ; but this would not have answered Napoleon's views ; juries could not easily be won over. The springs which must have been set in motion for this purpose were too numerous and too complicated, and great risks would have been incurred of suffering designs to appear which it was necessary to conceal from the public. Judges were therefore named to pronounce, in this great cause, sentences which Napoleon had already pronounced in his closet, and of this tribunal the regicide Hémart was appointed president.

As the time of trial drew near, Napoleon, who could not believe how much Moreau was esteemed and beloved by the soldiers and the people, to put this matter to the proof, instructed the police to forbear restraining the public opinion upon the subject. He directed that all should be allowed to express their minds freely ; that the spies should only give an account of what they heard to the Grand Judge, who was to make his reports to the Consul. It fell to my lot to run over this mass of papers, the result of which was, notwithstanding the numberless contradictions they contained, that Napoleon could not but feel that Moreau was a formidable enemy, alike from the great reputation he had in the army and from the interest felt for him by the people, though the attachment of the soldiers to Moreau gave Napoleon more uneasiness than the interest with which he inspired the multitude.

All possible precautions had been taken to parry a great stroke meditated by the military, and whatever may be said by persons who know nothing of the affair, the details of which were always a secret, and long will be so—notwithstanding what has been said, it is a fact that on the day before Moreau was arrested Napoleon was in possession of every particular relative to the conspiracy formed in his favour by the military

The conspirators consisted of officers of all ranks, and a number of subalterns and soldiers, all safe and secret men, on whose courage and intrepidity the firmest reliance could be placed. It was even known that, both in Germany and Italy, secret coteries, civil and military, were held for the purpose of co operating if necessary, with the French conspirators. Their only intention in the first instance, was, in case of Moreau being condemned to death by the judges to carry him off by main force. It was not as he was led to execution that he was to be rescued, as some one who knows nothing of the matter has recently asserted, but at the moment the sentence was pronounced, and such measures were taken as to almost ensure success

To prevent suspicion, the conspirators were only to be armed with pistols and daggers. The gendarmes and the agents of the police in the interior of the court of justice were instantly to be seized, each by two men at least, and in case of resistance their shoulders were to be dislocated, if that could be

done, but only in the utmost extremity. Outside the courts the agents were to address the people, and engage them to oppose, in the cause of General Moreau, the force that authority might employ against him. Other conspirators were to distribute themselves about the streets and public places; and officers were stationed in the barracks ready to address the troops, of whose assistance they felt assured. Two carriages were to be in waiting: one at the Place Dauphiné, and the other at the New Market. Eighty saddle-horses, already accoutred, were to be placed at different points; and disguises were to be ready for the conspirators at a place about five hundred paces from the court of justice.

One of the most remarkable things in the plot was the general order given to avoid, as much as possible, introducing the name of Napoleon in the addresses made during the execution of the project; above all, not to irritate the people against the Government. I know not what was the end aimed at in these precautions; but I know that they perplexed Napoleon very much, and gave him strong suspicions that some of the members of the Government were no strangers to what was going on.

On hearing these particulars, Napoleon lost no time in imparting them to one of his Ministers, who inquired whether General Moreau had consented to the plan. "On the contrary," replied Napoleon, "I perceive by a note from Lajolais that he has given very vague and ambiguous answers upon the subject,

and in the last instance has refused a blank with a signature"

When Napoleon came to the article requiring the conspirators neither to mingle his name with the cries inevitable upon such occasions, nor to irritate the people against the Government, the Minister was conscientious and courageous enough to say that he could see nothing in the whole matter, except that the fate of Moreau excited a very general interest. Lajolais's note, he observed, proved that nothing was intended against the Consul's person, and that the conspirators had no idea of overturning the Government "Well, what is to be done?" said Napoleon, struck, but not irritated, at the Minister's answer. The latter immediately replied, "Nothing but to satisfy the Parisians, and all France, respecting the fate of General Moreau—to make it known among the conspirators, especially among the military, that the General's life is in no danger, but carefully to avoid giving any hints that the existence of such a plot is suspected"

"This is all very well," said Napoleon, "but perhaps you will be surprised to hear that the conspiracy has not been detected by the police, the details come from one of my secret agents in Germany Do not ask me," he added, "to whom I owe this important discovery, it was communicated to my servant by a lady, who took advantage of my absence, probably to avoid running any risk of being known I have taken all possible pains to

trace her out, and detect the names of some of the conspirators, but I have not yet succeeded."

"How," said the Minister, "this is nothing more, then, than an anonymous confidence." Napoleon interrupted him. "I knew what you would say," said he; "when first I received the intelligence, the same idea suggested itself to me, but researches made by my orders have assured me that such a plot really does exist. It is nevertheless expedient that at present nobody in France, yourself excepted, should suppose me to be in the secret." The difficulty of this being concealed did not dismay Napoleon. The inferior agents of the police were kept in total ignorance upon the subject; their orders not to control the free expression of opinions were not countermanded; they had only additional directions given them to be in readiness to repair anywhere that a disposition to tumult might appear, and to give all possible assistance to the partisans of the Government. The superior agents were dispersed in those places which were deemed most dangerous, but were strictly ordered not to arrest any one within the court of justice, unless some very decided attempt of the kind expected should be made. A military force was, besides, held in readiness in the environs of the court.

To all these secret precautions Napoleon added another, which, as he had foreseen, produced a very powerful effect. This was privately to circulate a report that Moreau's life was in no danger. The

conspirators themselves, however, placed no confidence in the report, and their purpose was in no way changed by it.

If this plot gave Napoleon some uneasiness, the measures taken to render it abortive satisfied him as to the issue, till among the different reports made by the agents of the police in his employ, one was remitted which almost changed the face of affairs. It was so much the more remarkable, since it was not given in the constrained and ambiguous style of a spy. It ran thus:—

“For two days I have never been absent from the environs of the court of justice. Within and without every part is thronged with persons impatient to hear news of the trial. It seems as if there were only one person inculpated, all the rest are totally forgotten. The name of *General Moreau*—for so he is always called, never *Moreau* simply—is in every mouth; the interest he inspires pervades every heart; the earnest desire to see him acquitted is impressed on every countenance. I have contrived to steal in among several groups; they were composed of all classes, from the millionaire to the beggar, and everywhere I found the same sentiments. This interest for the accused is, moreover, greatly increased by the military. Amongst the people, some speak of the General's mildness, of his goodness; others talk of his battles, his victories, and modesty; some even weep. I saw a marshal of artillery cry like a child.

"I went into the coffee-house of Desmoulins, opposite the court of justice; I found there two officers of the cavalry, and three citizens drinking together at a table. I know not what they had been saying among themselves, but suddenly the oldest of the two officers rose from his seat, and holding in his right hand his empty glass, which he had broke upon the table—'Heaven and earth,' he exclaimed, 'Moreau arraigned at the bar! It is an abomination not to be endured! Let us go.'—The other officer restrained him; two of the citizens joined the latter, observing to the first officer that he might endanger his own safety. 'Who?—me, arrest me? I defy them! Arrest me! I would kill a dozen of them first! Look here,'—and so saying, he drew from his waistcoat pocket a pair of pistols, one of which was loaded. After awhile his friends succeeded in calming him a little, when they called for more beer; but they drank it by themselves; he would not drink any more. In a short time after, they all left the coffee-house and went into the court of justice, where, mingling among the crowd, I soon lost sight of them."

The signature of this report was so very illegible, that I cannot tell whether it was Borde, Baurié, or Bornié, but it was, I think, one or other of these names. Whoever was the author, it must be acknowledged, notwithstanding the order he had received to relate the exact truth, that he was very bold. If, however, it was the intention of the reporter to interest

Napoleon in favour of the accused, or if he expected to terrify him by showing what dangers would be incurred by sacrificing Moreau, though he may deserve credit for his intentions, he failed in his end.

Napoleon was alone when the packet sent by the Grand Judge was put into his hands. "Read me these papers," said he, addressing himself to me. Several of them appearing to him verbose and insignificant, he made me lay them down one after the other very soon after I had begun reading. Coming at length to that, the extract from which is given above—"Aha!" said he, "this is a very different matter. begin again." I obeyed, he was standing with his face towards me, holding his chin with his left hand, in an attitude of the deepest attention. When I had finished, he said, "That is strong, is it true? But I doubt no longer I desired that they would conceal nothing from me. I desired the literal truth. One person alone tells it me without evasion, and I ought to believe him. I am sure that he does not exaggerate, for he knows the danger of doing so, it is well, he performs his office duly, I thank the judge for not having kept back this paper. Put it in the portfolio, and write on the back 'Moreau.'" Afterwards, speaking to himself, he added, "Ah, Moreau! Madame Bonaparte told me truly, but could one believe it?—People, soldiers, all—the thing is unprecedented. It is not, however, too late."

MM Chaptal and Lebrun were now announced, he expected them and M Fourcroy, the latter did



not come. I then retired. The next day M. Fourcroy came early, making excuses for his omission the evening before, saying that he had been indisposed, nay, was so still. "We have finished nothing," said Napoleon; "but there is no hurry. Well, tell me, this Moreau, then, makes a great noise?"—"Yes, among the people of the suburbs, and in some of the guard-houses."—"No, no, not merely that."—"Tis very true—you magnify objects."—"Magnify objects! give me that report," said he to me. "Here," he continued, giving it to M. Fourcroy, "read, and tell me whether this is not very decisive." M. Fourcroy having read the report, said, "Well, and what does this prove? Nothing but this, that a little reputation makes him more talked of than the rest; in a few days they will talk of other things."—"Tis not entirely that," said Napoleon; "the affair is of a more serious nature, and I should do very ill not to guard against the results."

I had no doubt in my own mind that Moreau's doom was sealed. Before the commencement of the proceedings, the tribunal had been instructed to convict him capitally, that Napoleon might have the credit of granting him a pardon. If the consciences of the judges had not revolted against these perfidious insinuations, if they had trusted to the generosity of Napoleon, this tyrant would have made them accomplices of an atrocious crime, and Moreau would have terminated his career of glory under the axe of the executioner. Vainly did Napoleon say to Josephine, "In reserving to myself the power of granting

his pardon, who shall say that this may not be the means of uniting us? I can assure you, it rests only with him that it should be so." In holding out these artful promises, he had, however, no other aim but to free himself from the intercessions which he daily received in favour of the illustrious General.

Madame Bonaparte, in the meantime, sent secret information of the Consul's sentiments to the General's wife, and suggested to her to persuade her husband, if possible, to make some advances. Madame Moreau omitted no efforts to prevail upon him to bend to the circumstances, but prayers, tears, caresses, were alike unavailable; Moreau was inflexible. "My dearest," said he to her, taking her hands, "I love you tenderly, more even than life itself, but honour is still dearer to me. What you ask is impossible, it would cover me with infamy." Madame Moreau fainted, and her husband was obliged to call assistance. When recovered, she renewed her entreaties, and the General, to tranquillize her, at length promised to write to Napoleon, which he did next day, as follows:—

"In the short campaign of the year V. (from the twentieth to the twenty-third of March, 1797) we took the papers belonging to the staff of the enemy's army, and a number of documents were brought to me, which General Desaix, then wounded, amused himself by perusing. It appeared from this correspondence that General Pichegru had maintained communications with the French Princes. This discovery was

very painful, particularly to me, and we agreed to say nothing of the matter. Pichegru, as a member of the Legislative Body, could do but little to injure the public cause, since peace was established. I nevertheless took every precaution for protecting the army against the ill effects of a system of espionage. . . . The events of the eighteenth of Fructidor occasioned so much anxiety that two officers, who knew of the existence of the correspondence, prevailed on me to communicate it to the Government. . . . I felt that, as a public functionary, I could no longer remain silent. . . . During the two last campaigns in Germany, and since the peace, distant overtures have been made to me, with a view of drawing me into connection with the French Princes. This appeared so absurd that I took no notice of these overtures. As to the present conspiracy, I can assure you I have been far from taking any share in it. I repeat to you, General, that whatever proposition to that effect was made to me, I rejected it, and regarded it as the height of madness. When it was represented to me that the invasion of England would offer a favourable opportunity for effecting a change in the French Government, I invariably answered that the Senate was the authority to which the whole of France would naturally cling in the time of trouble, and that I would be the first to place myself under its orders. To such overtures made to a private individual, who wishes to preserve no connection either with the army, of whom nine-tenths have served

under me, or any constituted authority, the only possible answer was a refusal. Betrayal of confidence I disdain. Such a step, which is always base, becomes doubly odious when the treachery is committed against those to whom we owe gratitude, or have been bound by old friendship.

"This, General, is all I have to tell you respecting my relations with Pichegru, and it must convince you that very false and hasty inferences have been drawn from conduct which, though perhaps imprudent, was far from being criminal."

I am ignorant by what means Napoleon became acquainted with Madame Moreaus intercessions to her husband, but two days after he gave the whole detail of the scene to the Governor of Paris. These different reports, joined to his hatred for General Moreau, would undoubtedly have led to his being consigned to destruction if the tribunal, enticed by Napoleon's insidious promises, had convicted him to the full extent of the charges. This opinion is strongly supported by what follows.

When Napoleon was informed that the General was convicted, but only sentenced to two years' imprisonment, he could not restrain his anger and vexation. "Such timid and undecided judges," he said, "are the ruin of a country, I had rather see bold prevaricators." For some days he was in a dreadful humour, and this was not mended by another event which occurred.

As he was getting into his carriage to go to Saint-Cloud, a packet was put into his hand by some obscure person. He took it, and gave it to his brother Louis, who was in the carriage. I must observe, by the way, that never did Prince display greater eagerness than Napoleon to read all private papers, whether directly addressed to him, whether remitted to him secretly, or laid before him by his Ministers. A large volume might be made of papers secretly remitted to him. In some, wise and *moderate measures were recommended, without any* other apparent object than his own personal glory and happiness ; these gave him the deepest offence. Others analysed his conduct and his moral and physical qualities, reproaching him with his faults ; these were generally treated with a sarcastic smile, though sometimes they excited his anger. Others, not keeping within any bounds, loaded him with abuse and reproaches, finishing by predicting him a fate more terrible than that which he has experienced ; these he affected to treat with a contempt which in his heart he did not feel. Yet I never could find that he endeavoured to pursue the authors of these things: it is true that to know them was almost impossible, from the facility with which he could be approached.

This digression, which was indispensable, has almost made me lose sight of the packet put into his hand as he was setting out for Saint-Cloud. That very evening he opened it, apparently in a moment of abstraction, when there were five or six persons

present It would be difficult to give an adequate idea of the total change which took place in all his features as he looked over the papers He could not go on, he endeavoured to shake off the impression made, and to join in the conversation, but it was impossible. His emotion was so evident that M D—— whispered me, "There is something amiss, we shall know it from you" When the company retired, Napoleon again took up the packet Its contents were word for word what follows every syllable is faithfully copied from the original —

"CITIZEN CONSUL,

"In dedicating to you the following trifle, the offspring of my love for the public good, and the lively interest I take in your august person, I have no other view but to oppose an impenetrable dyke to that torrent of murmurs and accusations which an indiscreet, blind, and partial public dares to let fall on you and on the tribunal which had the courage to condemn the greatest captain of the age, the illustrious Moreau, to two years of imprisonment.

"Citizen Consul, if I shall succeed in recalling the public to more just sentiments towards you, if I can convince them of the impartiality and still more of the generosity of your conduct in this affair, I think I shall—and I dare flatter myself, Citizen Consul, you will think the same—I think I shall have accomplished a very arduous task It will not be a less arduous one if I succeed in proving that the tribunal has con-

sulted nothing but the dictates of conscience and the laws of equity.

"If you condescend, Citizen Consul, to honour my work with your protection, and let it share the lustre of your fame, I do not doubt of the most complete success. I am, of all the French,

"Your most obedient humble servant and subject,

"MANASSA.

"*Lawyer and Writer.*"

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*Justification of the Sentence pronounced against General Moreau, or irrefutable Proofs that he was impartially justly, and legally condemned.*

"Two suns cannot enlighten the world at once, they would burn each other."—DARBY, of Bourges.

"Did Moreau conspire against the First Consul?—He did, and I will prove it.

"Moreau, eminent for all the qualities which constitute a great captain, had acquired a reputation in France, and in foreign countries, which eclipsed that of the Chief Consul. (*First offence.*)

"Moreau, born simple and modest, the enemy of charlatanism and vanity, passed by his conduct a severe censure on the very opposite conduct of the Chief Consul. (*Second offence.*)

"Moreau, humane, full of sensibility and amenity

towards his soldiers, was adored by them, while he saw only in his young but intrepid followers, precious blood, which could not be preserved too carefully to the country.

"Napoleon, naturally severe, persuaded that in high dignities mildness and affability lead to contempt, never smiled upon his soldiers but when he wanted to increase their courage, and paid no regard to their lives if he had any object to attain, however useless it might be. Thence the cold indifference of his troops towards him, they having never considered him in any other light than as a severe master whom they must follow.

"Moreau would rather suffer two thousand Austrians and six pieces of cannon to escape him, than sacrifice four thousand men to force the defile of Clistadt, where the Germans were entrenched. Was not this pusillanimous attention to his troops a tacit accusation brought against the first magistrate of the State, who in his campaigns in Italy suffered four regiments of Frenchmen to be cut to pieces, only to get possession of five pieces of cannon, eight carriages, some old muskets, and three or four sutlers?

"What can Moreau answer to these facts, which are known to all the world? Nothing, unless that those two thousand Germans whom he would not purchase by the sacrifice of four thousand French, surrendered themselves prisoners the next day without a gun being fired. With him this was a matter scarcely mentioned: with the First Consul it would



have been a splendid victory, and the public prints would have resounded with the great talents which he had displayed in the affair. From five to six thousand men, it is true, would have bit the dust; but the lives of so many men is a trivial consideration when the object is to augment the fame of the commander, and to make the country respected.

"From all these circumstances it results that Moreau has conspired against the First Consul: if not against his life, at least against the power with which he has invested himself, and against the great designs which he meditates.

"It is a fact that General Moreau, by his magnanimity, his genius, his mildness, his modesty, his integrity, his disinterestedness, has given, and always will give, reason to make comparisons between him and the First Consul, so much the more injurious to the latter, as the result must be to weaken the esteem and admiration which every Frenchman ought blindly to have for the supreme chief of the State. (*Another great offence.*)

"Moreau, generally esteemed, cherished by the whole army, may prove a powerful obstacle in the way of the First Consul's high destinies, and deprive France and all Europe of seeing a little citizen of Ajaccio upon the throne of Henry IV. Of what a brilliant and terrible model will the ambitious then be deprived! What a lesson will be snatched from the world! What a subject will be lost to history! No, people of the universe—and I shudder while I say it—no,

you would then never have read the sentence, terribly sublime 'The French assassinated their King, and none among them dared to replace him, a Corsican has surpassed them all in daring, and five and twenty millions tremble under his law'

"Well, partisans of the victor of Hohenlinden, what have you to allege against these facts? Destroy them? I challenge you to do it. You have gently murmured—I say *gently*, for I would do you justice, you are discontented, but not factious, you have, I say, gently murmured at the sentence pronounced against your favourite. And why? Because you believe that he was arraigned and deprived of his liberty for having had two or three interviews with Pichegru and Lajolais. You are in error. These interviews, which have not been well proved, were nothing but a pretence to varnish over greater crimes. These crimes I have explained, and I doubt not you are persuaded, like me, that they are of a nature to establish the most reprehensible culpability. It is thus, indeed, that the tribunal has judged them in the sight of God and man (*Here is another grievous offence committed by General Moreau*). I merely allude to this subject, the facts against the culprit are already but too numerous and too heavy.

'If General Moreau had not been brought before the tribunal—if he had not been checked in his endeavours to stop the gigantic strides of the First Consul—if, as might have been the case, the latter had been compelled to abandon his vast projects what

then would have become of that multitude of people of all classes, who already begin to fasten themselves to his car and accompany him in his flight? Would many among them, devoid of genius, destitute of resources, having no recommendations but a front of brass, and a great aptitude to bend, be now hovering over the ocean of a delicious futurity? But here I stop. The abyss of future events terrifies me, and I have no wish to aggravate the crimes of the accused. It is sufficient that I have demonstrated and proved unanswerably the injustice of the murmurs raised against the First Consul, and the impartiality of the tribunal which loaded with irons the victor of Hohenlinden."

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It is easy to see that the author of this piece was a most determined enemy of Napoleon and his schemes. In doing justice to the writer's principles, I cannot forbear blaming the manner in which he made them known to the man by whom he might have been so cruelly punished. He was never discovered, I know, but he was the occasion of suspicion falling upon many innocent persons, who for eighty-six days languished in fetters, and who owed their lives only to their persecutor's total inability to fix upon them the least indication of malevolent intentions. If these Memoirs should ever fall into the hands of this same writer, he may be gratified with knowing—if that be

a satisfaction sufficient to counterbalance the mischief he has occasioned—that he reduced, for some minutes, the most imperious, the most malevolent man of his age, to the most lamentable state imaginable.

By his order I shut the windows, though but the moment before he had made me open them. All on a sudden, forgetting that in the post he occupied he ought to expect hatred, opposition, vexation, and above all, that it was incumbent on him to make himself respected by those around him—all on a sudden, I saw him become purple with rage, strike his knuckles hard, the one against the other, walk about with hasty steps, and break, at the risk of wounding himself, a globe of Cassini's. To these terrible actions were joined threats and imprecations, till, totally exhausted, his limbs could support him no longer, and he sank into a chair, with his two hands extended over his face.

When somewhat calmed, he rose from his seat. His countenance was no longer purple, a yellowish hue had succeeded, drops of water hung on his eye-lashes. "Give me a glass of water," he said mildly. I brought him one, which he drank off at a draught. "You weep," he said—"you are happy—it would soothe me—I have so many vexations—those people vex and torment me. I will no longer be their victim. Set the windows open." He then sat down tranquilly to write, but a moment after, he turned to me and said, "You have seen; be secret, I entreat." This last word surprised me; I was not accustomed to it. But

what gave me still stronger subject for reflection was to see him pass so rapidly from a state of such violent agitation to a perfect calm. Twenty others, after such a paroxysm, would have been obliged to keep their beds. I have always hence concluded that he must have had a very strong constitution.

Next day he confided this adventure to D——, who at that time was much in his intimacy ; but I heard the latter say to him—"In your place I should have thrown the thing into the fire, and thought no more about it."—"It is very true," said Napoleon, "but there are things, the impudence of which entirely unhinge me." It is easy to guess, from the storm produced by this one circumstance alone, how much all that he heard and saw must have increased his hatred to Moreau. Nevertheless, though he hated him, he still had faith in his integrity and antipathy to every sort of crime ; nor did he believe him capable of any attempt against his life.

The day after sentence was pronounced on Moreau, he said to me, "Do you know him?"—"Not personally ; but to judge from the public opinion, he must be a man of merit."—"The public are mere rabble, and Moreau is wrong-headed. Whose fault is it that all is not forgotten? Must we be always in a turmoil? But it is done—let him reflect." As he was walking about all this time, I could catch only broken phrases, which I did not perfectly comprehend.

A few days after, the senator F—— was, as I suspect, charged to make some proposals to Moreau, in order

to bring about a reconciliation between him and Napoleon, but without its appearing that he was commissioned by the latter Moreau was inflexible "My fate," said he, "is preferable to that of the usurper. It will not excite the anger of other nations, and by that will this unfortunate man be one day crushed."

When the illustrious proscrip̄t set out for the place of his exile, the officer charged with accompanying him received long instructions from Murat. he was ordered to insinuate to Moreau in the course of his journey, that his fate was still not irrevocable. The officer even said, that he would take upon himself the risk of having a letter conveyed to the Emperor. "I thank you," he replied, "but I know of no such dignity in France." Thus, whatever Regnaud may say, if General Moreau would have made the slightest concession, he might soon have been one of the first dignitaries in the State. This, twenty persons know as well as myself.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MURDER OF PICHEGRU.

THE casè of Pichegru was different from that of General Moreau. Although less celebrated than the latter, and less beloved by the people and army, Napoleon feared him much more. For a long time he had vowed the death of this illustrious partisan of Royalty. He knew well that Pichegru was not a man to practise any kind of forbearance; he feared his impetuosity, eloquence, and intrepidity. What rendered him, besides, extremely formidable was, that he was in possession of important secrets relative to the thirteenth of Vendémiaire and the eighteenth of Fructidor, with others, which deeply concerned Napoleon, and which, if made public, might injure him very much in the minds of the French people. Pichegru had been so imprudent as to say in England, that if at his return to France he should find an opportunity of speaking in public, he would unmask the wretch who gave laws to the country, in a manner that should make them all ready to stone him. Statements like these, worse than indiscreet, were soon made known to Napoleon by two of his most famous spies, M—— and M——d.

It is not very surprising that Napoleon, knowing these things, and finding himself master of the person of so bitter an enemy, should resolve to remove him out of the way. He feared so much any failure in this attempt, that in the warrant issued for arresting Pichegru are these significant words—"If he resist, kill him." The importance of the confession he might make was of no weight against this cruel order; and if the conqueror of Holland had made the slightest resistance, the prison of the Conciergerie would not have been the theatre of an atrocious crime.

Whilst Pichegru was young in the service, he was quartered at Lyons, where he had become acquainted with Mademoiselle B—. Unforeseen circumstances had then separated them, and the young lady was married to another; but Hymen does not always break the bonds of friendship, and the connection still existed, though privately. Having become a widow some time before the conspiracy in which Pichegru was implicated, the lady went to Paris, on that occasion, and solicited the Grand Judge for permission to see her friend; but this request was denied.

She had no connections or acquaintance at Paris, and for reasons of which I am ignorant she was unwilling to be known to Pichegru's family, yet, though isolated in society and unprovided with references, this lady ventured to request an audience of Napoleon without stating the object of her visit. She was desired to attend. At the very first mention,



however, of Pichegru's name, Napoleon knit his brows, and would not permit the suppliant to proceed. "What can I do for you, madame? What business have you to intermeddle in Pichegru's affairs? Who are you?" "I am his friend," said she. "I do not solicit for him, I only ask permission to see him; everywhere else it has been refused to me."—"The step you have taken is a very indiscreet one; its consequences may be fatal." "I have weighed them."—"Your friend is a conspirator, and you know it." "I know nothing," replied the lady, "of his conspiring; and it is merely to be certain of it that I ask permission to see him."

"What then! you know nothing of his projects?"—"Nothing! absolutely nothing. His return and his arrest were alike known to me at the same moment."

"Well then! of what use would your interview be to you?"—"I would have the pleasure of seeing him, and of alleviating his sorrows for the moment. I would advise him to adapt himself to present circumstances; to moderate the impetuosity of his disposition; and, in short, not to cause his own ruin."

"You are, no doubt, well acquainted with the temper and feelings of your friend; now, if you will deal candidly with me, you must confess that your chance of success in such advice is but small."

Napoleon was then silent for a few moments, but at length retired into his cabinet, after telling the lady to be seated. Some time after he re-appeared, and approached her with two notes in his hand,

one of which was sealed, and he told me in a whisper to send it as directed, it was to the Grand Judge The lady, at once suspecting the purport of this proceeding, had the courage to say to Napoleon, "If your wish is to secure my person, any measures for that purpose are unnecessary, a carriage is waiting for me on the Carousel point out to me where I must go, and I shall then follow any person whom you choose to appoint."

"Calm yourself, madame," said Napoleon, "nothing is intended against your liberty, on the contrary, I have requested the Grand Judge to relax, in your favour, the orders which he has received To-morrow he will send you permission to see your friend, but I now hold in my hand a note, which, if you can prevail on him to sign it, will procure for you this favour every time you wish to enjoy it A compliance with this will not compromise your friend in any manner whatsoever it is merely an act of justice which he will do to me, and the only condition will be that he must never speak of it again, his silence in this respect will be the pledge of mine Hear it, and judge —

"I, Pichegru, declare that in the affair of the thirteenth of Vendémiaire, in the year four [1796] General Bonaparte behaved like a brave soldier and as a generous citizen, that he only did what any other person would have done in his situation, that if I have spoken otherwise of it, whether in France or in foreign countries, it was in consequence of my

quarrels with him and the difference of our opinions ; that nothing forces me to make this confession ; that I owe it to truth and the repose of my conscience ; and that, in future, every act of my life contrary to the present declaration shall be considered as null, and as the effect of a new resentment towards that General. Done at Strasburg, this thirteenth of Nivose, year five' " [1797].

The fair petitioner, during the reading of this document, turned pale, and in her looks might be read the little hopes that she entertained of being able to prevail on her friend to sign such a paper ; nay, Napoleon himself, had he looked at her for an instant, must have observed it : however, she was able at length to assume composure, and the desire of seeing Pichegru, and perhaps being able to save his life, made her for a moment forget the difficulty which she would have in satisfying Napoleon's expectations.

"I accept the commission," she said. "Friendship sometimes works miracles. I shall neglect nothing that may lead to success."

"In that case there is the note. I need not tell you that it must not be seen by any other person whatsoever. I only hint to you the risk you run, from the slightest indiscretion in this respect. In any case the paper cannot hurt me : the writing is not mine."

He told a falsehood—it was his own handwriting.

As soon as the lady was gone, he directed different persons to be admitted, and I could not help blaming

the carelessness with which he entrusted a stranger with a paper of such importance, particularly as written by himself. Might not the fair friend of Pichegru make an improper use of it? Might not the accused himself produce it in court? What a proof then in favour of the means which he proposed to employ to convince the tribunal and the public that Napoleon was an ambitious scoundrel and the vilest of intriguers! Ah, how much I was then his dupe! Napoleon was not a man to let his prey thus escape him. This lady, whose address he had not even taken, was arrested on arrival at her lodgings, where two agents of the police were waiting for her. They desired her to get into a carriage which was in readiness, into which they also followed her, accompanied by another person of her own sex, who was to be her companion night and day. It must be confessed that the police, at that time, possessed a most uncommon politeness and foresight. It is likewise true that in the end this female companion was rather troublesome: she even attempted imposition in order to learn what the lady did not choose to communicate. In short, she took a great deal of trouble to trump up a story for the fair friend of Pichegru, telling her that she also was a victim to the persecution of the Government; but the latter, who was naturally somewhat incredulous, could not help always believing her to be the very humble servant of the police; and for that reason she maintained the utmost reserve towards her. Nevertheless,

these ladies had nothing to complain of; they were under bolts and bars, it is true, but that was not in a prison, only in a private house, in the Rue de Vaugirard, which one of the members of the Commission of General Inspection chose to lend for their reception; and there was nothing to object to in the two apartments which they occupied, except that they were perfectly isolated, and had the windows strongly secured with iron bars.

Next morning two great personages of the Consular Inquisition came in two carriages to inquire for the prisoners, and he who had the particular charge of Pichegru's fair friend pretended to make some excuses to her, saying that particular circumstances obliged the Government to deprive her of her liberty for some days; but that the regard due to her sex, and the very little she had to do with what produced these rigorous measures, would tend much to soften her disagreeable detention. It will be seen presently how I procured these details.

Whilst this agent of the police acted the part set down for him towards the real prisoner, who did not believe a single word that he said, her companion played a kind of under-plot with the other alguazil, who pretended that he had come to fetch her also. "What do you mean to do with me?" said she. "Where would you lead me? What is my crime? Do you mean to kill me? If so, I resign myself to my fate; but for God's sake shorten the preparations. I have already made all the confessions that

can be expected. I have said to all those who would listen to me, and I now repeat it, that the Bourbons are dear to me. I shall preserve, even in the moment of death, the strongest desire for their regaining the throne of their ancestors."

Her tears then flowed in abundance; and, finally, she refused to follow her guide, who, having no doubt received directions how to conduct himself towards her, said, with feigned severity, "Madame, I have no excuses to make to you—I have no explanations to give: follow me without noise or disturbance, or I shall be obliged to employ force, a measure which I hope you will spare me." After some grimaces, she followed her guide, who was, in fact, her own husband.

The fair friend of Pichegru saw her go away without the slightest regret, for she had not been for a single moment the dupe of this farce. However, she has assured me that any other person might have been deceived, the acting was so realistic. This agent of police, who waited until the other carriage should be at some distance, had not yet told his prisoner whither he was going to conduct her; but she now ventured to ask him. "Madame," said he, "you are now going to receive a favour which many others have solicited in vain: I am going to conduct you to General Pichegru." "Indeed!" said she, "the Emperor had promised me that; but after what has taken place, I scarcely dared to hope for it. —"There are few men" said the hypocritical informer, "who so rigorously keep their word"—when

she followed him to the Conciergerie. There she waited for some time in a private room, until at length a person came to conduct her to the illustrious prisoner.

Before I proceed with the details of this interview, I must inform my readers that the statement which they have just read was related to me by the lady herself, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the house of my brother-in-law during Napoleon's tour to Dijon. My relative, who possessed her entire confidence, had often mentioned to her my manner of speaking about the Emperor, and we therefore soon entered into mutual confidence. I then entreated her to give me some account of the unhappy affair in which she had performed so principal a part; but she constantly refused, fearing to involve herself by it. Her suspicions hurt me, and she perceived it. "Come then," said she, "if you please, let us do justice to each other. Your brother has told me that you take notes of Napoleon's conduct: show me some of them, and from your confidence mine shall spring."

I accepted her proposal, giving her some of my memorandums; and nothing further was necessary to obtain from her the detailed recital which the reader has already perused, to which she also added an account of her interview with her unhappy friend. For this latter confidential communication I had no occasion, as I had already copied the particulars of it from the notes of the shorthand writer, and of the people who were privately placed in order to hear the

proceedings. However, I was not sorry to have that recital confirmed by one of the principal parties, and I have changed nothing of the account which was taken by the spies whilst the conversation was passing; and I shall only say that Napoleon had given orders to take every possible precaution that not a word should be lost of what was said at this interview. Let us now read the account as drawn up by the spies:—

“Previous to the arrival of the lady, Pichegru was walking in his apartment: he looked for some time through the bars, and then sat down to the table as if with an intention of writing, having before him some blank paper and two or three sheets filled with notes. After a few minutes’ reflection he began to write, and seemed pleased with his performance, which he read over again at the end of every sentence. Suddenly the key was heard moving the lock, when he instantly rose, rolled up his writings, and folded them in his cravat, which he put round his neck.

“His surprise was extreme on perceiving the lady behind the turnkey; but he recollected her at once, and exclaimed, ‘What! you, madame, in this place! What god has given you the power of coming to me?’

“The lady, unable to restrain her feelings, fainted. They were alone, for the door had been closed again. Pichegru was on the point of calling for assistance, when the lady began to revive; and no sooner had she recalled her scattered senses, than they threw



themselves into each other's arms, unable to articulate. Their emotions were presently a little calmed. 'What then, do I indeed see you once more!' she exclaimed; 'but this happiness is so great that I dare scarcely believe it.'—'Yet tell me,' said Pichegru, 'who is it that has procured for you the permission of visiting me—a favour that is refused to every individual of my family?'

"'Can they not overhear us?' replied the lady.—'I believe not; the walls are thick; however, let us go from the door.'

"'You ask me then,' said the lady, 'who has obtained for me permission to come here? My good friend, it is a favour which I have in vain solicited from the Grand Judge.'—'I believe it well: he has very strict orders respecting me; besides, he is a hypocrite worthy of serving the master whom he fawns upon.'

"'Not knowing what to do, yet wishing to see you at any risk, I ventured to demand an audience of the Emperor, and obtained it. After submitting to him my request, and answering different questions which he put to me, I at length received permission to visit you.'—'It is impossible, madame! The scoundrel knows nothing of the feelings of friendship: there must be promises, conditions, attached to this favour: he must be interested in it.'

"'Speak lower,' rejoined the lady, 'and I will explain everything to you; but first tell me, will you do nothing to extricate yourself from this unpleasant

affair?'—'Madame, it is not my disposition to retract my opinions; they are already well known, and whatever may be my fate, I shall always contend against that crafty quack, who, for such a length of time, has caused so much misery, not only to my native country, but to all Europe.'

"'I am not come,' she replied, 'to combat your opinions, you know that I have always imposed silence on myself in affairs of this nature, but I come to ask you if you will not be prevailed upon to make some advances towards a reconciliation with your enemy?'—'What, I!'

"'Softly, softly, my dear sir, I propose nothing to you; I know your principles, but at least permit that friendship, even though almost certain of failure, should point out to you some expedients that may be useful'—'Madame, there are none that can be so to me, in the sense of which you speak. What, I!—shall I, in order to prolong for a few days an existence which must soon have an end—shall I, in one day, sully a whole life which hitherto has passed without stain or reproach—shall I, in the face of the whole world, go to implore the mercy of a treacherous villain whom I have already pointed out as the vilest and most dangerous of the whole human race? I am fain to believe, madame, that you still do me justice, that you do not believe me capable of such unworthy conduct. The love which I bear towards my country, my own honour, and my principles, have placed a wall of iron between me and Napoleon

He thirsts for my blood, and I personally abhor him. He knows it, and that in order to remove me, he must find out judges as well qualified for hangmen as himself. If, amongst the judges, gaolers, or guards—amongst the hearers present—nay, amongst his own satellites—there should yet be some remains of humanity, some small particles of patriotism, I will answer for the success of my own cause, confident that his last hour has knelled.

“‘See here,’ continued Pichegru, pulling off his neckcloth, and displaying the papers concealed in it, —‘is his sentence of death; here is the sum-total of his crimes, of all the horrors which he has committed, from the siege of Toulon to this very day, whether in Italy or in France. Before the open tribunal I will unmask the assassin; I will muster up all my powers, I will summon all my eloquence; at my voice, Frotté, Hoche, d’Enghien, and Kleber will rise from their tombs; the first of them with his throat cut whilst trusting to honour during an interview; the second poisoned; the next assassinated; and the last stabbed with a poniard.

“‘With these illustrious victims, we shall see joined the unhappy people shot at Lodi, at Pavia, at Venice, and on the Italian frontiers; with their cries shall be mingled those of the French murdered upon the steps of Saint-Roché. I will then lead the auditory into the numerous dungeons, not only in the capital, but throughout the realm. Can they look on without trembling and shuddering at the fate of the crowd

of innocent people whom the monster has caused to be shut up there?’

“‘But,’ interrupted she, ‘can you believe that they will not silence you? May not Napoleon have foreseen your design, and given orders in consequence?’— ‘No, he cannot know my plan they have given me eight sheets of paper for my defence, and these, it is true, I must account for, either blank or written on, but I have been able to procure some from another quarter’

“‘Alas! are you not afraid that they will strip and search you?’—‘I have already submitted to that inspection, but, at all events, before they rob me of these papers, they must take my life.’

“‘Yet, sir, before having recourse to such dangerous extremities, if there were any means——’

“The General instantly rose up, and taking both hands of his visitor—‘Stop, my dearest friend,’ said he, ‘it is in vain for you to conceal it, you have something to communicate to me they would never have permitted you to penetrate into this place except under certain conditions They have left us without witnesses, and have shut the doors for fear of disturbing us, and in all this there is more than is necessary to convince me that you have something to disclose to me. Conceal nothing from me, I pray you, and whatever may be the commission with which you are charged I promise you that I will pardon it.’

“‘Indeed, sir,’ said the lady, ‘I must confess to you

that I have something important to communicate; but first swear to me upon your honour that you will, with calmness and without interruption, hear me explain myself; that you will read the note which I am now about to put into your hands, and that you will restore it to me, whether signed or not.'—'I swear to you,' said Pichegru, 'upon my honour, all that you require of me, since you leave me at liberty either to sign or decline it.'

“‘Well, then, my good friend, I am myself a State prisoner. I ought indeed to have expected it, whilst soliciting permission to visit you: but this misfortune is well compensated by the pleasure which I experience to-day. I have at last obtained this extraordinary favour solely upon the condition of delivering this note to you, and persuading you to sign it. They rely greatly upon my influence with you, and upon our long-established friendship. I have promised them everything; but yet, my worthy friend, I shall confine myself for this day to putting this writing into your hands, and shall not add a single word, either in favour of or against it.’

“Pichegru then took the note, ran it over with a disdainful smile, and restored it to her, adding, ‘Ah! madame, what an addition this would be to my justificatory address! It is his own writing; it would be his death-blow; but friendship forbids me to keep it, for then I should destroy you.’

“‘And yourself also, sir, for they would proceed to the greatest extremities, in order to take from you

such an important document.'—'The scoundrell he supposes me to be like himself!'

"'Your oath, sir—I do not infringe mine.'—'You are right; but you, my dear friend, you, deprived of liberty on my account—this is a new misfortune that——'

"'Why call it a misfortune? I am now one hundred leagues nearer to you. Do you reckon nothing upon that?'—'Generous woman! But tell me, how are you to return him his note?'

"'I shall deliver it only to himself. Whatever may be his orders, I shall then have an opportunity of speaking to him; perhaps I may obtain something—the occasion may perhaps inspire me.'—'You are right—honour, courage, hope—that is my motto.'

"'My worthy friend,' said she, squeezing him by the hand, 'I quit you,'

"Tears filled her eyes: they knocked at the door; it was opened, and they were separated.

*"Certified to be true,*

*"D. B. V."*

The same inspector who had brought her to the Conciergerie then re-conducted her to the prison in the Rue de Vaugirard; but a scene of a different nature there awaited her. She found there her pretended companion in misfortune.

"Ah! madame," said she to her, melting into tears, "how much have you to complain of, if you have been tortured as I have been! The wretches! I have

made all the confessions that they wished for: their barbarity was not even then satisfied; they required me to compromise the characters of people of honour, whom I only know to be faithful servants to their monarch. No, madame, I preferred death to ignominy; but you complain not, madame. I see how it is, you have some suspicions of me, which may perhaps be justified by the horrible machinations which the present Government puts in force in order to destroy a number of worthy people. You do not, however, do me justice, and you deprive me of a very sweet pleasure, that of pouring out my sorrows into the bosom of a true friend, and of receiving her consolation in return."

The fair friend of Pichegru, whom this farce began to tire, said to her drily—"My sorrows, madame, are not of a nature to be shared by others; as to yours, I do not seek to inquire into them;" and then retired into the chamber which had been reserved for her; and it is probable that the political actress wrote to her employers that she could be of no use on this post, for the next morning some people came to inquire for her, under pretence of changing her place of confinement.

The morning after the interview with Pichegru, S—— and D—— came in a carriage to inquire for this lady, and conducted her to Saint-Cloud. There she was introduced to Napoleon. I shall now describe this scene, from the details which she gave me at

Dijon, for I was not present at it, being then with MM. — at the Tuileries.

Scarcely had the lady entered, when Napoleon said to her, with a sardonic grin, "Well, madame, has your friend paid for the loss of your liberty by any complaisance? Has friendship worked miracles?" But there appeared in these two questions a tone of insult and contempt so marked, the unhappy lady was struck dumb. "How!" added he, in the most cruel manner, "you do not answer me. But come, I see it all; you have no good news to give me. Calm yourself; your friend has never been too fond of giving me pleasure; it is really a misfortune for him. In short, what has he said to you? Conceal nothing from me, I am accustomed to his praises."

She could only answer by putting the note into his hand, which he threw upon the bureau without taking the trouble of opening it. It was then, forgetting what he owed to his rank and the respect due to misfortune, that he began most cruelly to insult Pichegru's fair advocate. "If in your youth," said he, "you have had more power over the heart of your friend, I doubt much if he was worth all the vexation he has now brought upon you. There are, however, some men whose ingratitude surpasses belief; but I forgot to ask whether you have pleaded my cause well—or rather, his and your own? What now! you are petrified! Can this man have cut you? Perhaps another time you will be more fortunate, and he will court you."



saying to them :—"Gentlemen, it is sufficient that you have agreed that this conspirator ought not, for the good of the State, to be executed publicly by the hand of an executioner. I shall take measures to get rid of him secretly and without any noise."

C—— and M—— observed that the business must be settled sooner or later, but that with such a man everything was to be dreaded ; and the latter, in particular, pressed that the affair should be so managed as to persuade the public that Pichegru had committed suicide.

Next morning Napoleon consulted with S—— and M—— upon the mode of putting in execution their project of the preceding evening. S—— proposed to select four gendarmes, who should be well paid, to go at midnight to Pichegru's prison, where, under pretence of removing him to another place, they should pass through the most retired corridors, when the gendarmes might stab him ; and that afterwards they might carry him back to his chamber, and there leave with him a poniard drenched in blood, in order to preserve the appearance of suicide.

M—— forcibly objected to this plan, assuring them that no gendarmes could be found that would assist in the execution of it. S—— then cited the affair of d'Enghien, but M—— replied that it was a different matter : that the death of the Duke d'Enghien was a military execution, after a regular form of judgment, and put in force by a platoon under the command of an officer ; adding that a subtle

poison appeared to him the most convenient mode in the present business

Napoleon hitherto had paid no attention to the conversation he walked about in a reverie, but at last, turning towards them, he said—"Inquire no further—Pichegru shall be strangled to night, and I have found people to put it into execution, I give you a week to guess who" As soon as they confessed that they knew not on whom to fix, he said, 'I shall send four of my Mamelukes I have several among them who do not speak a word of French, besides, I well know how to ensure their silence

That very night, at one o'clock, four robust Mamelukes, at whose head were four officers of the high police, were introduced with the utmost secrecy into the interior of the Conciergerie, where care had been taken to remove from the place of this horrible execution every person who could have heard the noise of it, whilst the assassins-in-chief were placed in the leading passages in order to wait the result.

Scarcely was the door of Pichegru's dungeon opened, than the four Mamelukes, half drunk, threw themselves upon the unfortunate General. He slept in his drawers, and had risen at the noise of the bolts. Round his left thigh was the casket which contained his precious papers. Although surprised by his assassins, yet he struggled, and they all fell together so that they had the utmost difficulty in passing the fatal noose, but their victim scarcely uttered a cry before these rascals succeeded in strangling him

The principals now came in, and, finding him dead, threw his corpse upon the bed, where they stripped it of the neckcloth in which the papers were concealed, and made a strict search in the room. This being done, they twisted the neckcloth, and passed it round the neck of the unfortunate Pichegru, tightening it with part of a chair that it might appear as if the unhappy man had committed suicide.

Next morning the turnkey, who was not in the secret, was terrified at finding the General strangled upon his bed, and immediately ran to inform the gaoler, who feigned the utmost surprise, and instantly went to give information to those who were as well acquainted with the matter as himself. The event was then announced by a *procès-verbal*, which had been drawn up beforehand at the secret conference; and on the same day all Paris read in the newspapers that General Pichegru had strangled himself in prison by means of his neckcloth.

Thus closed the career of the conqueror of Holland. Four pitiful Africans thus cut short the days of a man whose courage and genius might have been of inestimable service to France and to his rightful monarch. I know not if what was told me by my friend M. de L—— is true, but he assured me that these four Mamelukes were actually shot the very succeeding night on the plain of Grenelle. I learnt only, in addition to this, from a lieutenant of the company, that eight days afterwards seven men were

missing ; but he knew nothing more of it, and did not judge it prudent to make any further inquiries.

In the meantime Napoleon, now certain that his dangerous enemy was no more, appeared much more tranquil ; but still he could not conceal his displeasure against those who drew up the *procès-verbal*. "Your agents," said he to D——, "must be most stupid and ignorant fellows. The very manner in which they described the suicide was itself a proof of its being impossible. Who will believe that a man could twist a neckcloth in such a way round his own neck and strangle himself? Is it not clear that as soon as the ligature pressed on the jugular vein, the individual himself could no longer hold it there, so as to complete his own destruction? Would it not have been more simple and more probable to have published that he had hanged himself in prison? If this unlucky mistake, however, should be the effect of spite or ill-will, you may depend upon it that I shall soon find it out."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### NAPOLEON APPOINTED EMPEROR.

THERE was no one left now to oppose the projects of Napoleon. Moreau had gone to America ; Pichegru was dead ; the Royalists were every day being led to the scaffold ; and the murder of the Duke d'Enghien had the effect of drawing all the Jacobins round the ambitious Consul. Most of the foreign courts felt the necessity of repose, and merely waited for the decision upon the *procès* against Moreau, before they declared in favour of the new Emperor, and to acknowledge him by that title. In all the Cabinets there were Ministers bribed to support the cause of Napoleon. In Prussia alone he spent thirty millions.

On the fourteenth of Germinal, of the year XII. [1804], he wrote thus to his ambassador : " You shall receive a torrent of gold ; soak these sponges as much as possible, but be assured that I will show them afterwards that I have a good memory."

On the twelfth of Floreal, his secretary composed for him the speech which he made at the secret committee that took place at Saint-Cloud on the seventeenth of the same month. This committee consisted

of forty three persons, selected from the first bodies of the State, but principally from the Senate, and amongst them his own secret emissaries had been slyly slipped in, for the purpose of giving a proper turn to the proceedings. Napoleon having taken eight days to prepare himself adequately for the occasion, then delivered the following speech in the most humble tone —

“GENTLEMEN,

“In thus assembling you around me, I have no other object than to give you timely notice of an event whose consequences cannot fail to ensure the glory, tranquillity, and happiness of our country. For a long time past, not only the capital but also the provinces, have been busily occupied in presenting me with a heap of addresses, in all of which a wish is very strongly expressed of seeing the Government centralized in one single family

‘If we are to credit these addresses, then a single chief, elected according to the constitution of the Republic, and agreeable to the will of the French people, on their being consulted—a single chief, to whom all other authorities might attach themselves, would shatter for ever the object at which some ambitious men are aiming, and would give not only more stability to the State itself, but also a stronger pledge to foreign courts.

‘The good opinion of my fellow-citizens too indulgent in my behalf, imposes upon me, however, an

obligation not to expatiate to you upon the advantages resulting from an hereditary authority, limited by wise and sacred laws. Yes, gentlemen, of all the troubles that could occupy me to-day, the most cruel, without doubt, would be that of finding myself, for a single instant, suspected of ambition. At the idea I shudder with horror; and yet I am ambitious: yes, I confess it—for I desire in the most ardent manner to see France in the first rank amongst European Powers; to see her tranquil at home, respected abroad, and invincible against whosoever may dare to declare themselves her enemy. To attain this great end, there is nothing that I would not undertake, especially with the pleasing certainty that you would still support me with your knowledge and advice. This, gentlemen, is my sole ambition, but it is one which devours me, and for which I would, if necessary, shed the last drop of my blood.

“This honourable inclination you, no doubt, feel and share equally with myself; and I now demand from you a telling proof of it. Although first magistrate of the State, I entreat you, gentlemen, to forget me during your consultation and in your decision. An investigation of such great importance ought neither to be influenced by my dignity, nor by any slight services I have rendered the State, and which have gained me your honourable approbation. Your opinion ought to be original, it ought to spring from the sincerity of your hearts and the purity of your principles; but, above all, from the sacred interest

which each of you ought to take in the prosperity of the State.

‘ Return, gentlemen, to your colleagues, and inform them of my sentiments tell them that the individual, whosoever he may be, is nothing when put in the scale against the general happiness Advise and persuade them to examine narrowly, to scrutinise carefully the different men of merit whom France to day possesses If, amongst that number, they find one more worthy than I am to hold the reins of government assure them that I will give them up without regret, that I shall be the first to acknowledge his new title and that I will serve him with all my best abilities, for if it is a glorious lot to preside at the head of the laws of the first people in the universe, it is not less so to serve him whom the nation has rendered the depositary of those laws

This speech, an historical monument of the reign of Napoleon, is indeed a *chef-d'œuvre* of address and of ambition, for though, throughout the whole harangue, ambition pops out in every word though in every phrase he puts himself forward, proposes, nay, even names himself, yet it is all done with so much frankness, with such loyalty to the nation, with such noble sentiments that one is almost forced to confess that he alone is worthy of that which he attempts to make us believe he does not wish for It is necessary, however, to anticipate events in order fully to understand the merit of this discourse. It was, for the



Senate, an open trap, which under existing circumstances they could not avoid. This address was not prepared for those only who heard it, but also for the purpose of their causing its various expressions to be circulated amongst their colleagues, and in different societies.

Napoleon, while delivering it, spoke in the most oily manner, and with the utmost softness, though some points were given with much warmth, and even dignity; but never before was any orator more speedily convinced of having produced the promised effect, for scarcely had he finished speaking, when his auditors showed that they could not restrain their approbation. It was not the approving clamour of a few hireling courtiers, but the natural and spontaneous outburst of the whole meeting.

M. R——, a creature of the Consul, had received secret instructions to answer him, which he did in the following terms:—

“Citizen Consul,” said he, “my colleagues and I decline giving you an answer to-day; after the sentiments you have just expressed, that would no doubt cause a severe wound to your modesty. In a few days the Senate, as a body, will transmit to you their answer—an answer whose purport you may at this very instant read in the countenances of those who surround you.”

“I thank you, gentlemen,” replied Napoleon; “whatever may be the answer of the Senate, it shall always find me disposed to follow its decisions, well con-

vinced as I am, that they will always be conducive to the general happiness and welfare of the State."

The whole affair closed with a grand dinner, at which Napoleon beamed with hope and satisfaction, for his end was accomplished, and his designs were crowned with success.

## CHAPTER IX.

### NAPOLEON'S PREPARATIONS FOR HIS CORONATION.

SCARCELY was Napoleon seated upon the throne of Henry IV., than he perceived that it would be impossible for him to imitate the social virtues of the descendants of that good king, and that, even in despite, he would be called a vulgar monarch—a king of the mob: and soon he began to think that he might replace the gentle qualities of our ancient princes by others of a totally different stamp. In place of their goodness and gentleness, he substituted a disdainful severity; for the affability of their conversation, an affected *laconism*; for the ease of their manners, a studied pantomimic conduct; for their politeness of address, a reception haughty and often repulsive; and finally, instead of their dignity, he displayed arrogance and despotism.

Boileau has been reproached that a single sentimental line never flowed from his pen; but it may more justly be said that there never issued from Napoleon an affecting expression, except in his studied moments. It was, indeed, the height of impudence, when he had credit given to him of such expressions, while the credulous public read of them

with avidity in the different publications of those whose object it was to make a reputation for him

I have frequently in this way discovered the baseness and falsehood of his flatterers. I have often taken a malicious pleasure at their expense, by relating to them circumstances of which I have been the only witness—trifles which would not have been worthy of notice if they had not been connected with Royalty

In a few days I have had the satisfaction of seeing my little confidences furnish an article for the *Moniteur*, in which the fact was embellished, mutilated or disfigured, everything being in favour of the idol. As long as these petty manœuvres of the herd of flatterers hurt nobody, I was content with despising them secretly, but I was really enraged at seeing the baseness of some of the courtiers who, dressed up in all the splendid colours of humanity, of grandeur and benevolence, adopted the most trifling, nay, even insulting and cruel expressions of Napoleon. There, I must confess, his flatterers certainly excelled

Everybody knows what he said to Madame de Polignac whilst she was on her knees imploring mercy for her husband. Most assuredly what was attributed to Napoleon was great, generous, nay, even sublime, but compare it with what he really said. Here are extracts from the real speech — ‘I can pardon your husband, madame. Some acts of clemency at the beginning of my reign cannot do me any harm.’ But then he added to that impolitic confession the follow-

ing expression, which had a grossness in it totally unworthy of that rank which he usurped:—"Those who employed your husband and his companions well knew that they risked but little; for if they had attached any value to the attempt, they would never have engaged in enterprises so stupidly conceived."

He said to Madame Rochelle, who also obtained pardon for her son, "Your son is a worthless fellow; but it is a proof that even his parents are no great things, as children are generally such as we make them."

It is due to truth to acknowledge that Napoleon himself often appeared surprised with these impostures. One day he said to Marshal Duroc, who was reading the *Moniteur* to him, "It must be confessed, my dear Duroc, that courtiers are a class of men highly favoured by nature. They see twice as much as other people; they even hear what has never been said; for I own to you they attribute to me the finest speeches, of which I have never uttered a single word. What think you?"

"Since it is for the glory of the State," said Duroc, "let them have full scope."

That very same evening the groom of the bed-chamber made it the subject of a witty badinage. "Gentlemen," said he, "the Emperor felicitates you all most sincerely upon your good memories. He thanks you for not allowing any of his numerous elegancies of expression to be lost: things which, without your assistance, he would never have sus-

pected himself of saying; but happy are the princes whose good friends can thus devise and publish all the conversations which he joins in."

The scene was the more amusing, inasmuch as the courtiers threw the charge against each other. One said that the note was not directed to him; and each laid the ball at his neighbour's foot, choosing rather to adopt a paltry denial, and thus add to previous immorality, than honestly to confess their baseness.

The morning after holding the secret committee at Saint-Cloud, Napoleon gave all the necessary orders to prepare the decorations for the imperial farce; and Josephine, being then rather indisposed, at Malmaison, he wrote her the following epistle:—

"I have to acquaint you, madame and dear wife, that France is on the eve of acquitting herself of her debt of gratitude to me. In a few days your husband will be proclaimed Emperor of the French. Begin then, from to-day, to assume the grandeur of that illustrious rank which I intend that you shall share with me. If the throne, on which you will soon be seated, is become by my victories the first throne in the world, let me have the sweet satisfaction of hearing that you are deserving of holding a rank with the first princesses in the universe. Prepare the people of your household for this new order of things. The Empress of the French ought no longer to be Madame Bonaparte, much less the wife of the First Consul. This letter being for this sole intent

and purpose, I pray God, madame and dear wife, to have you in His holy keeping.

“Given at the Palace of Saint-Cloud, the eighteenth of Floreal, and the first year of our reign.

(Signed)

“NAPOLEON.”

It may be remarked that this was the first time that he made use of the phrase, “I pray God to have you in His holy keeping.” He must indeed have been much puffed up with his future dignity, when he could write thus to his own wife. This letter, however, copied from the original, proves two things: first, that Napoleon felt perfectly certain of the disposition of the Senate in his favour; and secondly, that he was in such a hurry to enjoy his new dignity, that he could not wait until the *Senatus consultum* that would give him the title of Emperor, but thus prematurely began to assume the style, and to arrange his household with respect to the ceremonies due to his new rank.

On the twenty-eighth of Floreal, Napoleon was at Saint-Cloud, and all the household had received orders, on the previous evening, to be at their posts, and prepared in all their formalities: nay, Napoleon himself for four or five days preceding had been busily occupied in rehearsing the part he was to play on this important occasion.

The Senate, after decreeing the *Senatus consultum* which conferred the imperial dignity on Napoleon Bonaparte, had also resolved to go immediately to

Saint Cloud in order to present him with it, and therefore set off, escorted by a military detachment. On arriving there, they were introduced to Napoleon, when the President, Cambacérès, informed him in a short speech that France did not consider her debt to him as paid, and that she would think herself but too happy if he would receive the imperial crown.

I was in rather a bad situation at the commencement of this speech, and could not see Napoleon, but I was too anxious to scrutinize him at such a solemn moment not to endeavour to find a station more convenient, and at length I succeeded in placing myself exactly in front of the new monarch.

He was then standing, and uncovered. His appearance was stiff and embarrassed, his right hand was upon his stomach, and thrust into his half buttoned coat, whilst his left rested upon his side, the upper part of his body thrown back, his head held very high, and his look stedfast.

At the end of every sentence addressed to him he made a slight movement of the head, as if to thank the speaker, and as soon as the oration was finished, he answered that he accepted that title which the Senate had thought necessary for the glory of the nation, adding that all he could do for the good of the country was essentially connected with his own happiness.

Scarcely had the Senate retired, when Napoleon recovered his ease of behaviour and natural position, he appeared unburdened of an oppressive weight,



and although marked by a look of care, yet his satisfaction was visible, and he uttered some unconnected expressions: "I may now give to this people that attitude which I have so long desired. Great events are now hatching—the bundle of sticks is now tied—that was the strongest." I know not, indeed, what meaning he attached to these last words, as my distance from him prevented me hearing the rest; but the scene was worthy of the study of the moralist and philosopher, as illustrating the change which instantaneously came over, not only Napoleon personally, but all who surrounded him.

Even his wife was not exempt from this metamorphosis, and she accosted him with reserve and dignity. The death of the Duke d'Enghien and Pichegru, as well as the banishment of Moreau, had all affected her severely. Her husband no longer held the same place in her heart; but inwardly she regretted this appearance of involuntary coldness, and she endeavoured to suppress it, but in vain. "These painful recollections are always here," said she to Madame Lénormant, placing her hand upon her heart: "the remembrance of these illustrious victims follows me everywhere. It makes me quite ill. I try not to think of them, yet I cannot succeed; for the sight of my husband always recalls their sufferings."

From this sprung that secret melancholy, which it required every effort to conceal, and which sorrows of another kind tended much, a few years afterwards,

to augment. However, this secret coldness of Josephine towards her husband—a change which I have watched through all its gradations—was always unknown to the people about the court. Napoleon (and at that I am astonished) was the only person, as far as I could ascertain, who perceived that his wife had no longer the same feelings towards him; but he was very far from penetrating into the true motives of the alteration; he attributed it solely to the dignity of his new rank, and he thus wrote to her on the fifth of Vendémiaire, in the year XIII.:—

“MADAME AND DEAR WIFE,

“After what I had said to my brother, I expected, on my return, to have found you at the Tuileries. For some time past Malmaison seems to be doubly dear to you; but surely the blaze of royalty cannot keep you at a distance from your husband. If, however, respect and reserve are the duties of all who surround me, yet these obligations are not made for you. The greater the burthen of public affairs becomes, the more occasion have I for your presence. It is not the Emperor who desires your return, it is he who is always your husband.

“NAPOLEON.”

In reading letters from Napoleon to his wife, I have always been surprised at their style and the sentiments which they contained. It is absolutely certain Napoleon loved Josephine as much as the

coldness of his nature would permit him to love anybody; for although he divorced her, yet that was done solely from political motives.

Napoleon, when firmly seated on the throne, and absolute master of all, gave the rein to all his vices and bad qualities; so that surly haughtiness, harshness, disdain, contempt for others, perfidy, hypocrisy, and cruelty formed that model on which men, weak enough to ape the tyrant, began to fashion themselves; and of these the number was very great. Some among them, it is true, were not naturally formed for this; but interest, circumstances, custom, and honours habituated them to it; so that in a short time, pliability, culpable obedience, and low adulation were engrafted upon them. From hence arose that incredible horde of little despots of all classes, even from the arch-chancellor down to the lowest under-strapper of the Government.

This culpable pandering to the slightest manifestations of the tyrant's will was the secondary cause of the greatest proportion of those crimes and misfortunes which hung so heavy upon France during the whole reign of Napoleon. He had in his character all the elements of a true despot; but he would never have developed that character with such rapidity and boldness if he had met with obstacles, either in the first bodies of the State or in the courage and honesty of his counsellors; and I will assert that our calamities, and those of Europe at large, would have been much less numerous if in his councils

Napoleon had often been opposed by such men as the Senator L——

On one occasion, when he consulted him respecting the levying of a new tax, the whole basis of which was arbitrary and oppressive "Your Majesty," answered this intrepid senator, without hesitation, "seems then to forget that an excess on the part of the strongest Power may be closely allied with its dissolution Your plan is intolerable and vexatious those who have advised you to adopt it are not your friends, and if the Senate does its duty, your Majesty may expect that it will be thrown out

Four persons who were present at this scene were astonished and trembled for the senator, whom they believed lost. The Emperor even looked at him for some time from head to foot, and seemed seeking for an answer, at length he said to him, "You are, for once, too forward, and if I did not know the love you bear your country, you should sleep to night at Vincennes"

"Your Majesty would then act unjustly," responded L——

"I doubt that very much," said Napoleon, and then addressed himself to the persons present "I appeal to you, gentlemen, but let the matter rest a worthy man, when he commits an error, deserves to be excused"

If the boldness of the subject was astonishing, the moderation of Napoleon was even more so, when we consider that this monarch was the most absolute

despot of the age. But what adds more value and merit to this act of M. L—— is, that the Emperor spoke no more of the projected tax. This is a proof that a greater display of courage on the part of the sovereign Courts, more resistance on the part of the Senate, and less suppleness in his counsellors, would have obliged Napoleon to respect the laws which he had sworn to observe and the promises that he had given. But no; almost all the individuals, called to the support of the laws and government of the State, had resumed the duties and obligations of their offices; and with them, unfortunately, a blind obedience to the will of the Sovereign. Yet this almost universal corruption of the members of an infant Government might have been easily foreseen. Perhaps, indeed, under the circumstances it could not have been otherwise.

Almost all the individuals whom Napoleon drew around him, the greatest part of those whom he called to his councils, the majority of his Ministers, and of his generals, his own family, had a future to provide for, had fortunes and offices to preserve. The very basis, the source of all favours, of all hopes, was in the monarch. If he had been virtuous, the usurpation would have been more tolerable, because that his Ministers would not have been so often constrained to be unjust; but, unhappily, he was vicious, cruel, despotic, and wicked, so that it necessarily followed that his agents, preferring self-interest to honour, resembled him, some more and some less.

In short, the vices of Napoleon corrupted his subjects, and the personal interest of the subjects made them offer incense to his crimes. The canker of adulation was not confined within the limits of the Court or Government, but all classes were infected with it, even to the pulpit and the bar,—nay, foreigners themselves did not escape it.

It is not surprising that, surrounded by so many flatterers, a man so vain as Napoleon should have believed himself the first of mortals, that he should have conceived the project of giving laws to half the world, and that he should have lost himself in the foolish undertaking. Yet, notwithstanding this, there were times when the grossness of the adulation made him reject it.

On one occasion the poet E—— offered to Napoleon to compose for him a genealogy, in which he should prove to the most incredulous that he was sprung from the Kings of the Ostrogoths. ‘I thank you,’ replied the Emperor, ‘but I find myself more honoured by the stock of Bonaparte. My family ought not to date from any era but that of the eighteenth of Brumaire.’

*In the midst of this torrent of false eulogy and contemptible adulation, the Emperor had often occasion to prove to himself that all the world did not think of him exactly in the same manner, and more than once he was convinced that many people only considered him as an usurper, whose sole motive was self interest. One of his highest pleasures, because by*

it he found means to taste the sweets of vengeance, was to penetrate into the secret opinions of those whom he suspected of being inimical to his elevation and his plans.

I have long ago seen a list of people in the metropolis who had interested themselves in the fate of Moreau ; five of these, in particular, were specially recommended to the inspection of the *Sieur B. D—*, one of the most dangerous myrmidons of the secret police. This is the man of whom the Emperor said, "He is a lion ; he is a lamb ; he is a bird, or a creeping reptile ; a judge, if that is wanted, or an informer if you wish it ; and an executioner, where no other can be found. *Monsieur le Ministre*, this man is a treasure."

It was to the sagacity of such an agent that were recommended *MM. T. O—, D. T—, T. N—, D—, and G—* ; and on the margin of the order respecting them there was written by Napoleon himself : "Inquire whether their relatives are numerous ; whether if the persons connected with them are rich, or whether they possess civil or military employments ; whether they have numerous or respectable friends ; whether also they have expectations of support from their connections, and what they would be likely to do in case strong measures were applied towards them ; but at all events do not neglect the raking up and getting possession of their private correspondence." And so strictly was this order obeyed, that for a long time these five persons never received a letter by the post that had not been opened.

I must not omit, however, that in the number of those who were directed to spy into their correspondence there was one person who rendered them considerable services. Whether this was through friendship or only self interest, I know not, but it is not the less true, that he has often caused both expressions and correspondences, that might have compromised them, to be considered as insignificant trifles, thus proving that it is a good thing to have friends even amongst devils.

I mentioned this circumstance to the person himself, who assured me that he would have given much at that time to have been able to warn these gentlemen of the dangers which hung over them, but he could not do it, so much was he afraid himself of being watched, and this was indeed very true, for all the agents in any great affair were surrounded by spies. However it may have been, it was a kind of miracle that these gentlemen were not deprived of their liberty, particularly M. G——, respecting whom it was not thought sufficient to deprive him of his office, but they meant even to throw him into prison, and the order for doing so was actually made out. I have read it twice, and on the night of the thirteenth and fourteenth of Vendémiaire, in the year XII, he was to have been arrested and conducted under a strong escort, to the Castle of Lourdes, situated in the Pyrenees, but owing to the intervention of some friend, the order was revoked.



## CHAPTER X.

### CORONATION OF NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON, whilst arranging with C—— the proper means for placing the crown upon his own head, also wished that it should become hereditary in his family. He was perfectly aware that the constitution required that the people should be consulted with respect to the decree concerning the establishment of hereditary government, and he therefore agreed to submit this latter part of that procedure to the nation. “The constitution of the Empire,” said C—— to him, shaking his head, “requires this sanction, I know; but, to conceal nothing from you, it is absolutely necessary that this great business must only be conducted as a formality, with a moral certainty of its success; for, otherwise, the most disastrous consequences might arise from it. The metropolis, indeed, need give us no concern; for all your friends are there: the public mind is entirely in your favour, and if any individual dared to raise his voice, a thousand mouths would open to call him to order; but in the country it is quite a different thing. Intriguers of all parties in opposition to the proposed system will repair thither, and by labouring hard

with the people and the authorities, may in a moment collect an imposing mass of opinions against the hereditary question; and that must be prevented."

"Your reasoning is very solid, I must confess," replied Napoleon, "but I may observe to you that we have a number of agents in all the departments; that all their reports agree in assuring us that the public mind is in excellent order for our purposes, and that whatever we ask, we may be certain of obtaining."

"I agree to all that," said the astute courtier, "but in affairs of this nature we must leave nothing to chance; and, indeed, whenever it is possible to avoid leaving anything to the turn of a die, it would be unpardonable to risk it."

"What course, then, do you consider necessary," said Napoleon, "in order to avoid those dangers which may result from requiring the sanction of the people?"

"There is but one mode," said the Minister, "of attaining that end; and that is:—In the mode projected for the sanction of the nation, relative to the hereditary government, it must be assumed that whoever does not inscribe his name, as an opposer of that form of government, shall be considered as approving of it; so that no absolute opposition to the hereditary succession can be declared, except by the number of votes which may be inscribed for its rejection."

This proposal agreed too well with the ambitious

projects of Napoleon not to be instantly adopted, and after some slight modification the suggestion was acted upon, so that the decree, as submitted for the sanction of the people, was nothing more than an empty formality.

This courtier, whilst taking so much interest in Napoleon's affairs, did not forget his own, as, in the end, he became one of the first personages in the Government.

It was about this time that a forèigner played him a most perfidious trick, particularly so, indeed, as played off upon a follower of the Court, and the first counsellor of his master. M. C—— was always very fond of great dinners, and at one of these repasts the Abbé —— introduced to him a man of genteel appearance, under the name of Count Petrowlow, a Russian by birth. This man spoke French very fluently, and appeared very well informed on all subjects, but particularly so in the science of Cabinets. M. C—— received him with great consideration, and asked him many questions, principally relative to the sentiments of the Emperor of Russia with respect to the new dignity of Napoleon. The pretended Russian (for such he was, being afterwards ascertained to be a Jew from Lubeck) courteously declined to express his opinions in an affair of such high importance; but, nevertheless, took care to let it appear, even in his refusal, that his reserve would not be eternal. He even added: "You would have, sir, a very poor opinion of me if, at a first interview,

I could have the weakness to divulge the secrets of my Court, even if I knew them. C—— pretended to applaud his delicacy, and ended by inviting him to visit him frequently. The stranger neither refused nor promised to accept the invitation, but merely said that business of some importance had brought him to France, so that he would have very little time to devote to anything else, but, however, he would not go away without seeing him.

They then parted, the best friends in the world, and the next morning C—— set off in a violent hurry to inform Napoleon of the important acquaintance which he had just made and particularly on the measures he meant to found on it, if he could once succeed in making his new friend unbosom himself with respect to the sentiments of his Court towards France.

Napoleon was much pleased with the project of his favourite. 'This man,' said he, 'is a jewel to us at the present moment. If he will only blab then we shall ascertain what credit is to be given to the information of our ambassador with respect to that subject.'

Five days however, passed without any news of the Russian Count, so that M. C—— sent for the Abbe who had introduced him. He went to the favourite, and assured him that he had never seen him since the day on which he presented him, and when questioned how and by what means he had become acquainted with him the Abbe answered that,

having called on M. Queslay at the Hotel Richelieu, chance had brought them together; that the manners, the conversation, and above all, the knowledge of the stranger had charmed him; that knowing the great partiality which M. C—— had for well-informed men, he had felt a true pleasure in introducing him. "It is one," said the favourite, "it is true, I confess, that you have procured for me. I only regret that I cannot enjoy it more frequently. Endeavour to find him out, and bring him with you to dinner this afternoon."

The Abbé did not wait to be twice asked, but ran instantly to the Hotel Richelieu. What then was his surprise at seeing the stranger's trunks all packed up, and he ready for setting off. After the Abbé had expressed his astonishment at such a speedy departure, the pretended Russian observed, "Don't speak of it; I am quite in despair, as I did not suppose that I should have occasion for so much money as was required to settle the affairs that brought me to Paris; so that I have now no more than what is barely necessary to convey me with decency to where I am known. I have, indeed, some countrymen here, who would refuse me nothing, but it is of the utmost importance to me that they should not know of my being in Paris. I will confess to you also that I am under a false name; but I entreat you to keep my secret faithfully. Make my excuses to M. C——; tell him that nothing but the urgency of my affairs could have forced me to neglect the promise which I made

of not setting off without seeing him."—"Not so, sir," said the Abbé, "we must not lose you in this manner; on the contrary, I am come to invite you to dinner at M. C——'s request; and I am fain to believe that for my sake you will not refuse this invitation, even if it was not proper to acquit yourself for the very handsome manner in which he has already received you."

"Monsieur l'Abbé," replied the pseudo-nobleman, "I am quite in despair at being obliged to refuse you, but I cannot act otherwise. The carriage and horses are engaged; moreover, I have written to my friends, and on a certain day they will expect me."

The Abbé took great pains, even insisting on a compliance with his request, but did not succeed, and on his return to M. C——, he gave him an account of his mission and its failure. "What," exclaimed C——, "must this young nobleman set off in such a hurry because his funds are deficient? Fly quickly, M. L'Abbé; kill the horses if necessary; tell him that the reasons which he alleges must have no weight with him. Let him come here; I shall never pardon him if he deprives me of the pleasure of rendering him so slight a service."

The Abbé, on his return to the Hotel Richelieu, found the stranger in the same disposition for setting off, and then stated to him word for word what had passed with C——. After numberless difficulties, the Count consented to see the Minister, merely, as he said, to thank him for his civilities, and then

take his leave; for he did not wish all the world to know that he had been obliged to contract debts in France. He now accompanied the Abbé to M. C——; and the latter, as soon as he saw him, cried out—"Come, ungrateful sir, if all your countrymen think as you do, they do us a great injury in supposing that we are incapable of conferring an obligation upon an honourable man."—"Pardon me, sir; I do your country all the justice which it deserves; but scarcely known to you, and not desirous to be so by any one else just at this crisis, you must excuse me if I take the only step which honour permits."—"What! you are resolved then? Come, come, what a strange man! But let us retire to my cabinet, and there we shall settle this business."

The Russian, after many entreaties, confessed that his only reason for setting off was that he might collect about twenty thousand francs, which he yet required, in order to terminate some very important affairs in that capital, and more particularly so in the Duchy of Deux Ponts.

C—— instantly made him an offer of the sum required, even of more, if necessary; but the hypocritical stranger still persisted in refusing to accept it. At length, however, he consented to receive twenty-four thousand francs in notes, which were instantly counted out to him, and for which he offered his receipt; that, however, M. C—— would not take. After this he received permission to return to his

hotel to countermand the orders for his departure, but permission to do so was only granted him upon condition that he would return in an hour, as dinner would not be served up until his arrival. He found no difficulty in revoking the orders that he had given for of all he had said nothing was true except the lashing up of his trunks so that he was exact in fulfilling his promise, thirty minutes served him to go and return, the dinner was delightful, and the wine delicious.

The servants had orders to spare no civility towards the young nobleman, he was not, however, to be duped by the eagerness with which his glass was continually filled, but as he was a man who could drink his bottle he did not attempt to balk the toasts. On rising from table, the company retired into the saloon, when C—— adroitly drew the young man into a corner, where he made him a thousand offers of service, and then led him insensibly to the point of inquiring if the Court of Russia looked with a favourable eye upon the crown of France thus placed upon the head of Napoleon, and whether the Emperor of Russia yet retained any friendship for the Bourbons.

The stranger, who was prepared for all these questions pretended for a moment some embarrassment with respect to answering them, he made some delicate hesitation but at length said —

“Sir, it would be ungrateful to your kindness if I were to keep silence with respect to the questions



you have just put to me; nevertheless, if it was your intention to make me purchase, by culpable indiscretion, the service that you have rendered me, I should be silent, and would instantly repay you; but I believe you incapable of such a measure." C—— attempted to interrupt him, in order to fortify this last sentiment. "Do not interrupt me, sir; I believe your probity without asseveration, and this I am now going to prove to you, inasmuch as I shall entrust you with more confidential communications than you require of me. You wish to know the sentiments of the Russian Court upon the new dignity which Napoleon is on the point of assuming. Another person might perhaps say that he knew nothing of the subject; but the reception you have given me, and your exertions in my favour, make it my duty to give you some details, which are of the more importance because my name, my birth, and the access that I have to the Ministers themselves, have always enabled me to penetrate into the secrets of the Cabinet. However, sir, you will pardon me one restriction that I must lay upon you; I have reason to believe that you are the most intimate counsellor of Napoleon; it is therefore clear that you will acquaint him with the confidential communications which I now make to you; and that ought to be so, for the sole reason that he is personally interested in them. These secrets, therefore, are of a nature that deserve to be well weighed, and will be susceptible of certain developments which it is im-

possible to lay before you in a simple conversation. Permit me, then, to reduce to writing all that I can tell you of the present situation of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg; I shall make a large packet of it, which you may yourself deliver to Napoleon; for I confess to you that it will flatter me much that he should have the first perusal of my communications."

This procedure, to be sure, was not at bottom the most complimentary to M. C——, as it did not seem to give him all the confidence he had a right to expect, after the manner in which he had conducted himself towards this stranger. The importance of the affair, however, made him silently pass over this mortification: moreover, as the whole was to be communicated to Napoleon, it was of little consequence that it should be sent in a sealed packet, for he was always certain of being acquainted with the contents. He reflected also that this writing would be a thing to which he might always have recourse when there was occasion, and he therefore acquiesced with a good grace in the conditions proposed by the young stranger, who requested two days for completing this task.

M. C—— was never more satisfied than with the turn of this negotiation; for as he said to himself, communications given in writing must be accurate and of some importance, and he therefore hastened the next morning to give Napoleon a detailed account of the whole affair, who much applauded the determination of the stranger to reduce to writing the confidential communications which he proposed to

make. The Count Petrowlow was faithful to his word, and two days afterwards presented to M. C—— a packet, closed with many seals, telling him that he waited with impatience for the opinion which Napoleon would pass upon his labours. "As soon as I am acquainted with his opinion," said M. C——, "I shall hasten to let you know it; at all events, come here to-morrow. Napoleon is at Saint-Cloud; I shall go there early, and in the evening I will give you an answer."

The noble Russian retired, and early next morning M. C—— arrived at Saint-Cloud, where he found Napoleon alone, sitting in a recess. "Here," said C——, "are the papers which our man promised us." Napoleon took the packet and retired towards a window; but he had scarcely been there three minutes, when, uttering an execration, he threw the papers into the middle of the apartment, exclaiming, "There, sir, read that; there you will see a pretty trick; there you will see what a rascal you have had to deal with!"

C——, thunderstruck and even trembling, knew not what to think of this scene, particularly of Napoleon's rage. I gathered up the papers which were scattered over the floor, but they were nothing more than blank paper, with the exception of one sheet, on which there was something written. I presented it to M. C——, who began to read, but at every word, at every sentence, he changed colour: he seemed almost ready to faint, and the silence of Napoleon did not serve to revive him.

"Well, sir, what think you of this horrible business?"—"I am unable to answer you: permit me to sit down."

"He is a villain, whom we must secure."—"Yes, for he has tricked me also out of twenty-four thousand francs."

"How so?" exclaimed Napoleon; whereupon C—— informed him of the price at which he had bought the pretended Count.

"There," said Napoleon, "is another pretty business. It is the very depth of rascality; but perhaps they will be able to lay hold of him."—"I doubt it; he has already gained thirty hours of us."

"You are right; but give me his infamous scrawl, and I will take such measures as shall find him out, whatever may be his place of refuge;" on which, M. C——, as much confounded as a fox in a trap, retired with great precipitation.

The hope of vengeance calmed Napoleon's anger; but that hope was not realized, for all the researches made after this ingenious swindler were in vain. The spies only succeeded in learning that he was a Jew, and that he had retired into the territory of the Grand Seignior, where he embraced the Mohammedan religion. Some time afterwards I had an opportunity of reading the letter which gave so much offence to Napoleon and his friend. Thus it was, word for word:—

"I am asked what is the disposition of the Court

of St. Petersburg with respect to the present state of affairs in France. All Europe knows that in a fortnight Napoleon Bonaparte will be declared Emperor of the French. It is wished to know what the Emperor of Russia thinks of this new dignity. It is also wished to know what are the opinions of the Russian Cabinet with respect to the military and political conduct of Napoleon. An answer to these several questions would fill a volume if I were to enter into all the details relative to such subjects; but I shall confine myself to answer specifically each of these aforesaid questions. For fifteen years France has destroyed the equilibrium of Europe. The changes of its Government have caused similar ones in other Cabinets. Their victories have reduced many States to desire peace most ardently. Even Russia, one of those Powers which has suffered least, desires it most sincerely, and manifests the same pacific dispositions. The prosperity of France, far from giving umbrage to Russia, is, on the contrary, useful to her silly jealousy of some bordering States—a jealousy only six months old. The humiliation of Austria to a certain point pretty well bounds the secret desires of the St. Petersburg Cabinet; moreover, it does not see with pleasure that Prussia affects to be considered the first military Power in Europe.

“As to the sentiments of the Emperor of Russia in respect to the crown which Napoleon is about to place upon his own head, I can aver that he is

nearly upon the point of acknowledging him as a brother monarch. As to all the honour which has been done to the cause of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII. is nothing more than a consecrated idol, which the policy of Europe cannot replace in its proper temple. Napoleon, in placing himself upon the throne of France, gives to his own Government a principle of steadiness which offers a pleasing assurance to the Emperor of Russia, in permitting him to execute, at his leisure, his projects against Turkey.

"Finally, it is wished to know what reputation Napoleon bears in Russia, and what is generally thought of him there. One fact will be a sufficient answer to this question.

"When they learnt at St. Petersburg the melancholy death of the Duke d'Enghien, there was but one cry against the assassin. The blood of that victim sullied all the laurels of the conqueror of Marengo.

"The public esteem gave place to general execration, and during the service performed at St. Petersburg, in honour of the memory of that unfortunate Prince, all hearts partook of the sentiments in the following inscription, which was placed upon his cenotaph :

*"Inlyto principi Lu. LVrico-Antonio-Henrico Bourbonno-Condé, Duci d'Enghien, non minus propria et arcta virtute quam sorte funesta clivis; quem devoravit bellus Corsica, Europæ terror et totius humani generis lues."*

"To the illustrious Prince, Louis-Anthony-Henry Bourbon-Condé, Duke d'Enghien, not less admirable for his private virtues than for his melancholy death; being devoured by that ferocious Corsican Beast, the terror of Europe, and the pest of the human race."

Napoleon now prepared to give his new dignity all the splendour of which it was capable; and he wished at first to be consecrated at Rheims, in accordance with ancient usage, but he was afraid that Pope Pius VII. would make some difficulties, and would not permit a bishop to perform the ceremony. However, the Pope, to whom he had given previous intimation, gave a very satisfactory answer upon the subject. He had, notwithstanding, communicated his fears respecting it to General L——, who answered, "If I were in your Majesty's place, I would leave the vicar of Jesus Christ to sit quietly in his chair, and would do whatever I wish at home by my own authority. We live no longer in times when the holy oil is an article of faith. That form, moreover, is not absolutely required. There are monarchs who reign very well without it: witness Spain, and several others."

"That," replied Napoleon, "is reasoning like a soldier; but do you forget that there are five-and-twenty millions to whom I am to give laws, of whom at least eighteen millions consist of fools, pedants, and old women, who would not believe me to be a legitimate Sovereign if the unction of the Lord did not fall upon me? In a case so peremptory we must not neglect to dazzle the eyes of the many; splendour always prevents reflection."

"I feel that as well as you do," replied the General; "but permit me to tell you that you will do much injury to your plans if, after asking the concurrence

of the Holy Father, you should meet with a refusal."

"What do you speak of—a refusal? The Pope dare not refuse. The good things of this world touch him as nearly as those of heaven. I know Pope Pius VII, I took measure of him during the Concordat."

"He is an Italian—cunning, sly."

"Well, well, General, I shall be glad to convince you that the father of the faithful gives me no trouble, and that I know how to mould him to my wishes. No, I shall not cause myself to be consecrated at Rheims, a simple archbishop shall not lay hands on me. The Emperor of the French ought only to kneel before the vicar of God. I shall be consecrated in my own capital, and Pope Pius VII shall travel from Rome to Paris in order to preside at that ceremony. Liberal promises upon certain points, and great honours to be shown both on the road and at Paris, will be sufficient to bring him hither."

The next day General L——, whilst relating this affair to the Abbé G——, said to him, "It is impossible to believe that such is his design. He has treated the whole affair so cavalierly that I can only consider it as a joke." In the end, however, General L—— learnt that he but little knew his master, and that he, even whilst apparently joking, said nothing that he did not intend to do, and which he did not actually accomplish.



Napoleon, whilst waiting the arrival of his Holiness, gave the most particular orders for the magnificent celebration of the ceremony. He wished to have at his new court a ceremonial worthy of its master, but he did not expect to find in France a man sufficiently acquainted with the details of such an affair; therefore Turin furnished him with a M. S——, and I confess that he could not have hit upon a man fitter for his purpose. M. S—— is, of all men in the world, the most starched and precise. I know not whether this great master of ceremony and etiquette had modelled his instructions upon the caprices of princes, but the ceremonial of the Court of France was an extravagant despotism, of a freezing coldness, and extended from the lowest under-strapper amongst the footmen up to the first gentleman of the household. If it had only been possible to regulate people's thoughts, Napoleon would have been the best attended prince in Christendom.

Can it be believed that this guide and director of curvettes and measured steps really thought sincerely that a man must be a philosopher in order to attain a thorough knowledge of the sublimity of his ceremonial? "Before we can regulate the ceremonial of a Court," said he, "we must have a perfect knowledge of the monarch; we must know his degree of power, his caprices, his customs, also his courtiers and favourites; but, above all, his mistresses, if any. A superficial man may doubt those truths, and may laugh at me if he pleases—what is that to me?"

It is not the less true that a good master of ceremonies at the Court of Henry IV. would have been an indifferent one at that of Napoleon.

However it may be, Napoleon himself was not less anxious to enter into almost all the details of the grand spectacle which he wished to give to the good citizens of Paris, particularly with respect to the choice of dresses and the decorations of the coronation coach, regarding which he was most difficult to please. A whole collection of models was exhibited before he could be satisfied, and the difficulties which the crowd of coach-makers had to encounter caused considerable amusement.

One morning Napoleon was talking with his brother Joseph, in a bow window which looked into the garden of the Tuileries. The late M<sup>r</sup> D— and L— were passing by, and D— picked up a sealed letter, the direction of which was printed, and ran thus —“To His Majesty the Emperor,” and upon the opposite side was written, “Affairs relative to the coronation coach.” D—, a wise and prudent man, meant to put it into his pocket, and take another opportunity of opening it, when he might present it to the Emperor, if the contents deserved that trouble, but his friend objected, and said that as the direction on the back of the letter could not be suspected, he might at once open it, and see the contents. More through complaisance than otherwise, D— opened the letter; but judge of his indignation on reading three shocking couplets, of which,

however, I could never procure more than the first; and here is its purport:—

*“Advice to the different inventors of the models for the coronation coach.*

“GENTLEMEN,

“The coronation coach ought to be worthy of Cæsar. Your models are nothing more than hackney-coaches, fit only for carrying a man to the gallows; but learn that a chariot for the Great Napoleon is not to be constructed by a paltry coachmaker—no! *it ought to be made by a cartwright!*”

The first act of M. D—— was to thrust the letter into his pocket, to have an early opportunity of burning it; this was done, and the affair would have passed unnoticed if Joseph had not called his brother's attention to the scene. “We must know what it is,” said he; “let these gentlemen be brought in.” They were introduced, and after some conversation relative to the business of their offices, the Emperor said to them, “Pray, gentlemen, may it be asked without indiscretion what are the contents of the letter which you picked up under that window?”

At this question M. D—— became pale, and his friend was in the greatest embarrassment; however, the first spoke, and told the Emperor that it was merely a trifling paper.

“If so, you may then show it to me.”—“But, sire, I have thrown it away.”

"Not so, sir, for you put it in your left pocket. Stop, my friend, you cannot tell a lie, the paleness of your countenance, the hesitation of your answers, and the embarrassment of M L—— are all proofs that this letter has some reference to me. I would believe———" "Your Majesty, I would fain believe, knows the attachment which I bear towards your royal person. Your Majesty, I trust, will believe that if I have hesitated in giving you the paper which I found, it is merely because it could not be of any service to you. Yes, sire, in assuring you upon my honour that this note is not a State secret, and that its contents cannot be of the slightest interest to your Majesty, I assure you also that if you insist upon my giving it up, you will cause me great mortification, which I do not deserve to suffer."

"I never, sir, intended to vex you, but this heart—— Of what nature is the writing?"—"Sire, it is some verses."

"In that case, if they relate to yourself, I am wrong in asking to see them, if they regard me, I must believe that I owe your refusal to your goodwill. These are but some silly verses, it is true, but although that kind of writing gives me very little concern yet I am not the less sensible of the merit of your proceedings. Would to God that all those who surround thrones thought and felt as you do! How many useless vexations would kings then avoid! and how many indiscretions would escape being punished as crimes!"

These last words seemed to come so much from the heart, that five persons who were present were all much affected by them; and the Emperor added, "I intreat you, gentlemen, not to let this affair be known."—"Ah! sire," answered M. de V——, with his usual gaiety, "do you wish to rob the daily papers? What a fine article when all this shall have passed through the hands of their editors!"

"It is precisely for that reason," said the Emperor, "that I ask for secrecy; for they would labour so much on the copy that it would lose all resemblance to the original."

The Pope at length arrived at Fontainebleau, and the ceremony of the coronation was fast approaching. All those attached to the Court had already learnt their parts, and got their State dresses ready, whilst even the very horses that were to draw the imperial coach were trained to the ceremonial pace. In fact, the Emperor himself was the most embarrassed of all, respecting his own deportment and the task he had to go through. Nevertheless, after many rehearsals, he at length thought himself sufficiently perfect in the details of the ceremonial. Josephine, whom he had wished to similarly perfect, told him—"The nobleness of my sentiments will give me that expression suitable to my new dignity: I shall be worthy of you." But though he insisted no further upon that matter, still he could not keep, from preparing her for the coronation ceremony, by a set discourse, which, although full of bombast and egotism,

deserves to find a place here, as it illustrates Napoleon's feelings towards her at this important crisis:—

"Madame," said he, in the presence of his two brothers and of four important dignitaries, "the wish of a great nation calls your husband to the first throne in the world. The affection which I bear to you, and an intimate knowledge of your truly royal qualities, have determined me to assimilate you with myself in all the honours of supreme rank. The Pope is now about to give you the imposition of hands, and to consecrate your brows with a royal diadem.

"My projects are vast, and the future prosperity of my people will be almost incredible. I would refuse the throne, notwithstanding the splendour with which it will surround me, if I were not certain of seeing the French the greatest nation, not only of past and present times, but also of future ages. This hope has metamorphosed my nature and enlarged my soul. My ambition has no limits, and my imagination has already overleaped the bounds of the known world.

"How sweet it will be to me, madame, to see the companion and sharer of my destinies rise to the level of my projects! I will not impose upon you any rules as to the part you have to perform; I even now regard you as the model upon which shall be formed all the domestic virtues of my family, which ought, as well as you, to be worthy of me. Inculcate, madame, and impress this expression of my will upon

the hearts of your own children, and also of my sisters. Nothing, I repeat, ought to come short of my glorious intentions!"

During this discourse, the Empress seemed lost in deep reflection. The boldness of the expressions and the gigantic extent of the projects alarmed her. A single sentence formed her answer, but that sentence was admirable for its laconic propriety: "I shall be," said Josephine, "all that I ought to be, as wife, queen, and mother."

I shall not describe the arrival of the Pope at Paris, the pomp with which he was received, or the crowds of people, more curious than Christian, who pressed round the Holy Father. Such details form no part of these Memoirs; I have scarcely crayons enough to give a proper colour to the traits of Napoleon amidst these great events. The respect of the crowd for his Holiness gave him his cue as to the demeanour which he ought to assume towards that august personage. His personal interest became then the guide to his policy, and Napoleon admitted a religion, but solely because he believed it useful for the support of his throne. A religious ceremony was, to him, nothing more than a session of the legislative bodies, to which his affairs called him, and the Cathedral of Notre Dame was nothing in his eyes but a part of that vast theatre in which he had to perform.

At this epoch, in particular, all his conduct to the Pope was of the most studied kind, but interested

hypocrisy paid him the expense of it. "I wish," said he to his aide-de-camp S——, "to make him forget the indiscreet observation of Cardinal Pacca."

His Eminence had said to the Holy Father that Napoleon, when simple Consul, had called his Holiness the generalissimo of his priestly army, and that the archbishops and cardinals were chiefs of brigade. The anecdote is true, and all those who were near Napoleon know it as well as myself. However, circumstances had then forced the Holy Father to dissemble on hearing of this insolent joke, and the Emperor now spared no pains to induce him to forget it.

At length the day of coronation arrived—a day famous in the annals of the house of Bonaparte.

It will not be expected here that I should give the details of that pompous ceremony, these tiresome recitals may be found in all the newspapers of that date. I mean, however, to draw a sketch of it after my own manner, but the canvas shall be on so small a scale that *ennui* shall not find a place in it.

In the season of hoar frosts, or in the month of December, 1804, the same people who had seen their monarch conducted as a martyr to the scaffold, again deserted, at break of day, their houses and their workshops, whilst the curious and giddy crowd pushed into all the streets, squeezed into all the squares, and trampled each other upon the quays. Some hung on the parapets of the bridges, and others by the bars of the windows; some paid for being loisted upon frail



scaffoldings ready to fall ; whilst others scrambled up to the ridges of roofs, and bent over horrible chasms, without any other safeguard against a dreadful death than the support of a thin and slender slate. Why all this eagerness? Why brave so many dangers?

Look along those superb quays on the banks of the Seine, where, even from under that balcony whence, Charles XI. shot his unhappy subjects, you see a carriage advance, glittering with gold. This elegant car, exquisite *chef-d'œuvre* of art and taste, is drawn by eight horses. If I can believe my eyes, the same dam must have foaled them all ; the same skin, equal height, similar pace, the same fieriness, are to be seen, and nothing among them that can mark a difference. Prancing and impetuous, they seem to foam under their rich harness, and the numerous grooms can scarcely restrain them.

What happy mortal occupies this magnificent chariot? An obscure individual, sprung from amidst the barren rocks of Corsica, from that soil where even Paoli saw his glory eclipsed. The son of obscure parents, whose education had even commenced through the beneficence of our kings : a being whose ambition has made for him both fortune and glory, and to whom these triumphs are permitted by the weakness of the nation.

Then these numerous carriages which follow the car of the new monarch, that brilliant and richly dressed multitude which sweep round him in a vortex, that is his new Court. Assemblage most sublime and

strange! Heroism and genius, merit and virtue, wisdom and courage, baseness and rascality, folly and vanity, avarice and intrigue—all, all are there!

Then follow the procession to the cathedral, and there you will see, but not without astonishment, a venerable Pontiff the head of the Church First Vicar of Jesus Christ, he has left the capital of the Christian world, and now his august hands are about to shed the oil of the Lord upon a mortal who defies all opposition In one short hour the ceremonies of religion shall have confirmed a Corsican upon the throne of Henry IV.

Behold it then done! Napoleon has now leaped over that immense space which at all times he had wished to place between other men and himself What mortal might not now have been satisfied? The first Powers had recognized his new titles, and other monarchs were preparing themselves to call him cousin Whatever people may say, if he had chosen to reign agreeable to the constitution of the empire, and to the laws he had sworn to observe, it is a fact that the grandsons of Louis would not for a long time have succeeded to the inheritance of their ancestors. The usurpation had received the seal of the different parties which it had extinguished, religion had consecrated it; victory and the aggrandisement of France spoke in its favour, and the very interests of the existing generation were interwoven with those of the usurper.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NAPOLEON'S SYSTEM OF SPIES.

ONE of Napoleon's greatest mistakes was his having doubted the stability of his reign when he first came to the throne, and not having adopted an entirely different method in his measures for consolidating his new power. Whilst only Consul, he despised anonymous abuse and clandestine menaces;—when on the throne, why did he not do the same? he would then have tired out the tongue of the one and the pen of the others. But no! despotic, suspicious, and jealous, he wished to put even thought in fetters; to be acquainted with the secrets of all, and to make one half of his people be spies upon the remainder. It could only have belonged to the genius of a demon to institute and organize a police as secret and as dangerous as that of which Napoleon was the creator. Machiavel would vainly cite, in opposition, his famous treatise. That work of digested crime would turn pale when compared with the institutions of Imperial Espionage. That dwarfish monster was hid from public view; but it had millions of arms occupied night and day in raking up friendly confidences, familiar effusions, fireside conversations,

the coruscations of wit, the silence of contemplation, the secret wishes of desire, and even the sighs of the oppressed

Gentry of place and title, writers and merry-andrews, workmen and State annuitants, were all secretly admitted into this association. Even legislators had profoundly calculated on all the gradations of human life, and knew how to profit by their acquired wisdom. The grey hairs of an old man inspire respect and confidence, nobody would believe that an old man on the brink of the grave could become a rascal and turn informer but that was the only reason why they were chosen for listeners. I have seen spies bent under the weight of years and crizziness, and from the tomb to the cradle the genius of evil had well known how to leap over the distance.

One afternoon of a fine day in spring, M. T——endeavoured, under the thick shades of the foliage in the Luxembourg walks, to divert his mind from the vexations that oppressed it. One of his old friends met him, drew him towards a bench, and there asked him the cause of his uneasiness. 'I had two sons the only hopes of my aged years, both have been torn from me, one at the butcheries at Lyhu, the other at the carnage of Brutzen.' He was yet speaking when a young child of five years old, well dressed and beautiful as the day, came to take shelter between the knees of the two friends saying that it was pursued by its nurse, whom, in

fact, they observed in the middle of the walk with another child in her arms. The infantine graces of the little fugitive interested the two old men, whilst one of them took it on his knees, and consoled it with a promise of making its peace with its attendant. She did not immediately come up, and the old man, who had lost his two sons, continued the conversation. "Yes, my friend, my dear children are no more. God of goodness! wilt Thou never strike the monster who has thus forced them away to the field of death?"—"I feel all the weight of your grief," said his friend; "and can sympathize with you; but how many families in Europe have not got similar misfortunes to deplore! You imprecate the thunders of Heaven upon the head of the author of all our evils; your wishes, I believe, are not far from fulfilment. The hand of God has already struck the Corsican, the boldness of whose bloodthirsty genius can no longer support him against the forces of the allies."

The child did not fail to understand the conversation of the two friends; it gently disengaged itself from the knees that supported it, and at that moment its pretended nurse came to him. He flies; she pretends to pursue him; they meet, and soon they both disappear.

The state of matters was this:—for some time past, M. T——, who was known to have been seriously affected by the loss of his sons, was strongly suspected by the high police of being a sworn enemy

to the Emperor's person M T——, a prudent man, saw but little of the world, and if sometimes he unbosomed himself, it was only in the presence of friends whom he could trust, with every other person he maintained a reserve quite hopeless for those agents of the police who were directed to follow him, and criminate him if possible. Their attempts had hitherto been fruitless, but at length they remarked that in his daily walks in the garden of the Luxembourg, he generally sat down upon a bench, and often conversed for a considerable time with a man who appeared to them to be a friend of his. To approach them, and to sit down upon the same bench, would have been to force them to talk upon ordinary affairs; but amongst the association of the Secret Police there were about a dozen young children, all very sharp for their years, and gifted with prepossessing looks and manners. These simple creatures were trained up by a most horrible system to introduce themselves amongst people whose opinions the Government wished to know, their youth excited no suspicion, and people did not hesitate to speak plainly before them. Nothing of what was said escaped the memory of these little serpents, and the rascals who sent them were always certain of soon knowing more than was necessary for the ruin of the person that was under their espionage.

Some of these children, when they had no other means of introducing themselves into the company of the persons marked out, even posted themselves

in the evening at the corners of the houses of individuals, and when they saw them about to re-enter their homes, set up the most piteous cries. If the person ran to their assistance, and asked the cause of their tears, they said they had lost their way; a false name was immediately given; but as to the name of the street where they resided, that was always forgotten, yet still they were certain of finding it the next morning by daylight. What man could have the harshness to neglect a child six years old, well dressed, and of pleasing appearance? No, he would be admitted with pleasure, and become the play-fellow of the children of the family, if there were any, and the next morning perhaps the little urchin ruined his benefactor by revealing to those who sent him all the secrets which he had picked up in the hospitable mansion.

It was one of these little vipers that had taken refuge in the arms of M. T——, at the Luxembourg, and his pretended nurse was a trusted member of the same coterie.

Two days after, the unhappy parent was arrested upon the steps of Saint-Roch, and conducted to the secret prison of the Conciergerie, where, however, he was not interrogated until five days afterwards. "What have I done?" said he. "I have my opinions certainly; but I never expressed them except in the presence of my friends, and on them I can depend as on myself."

Five days afterwards he appeared before V——,

and judge of his astonishment when the Inquisitor repeated to him, word for word, the conversation he had held with his friend in the Luxembourg Gardens. In spite of his vexation, he gave an absolute denial. "Ah! you deny it," said the awful V—— "Stop a little, I will show you evidence which will perhaps force your confession." At these words he ordered the companion of the unfortunate M. T—— to be brought in, and the latter, at the sight of his friend, immediately exclaimed, with an accent of despair—'Heavens! I am lost. Wretch! you whom I have honoured with my friendship, can you have betrayed me?'

"You are mistaken," said V——, "that gentleman has not betrayed you, on the contrary, he is accused, and a prisoner like yourself"—"Impossible, sir, he is the only person with whom I had any conversation recently at the Luxembourg."

"That matters not, from henceforward learn that the air will bring us information of indiscreet expressions"—"I am then the most unfortunate of men."

Yes, certainly, to accuse his friend and thereby to make a confession beyond which no more was wanted, was I acknowledge, to be the sport of misfortune. These two unfortunate men were afterwards sent to the Castle of Ham.

These two anecdotes, in which an old man and a child play the principal parts, prove that to succeed in their endeavours, those agents of crime knew well



how to avail themselves of anything to achieve their end.

The high police had also other nets which it was difficult to avoid, because no person, however cautious, could possibly suspect them. It had at its disposal a club of people of both sexes, whom Napoleon jokingly called the "Cytherean Cohort;" and all that youth, beauty, graces, and agreeable talents could produce, of the most seductive kind in each sex, was to be met with in this society. Handsome men, angelic women, the greatest part of which were ruined in fortune, lovers of luxury, or suffering from a thirst after gold, there lent themselves unblushingly to the machinations of Napoleon; and the following anecdote will give an idea of the manner in which he made use of those agents.

In 1809 a Dutchman was preparing for the press at Leipzig a memoir strongly written against Napoleon; and the Baron D——, who was the first that got intelligence of this project, thus expressed himself in a letter to the Emperor: "The female, who has read the manuscript, assures me that she has never seen any writing more solid, or containing more good sense. Full of well-digested facts, this appeal to all Sovereigns comes to the heart with a conviction which cannot be repressed. It is, in short, the most dangerous work that has ever been published in any language against the French Monarch."

It may easily be imagined that Napoleon instantly waked all his secret bloodhounds; and the unfortunate

Dutchman was soon in the net spread for him by M. de M——, who was at the head of this important expedition. But, to the despair and surprise of these inquisitors, after rifling the unfortunate man, after stripping him, ripping open his clothes, breaking open his furniture, unsewing his beds and mattresses, and even shattering in pieces a plaster Venus, they found absolutely nothing. The memoir had disappeared, and their rage was indescribable, indeed, one must put himself in their situation to be able to judge of their sensations. "What is become," said M. M——, "of the manuscript which you are going to publish?"—"I have written nothing it never was my intention to publish anything."

"Sir, it is impossible to deceive the Government, the fact is certain. I will tell you more. I have no orders to deprive you of your liberty, my task is solely to inquire whether it is want that has made you write, in that case, put upon your work any price that you please. Here is a pocket-book well filled, only name your sum and I will pay you. Are you discontented because unemployed? Have they forgotten you in the new Dutch Government? There is every disposition to do you justice. Kings, you know, cannot see everything"—"Sir," replied the Dutchman, "such offers are very tempting, I am quite in despair at not being able to give you a satisfactory reply; but you are in a mistake respecting me, I repeat to you that I have never written anything against the French Government."

M. de M—— seeing him inflexible, and being unable to tempt him by any offers, had him carried into France, where he was thrown into a State prison, but where I know not, for since those events I have never heard anything of the unfortunate Batavian; and the portfolio from whence I extracted this account says nothing more respecting him.

But where was the famous memoir to be found? By what miracle had it been concealed from the search of these Ministerial ferrets? The fact is, that some days previous to his arrest, the author had formed just suspicions of a man whom hitherto he had considered as of the same opinion as himself, and to whom he had imprudently confided his project. On that account, he felt it most prudent to instantly entrust his manuscript to a particular friend who resided in the vicinity of Prague, but who, at that period, was at Leipzig, which circumstance alone caused the failure of M. de M——'s mission. But the secret Inquisition did not stop at this point; Napoleon was determined to have the manuscript at any price, and even when he saw the almost utter impossibility of obtaining it, he then wished for it more ardently. "Do what you please," said he to M. de M——, "I must have it," and turned his back upon him without waiting for a reply.

M. de M—— was now obliged to puzzle his brain afresh, and therefore took another tour into Germany, where he met the faithless wretch that had betrayed the Dutchman. This scoundrel had, as yet, only received

five hundred francs for his villainy, but one thousand crowns were now promised him in case of success. If more money should be wanting for the affair, then a larger sum was ready

In the different communications with the French agent, both the parties were of opinion that the manuscript must be in the hands of some of the author's friends "Hark ye," said the German, "some days before the Dutchman's arrest, one of his intimate friends came to see him. With respect to Napoleon, their opinions were pretty similar, and I will lay my head that the manuscript is in his hands."

This idea was a gleam of light for the intriguing De M—— "Where is this man?"—"He lives in the neighbourhood of Prague, in Bohemia."

"His name?"—"Schustler"

"His rank in life?"—"Merely a private gentleman, but rich, about forty years of age, tall in stature, well made, and a widower these last two years, without any children except a girl four years old"

"Is he a man of intrigue with the ladies?"—"He is fond of study and accomplishments, but above everything else, partial to the fair sex"

"Oh, oh! he is fond of women! In that case he is my man. If I succeed, you shall have a thousand crowns, in the meantime take this note of five hundred francs, I give it you as the price for your present information' And after this M de M—— set off for Paris."

To know a man, a widower, and yet in the prime

of life, besides being naturally partial to the fair sex; to wish to introduce to his notice a young and lovely woman, possessing graces as well as talent,—surely nothing could be more easy. Nay, the titled ferret was certain of it; so that his preparations were as rapidly made as his plan was conceived. Amongst the nymphs of the “Cytherean Cohort,” it was impossible not to be pleased with the young and brilliant Mdlle. D——, sprung of a respectable family, but having lost her parents at an early age. What gave an additional value to her charms was, that she seemed unconscious of possessing them; and if you add to an assemblage of beauties almost divine an intimate knowledge of a thousand agreeable accomplishments, you will have a faithful portrait of Mdlle. D——.

Her fortune even would have been sufficient for all her wishes, if those wishes had only been a little conformable to her fortune; but an unrestrained love of expense, and a passion for gambling, had been the cause of her ruin. Reduced to expedients for gratifying her caprices, she was for some time under the protection of a young German nobleman, whom she would have ruined if he had not taken the determination in time to give her a draft for fifteen thousand francs on Recamier's bank, and then to bid her an eternal adieu.

She was for a long time without being able to fill up his place; but at length became the idol of one of the most amiable of our modern fine gentlemen.

Mademoiselle was neither mercenary nor greedy, but merely celestial and extravagant. If we may believe the wife of her new lover, she cost him one hundred and thirty thousand francs in fifteen months! For my part, I rather think that jealousy must have swelled the sum, but however it may be, the lover, not being able any longer to support such an expensive companion, suddenly broke with her, yet, as he did not wish to leave her penniless or unprovided for, he placed her at the head of the Syrens, who sold their services to the Secret Police.

This post, it is true, was not one of the most lucrative under Government, but if the missions were difficult and of a brilliant nature, they would sometimes pay an hundred-fold the stipulated salary. With respect to the business of getting possession of the memoir, nobody could be fitter for the purpose than Madlle D——, besides, amongst the other advantages she possessed, she spoke German with facility, which she had acquired during her before mentioned connection with the young German nobleman.

After several conferences with De M——, she received a passport under the name of Bridget-Adelaide Saulnier, and was described as a young widow making the tour of Germany for her health. Her secret instructions were "You must go immediately to Prague, in Bohemia. There you must privately get what information you can about the Sieur Schustler, and find out his residence. Under pretence of a pure air being necessary for your health,

you will then express a desire of living for some time in country lodgings, and you will fix your residence as near him as possible. You may even go so far as to build a house, if necessary—spare no expense. The rest is left to your own information and sagacity.”

On her arrival at Prague, Mdlle. D—— had no difficulty in finding the person she was in quest of; and with respect to obtaining lodgings near him, chance went even beyond her wishes. Not a hundred yards from his residence was a house, which the proprietor, a parchment-maker by trade, wished for a long time to part with. The bargain was soon concluded, and for thirty-two thousand francs she found herself housed very commodiously, and quite close to the man whom she was sent to betray.

I must here premise that great part of what follows is founded upon some letters to one of her most intimate friends—one, however, who was not acquainted with her secret proceedings.

Our young spy was scarcely established in her new quarters when she learnt every particular concerning the affairs of M. Schustler; being informed also that he went very often to Prague, to avail herself of which practice she made all the necessary arrangements. Her household consisted of only two people—a man-servant and a female; and she had purchased two very handsome saddle-horses, being an excellent horsewoman.

One day, when she knew that M. Schustler was at

Prague, she mounted her horse and set off, in hopes of meeting his carriage on the return journey. After some time she discovered him a good way off, when, as if overcome with fatigue, she dismounted, lay down upon the turf by the side of the road, wrapped herself in her veil, and pretended to be asleep, with the bridle of her horse passed round her left arm. Her neighbour's carriage soon came up, when all at once she leaped up, like a person suddenly awakened by an unexpected noise. Her horse, frightened at this, started back, and M. Schustler, trembling for the young stranger, leaped instantly from his seat. By this time the lady had thrown back her veil, when such a blaze of charms petrified the German, that for the moment he was unable to speak, being only able to admire her. At length, however, he recovered himself, exclaiming—"Pardon me, madame, if I have disturbed your repose, indeed I should have been quite in despair at the accident, if I did not owe to it the sweetest of all pleasures—that of contemplating Heaven's masterpiece."

"What you call disturbing my slumber is a mere trifle, sir, but as to the compliment you have addressed to me, as you are a gentleman, and moreover young, I know not what to think of it." Saying this, she jumped lightly into the saddle, when the German, distracted with losing so soon the sight of such a beautiful creature, timidly laid hold of the reins of her bridle. "What!" said he to the young unknown, "can you be cruel enough to deprive me so soon of



the happiness of admiring you? If I displease you, I am ready to retire; but if you do not feel a repugnance to oblige me, tell me, for God's sake, what you are, and to whom I have the honour of speaking."

"A polite man can never be troublesome. You wish to know who I am; nothing is more natural. I am a widow and a Frenchwoman; and for these last two days have inhabited a pretty good house, not far distant, and which I purchased a few days ago."

"What! you the purchaser of Janyek-House?"

"Certainly that is the name of the person who sold it to me."

"Then we are neighbours: I can even see you from my windows. Ah, madame! I am an unfortunate fellow in not having already paid you a visit."

"Sir, there is no time lost; I have yet scarcely furnished my house. I know that in the country nothing is so valuable as a good neighbour, and so I hope to be better acquainted with you." Then, saluting him with a smile, she disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

M. Schustler was transported. In a heart so ardent as his, the lovely Saulnier, for she preserved the name in her passport, had already made terrible ravages. How long did the night appear to him! But, next day he set off to pay a visit to his fair neighbour; and she, having seen him as soon as he left his own door, sat down to her pianoforte, wishing, in order to ensnare him, to put in force all her seductive powers.

"Let me not disturb your pleasures," said he, on entering "I have already disturbed your slumbers, but I now find that in you everything is admirable Yesterday I admired your beauty, to-day, the tones which follow your fingers scarcely permit me to breathe"

"A truce to flattery, my good neighbour. In the country we ought to be as simple as nature, of which it is the picture."

"Ah, stop, madame, imposture and falsehood have never yet dropped from my tongue. I say what I think, and my heart requires that it should express what it feels But listen only to two words more, and then judge if a deceiver could thus express himself Twenty-four hours have not passed since I saw you for the first time, and now, if any event should tear you away, feeling as I do the sentiments with which you have inspired me, I know not, madame, if I should wish to live—and yet I am a father, and a happy one too" Tears now flowed from his eyes, when Madame Stulmer, standing up at her piano, a prey to sentiments which she could not define, never having felt such before, sought in vain for an answer The language which she had just heard was new to her; she again looked at M. Schustler, and he appeared the handsomest man in the world.

"Come, sir," said she to him, with softness, "you shall breakfast with me. You have given me a great pleasure. I wish that our acquaintance had been of an older date."

The breakfast passed quietly, friendship furnishing the conversation. "If you do not hate those who esteem you highly," said he, on taking leave, "I shall have the happiness, madame, of receiving you to-morrow at my own house, at the same hour."

"You make your request in such a manner that it is impossible to refuse you."

As soon as she was alone, Madame Saulnier wished to examine the state of her heart; she could not disguise her sentiments from herself; and, indeed, in writing afterwards to her friend, she said, "I came hither to allure, and am myself allured." Her metamorphosis became as sincere as it was prompt. Struck with shame at the part she had played, and with which she had been entrusted, "I wish to be happy," said she, "but I will not deceive a worthy man. To-morrow I shall disclose to him what I am and what I was."

She was the next day received by Schustler as an angel would be if he was known to be so by 'men. "See," said he to her, in presenting to her his young daughter—"see that which only a few days ago was to me the most precious thing in the world; but now every time I shall see you together, I will say, all my treasures are here united."

Madame Saulnier loaded the sweet child with the sincerest caresses; she felt herself prodigal of them on his account from whom the child had received existence, yet though on the preceding evening she had determined to open her heart to her amiable

neighbour, still, at the moment for making this painful confession, her courage failed her.

"Whilst M. Schustler is not present," as she expressed herself in a letter to Paris; "I am a *lion* in strength, as to the revealing of my errors; but in his company I am only a *hen*; all my courage is then in my looks, and they rarely are cast upon anything but my lover."

For two months they both lived in that state of uncertainty which two real lovers must always experience previous to coming to an explanation. At length M. Schustler wished to put an end to it at once in two words, and one afternoon that he was alone in the parlour with her, first giving her every proof of a real and ardent passion, he said to her, "If my lovely friend is as free as I am, if her heart is not otherwise engaged, if my person is not disagreeable, and my fortune is equal to her wishes, let her pronounce it before the sun has twice performed his daily career: she will then, perhaps, become a mother to my child, in the character of my beloved wife."

"Before I give an answer to your proposals, permit me, my worthy friend, to open my heart to you. Are you not afraid of repenting of your choice? Do you know who I am?"

"Stop, madame! Are you free?"

"As air."

"Do you feel any dislike to my person? or does my child appear to you a burthen?"

"Your daughter! Oh no! I will be to her a tender mother. For yourself, sir—I cannot conceal it—I adore you!"

"And I, madame, I idolise you! What occasion then for more confidences—more confessions? If what you have to tell me is favourable to you, it is needless for me to know it; I cannot love you more tenderly. If, on the contrary, you have to tell me of wrongs received, it is useless for me to know them; you can never be less beloved. Half of myself! I was anxious only for one agreeable secret—it has escaped you. I am dear to you—I fall at your feet." In fact, he had done so.

"That is not your place," said the beloved, raising him up; "it is, it ought always to be, on my heart."

In a week after, Mdlle. D—— received the hand of M. Schustler at the altar, and it remained for her to fulfil the mission with which she was charged by the French Government. She spoke of the author of the manuscript, and of his being carried off, as an affair which she had heard mentioned. "What!" said her husband, "you know of that? Ah, my love, I ran very great risks in that deplorable affair. It was to me that he delivered the manuscript some days before he was arrested; but at the first news of his seizure I threw it into the fire."

This was all his wife desired. She imparted the circumstance to the first agent in this mission, assuring him that His Imperial Majesty might make himself easy upon the subject. She next excused herself,

under several different pretences, for not returning into France; but she had found, she said, that happiness in Bohemia which her own country could no longer afford her. Her female friend, who has since become blind, and now lives with her, was charged with selling all that Madame Schustler had in France, and of this commission she acquitted herself very faithfully. Thus terminated an affair which did not begin under the most favourable auspices; thus was a charming woman, who had to reproach herself with having too long been a wanderer from the path of virtue, restored to it. Would to Heaven that another miserable creature, who, like herself, was attached to the grand police, had followed her example; she could easily have done so: the unfortunate man whom she delivered over to the axe of the executioner had offered to marry her. He was a man of good family, and was executed in the Plain of Grenelle, as a secret agent of the Cabinet of Berlin. Had it not been for the mad passion he had conceived towards her who was the cause of his death, and the secrets which he had in consequence confided to her, he could never have been convicted.

The imprisonment of persons of the greatest distinction, the secret executions, were principally the work of this troop of Syrens and Adonises. It was from one of them that the Government obtained information of the projects of Baron Imbert—projects in which M. M——, the author of several charming operas, was seriously implicated. From the same agents were derived the most important details

relative to General Lemerrier, the Royalist chief, who was killed in the hamlet of Lamothe, near Loudac; and on the like information were the Chevalier Laa, with MM. Dubuc and Rosselin, arrested. The two latter fell victims to the imprudence of a rich banker, who had confided certain secrets to one of these traitresses, who was at that time a most vigilant sentinel of the police.

The priest Macarthy, an Irishman, was shot for a crime which was entirely the invention of two spies of the police, to whom he refused to lend four thousand livres. This priest was very rich. A lady came to Paris expressly to solicit his pardon of Napoleon. "It is impossible," said he; "rich and a traitor, it would be a murder if he were innocent."

These dangerous denunciators were almost always unknown to their victims; sometimes even those victims sent to them from their dungeons to claim from them the offices of friendship and consolation. Then did the wretches affect to pour balm into the wounds which they themselves had made. D. de P—— did more. The Baron de Kolly, whom he had been the first to denounce to the police a few days before his death, sent him a diamond ring secretly as a token of friendship. The wretch had the confidence to accept it.

This secret inquisition had yet another method of drawing forth confessions. In the minister's house itself there was an apartment where the persons arrested were sometimes detained. There inspectors,

very adroit, of very polite and plausible manners, visited the prisoner; they talked little of the matter for which he was arrested, and invited him to dinner. The minister's kitchen furnished everything necessary for a good repast, with excellent wines. The aim was to make the accused man drink, and when he was in a state of intoxication to draw his secrets from him.

In 1812 a curious scene passed in this chamber, in which the part played by the inspector, was not very brilliant. A young man, worthless enough, was arrested as being suspected of enticing artisans away from their employers. It was known that he had associates in the business; but in three interrogations which he underwent their names could not be drawn from him. He was carried to the minister, where orders were secretly given that he should be subjected to the experiment of a good dinner and plenty of wine. For this purpose one of the best bloodhounds of the grand police was let loose upon him. The wine was not spared; but it happened that the inspector, whether he was easily overcome, or whether he had not kept sufficient command upon himself, soon became what he intended the other should be; and laying his head upon the table, fell asleep.

The prisoner lost no time, but taking a great mouthful of tobacco, chewed it, and put the liquor which he pressed from it into the inspector's glass, filling it up with wine. "Sir," said he, shaking the



sleepers and wakening him, "are we not to drink any more? Here are yet two bottles remaining." The inspector raised his head, stretched himself, prattled a little nonsense, scarcely recollecting why he was there, and then drinking the wine prepared for him, fell faster asleep than before. The prisoner let him sleep on a few minutes, that time might be allowed for the tobacco to take its full effect. He then shook him heartily, to see whether he was quite insensible; and finding that he was so, he took off his coat, his waistcoat, his cravat, his hat, his stockings, and his shoes, in which he hastily dressed himself; next he girded on his sword, took his watch, and eighty-seven livres, which were in his breeches pocket; then feeling for the key of the room, opened the door, and made his escape. What effect was produced at the minister's, when the culprit was known to have given them the slip, I did not learn. The affair never became public in France; it was at Munich that a friend of the hero imparted the story to my servant.

The sums that were devoured in keeping up this Secret Police seem almost incredible. One division alone, that which Napoleon called his "Cytherean Cohort," cost, from the tenth of March, 1812, to the twenty-second of January, 1813, five million three hundred and thirty-two thousand five hundred francs, for expenses of arrests, appointments, and gratifications. The Chevalier de Rivoire Saint-Hypolite, an officer in the navy, who was so deeply implicated with General Lemer cier, cost, between 1807, when he

quitted Madrid, where he had been in the service of M Strogonoff, till the month of October, 1810, when he was arrested at Amsterdam, four hundred and two thousand francs. This sum does not include the expenses of his journeys, and maintenance in the different prisons to which he was sent. For four years he had constantly about him two invisible agents, who followed him into the different countries which he went to. His wife, who was detained for having favoured her husband's escape from the Castle of Lourdes, cost seventy two thousand francs. The Government was then so thirsty for prisoners, that at the Castle of Ham the gaoler had in his book the name of a child only twenty months old. This little creature was called Jemima, she was the daughter of an English baronet, by name Campbell, who, with his wife, were then detained at the castle. If any one should doubt this fact I refer him for its authenticity to the Sieur Charpin, porter to the castle.

I shall confine myself to these few anecdotes of the Secret Police. They prove two things plainly in the first place, that, pursuing such a system no one can be surprised to find Napoleon almost always knew the secrets of all the different Cabinets of Europe, and secondly, that the despot once upon the throne, was continually a prey to the utmost tortures of fear and suspicion. Hence that multitude of enterprises as mad as they were ill conceived—hence those continual wars, without motive and without end. Could it be otherwise with a man who

said to his Ministers without the least reserve, "Wars are necessary to strengthen a new throne—it is the only means of keeping the people from reflecting." He was not long before he carried these horrible principles into practice. An Austrian Minister was indiscreet enough to say, in the presence of some one who was sold to the Court of France—"Napoleon will no longer seek to pick quarrels with us; he has but one eagle, and we have two."

This miserable joke, to which no other Sovereign would have paid any attention, put Napoleon in a rage. He wrote with his own hand to the insolent Minister, as he called him—"When I had no eagle, I swept you all before me; I have one now, and though he is just newly born, woe to the imprudent eagles who shall force him to quit his eyrie; he will devour them." Here I am compelled to do justice to a courtier who cannot be charged with having often done well. M—— had the noble courage to represent to the monarch that such an answer was unworthy of his rank. "How long," said he, "has a Sovereign condescended to write to the insolent subjects of a foreign Power? Had it been the Emperor of Austria himself who uttered such a sentiment, an explanation with him might have come without impropriety from your own hand. He alone is worthy of such an honour." No one could possibly have represented the matter more adroitly. To arouse the *amour propre* of Napoleon, in order to induce him to do what was right, was the policy of a consummate courtier. "I yield to your

reasons," said the Emperor, tearing the paper, "but you must acknowledge that the note was strongly expressed" This last stroke painted the man more forcibly than everybody would suppose.

Austria, however, bit the curb very reluctantly The idea of those fine provinces of Italy, which were her's no longer, could never be banished from her recollection, nor could her writers forbear perpetually recurring to it. Napoleon, who on his side earnestly wished for a renewal of the shocks of war, omitted nothing which could make Francis II feel that he was but the fourth Power on the Continent. This was a state of things which could not continue, and on both sides arms were resorted to I do not describe battles, if sometimes I speak of them, it is to make known facts or traits of character which cannot be known to those among the *états major*, whose province it is to register the details of battles

On the eve of the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon said, "If I be conqueror to morrow, my cousin Francis will not send to solicit peace from me—he will come and ask it himself" This affair began under the most favourable auspices. If occasions sometimes arise where the officers are obliged to stimulate the soldiers, at the battle of Austerlitz they had no occasion to interpose their authority for anything, but to restrain them I saw sixteen men, in two ranks, with a boy as a drummer at their head, marching with fixed bayonets towards two pieces of cannon. All the authority of a General of Brigade, who was sent

to them by the Emperor, could with difficulty call them off. "I obey," said the sergeant, "but you have deprived me of two pieces of cannon; see! there are only thirty of the cavalry." The General could not forbear smiling. If such incidents, however, call forth a smile, there are others which agonize the heart. Fifteen or twenty thousand Germans had retired upon a lake which was frozen over; these were the words of the only man who could have saved them—"General, hasten to the artillery; there is no need to fire upon those battalions, only let the ice be broken. To cannonade such a number will take much time; they must be engulfed," and engulfed they were.

What Napoleon had foreseen did indeed happen. The chief of the Germanic body, the King of Bohemia and Hungary, the Emperor of Austria, Francis II., came to visit a victorious Corsican in his hovel, called him his brother, and entreated him to be contented with the sovereignty of France, of Italy, of the Low Countries, of Inspruck, &c., &c. The modest conqueror promised, for the moment, not to demand anything more, provided the Emperor, as the price of his moderation, would pay him some millions of money in gold. This was not too much for having, at one stroke, engulfed twenty thousand men.

Scarcely had the Emperor of Austria quitted him, when he could not forbear saying, "Since my cousin is reduced to coming to see me, I may, when it is necessary, visit the whole family." Little attention

was paid to these expressions at the moment, but I never forgot them

A short time after the peace of Presbourg, the nature of my functions was entirely changed. On a sudden my salary was increased, but I was no longer so much about Napoleon's person, though I generally saw him every day. I was truly mortified, I may say, that I could no longer be the witness of his most secret actions as before. I returned into the class of ordinary attendants, I saw no longer any more than numbers of others saw with me. To repeat what everybody knows does not enter into my plan. Some anecdotes, little known, and others not accurately represented, or entirely mutilated, to which I was witness, will complete this work to the moment when I quitted Napoleon.

After the battle of Jena, Napoleon established his headquarters at Brunswick, in the Duke of Weimar's palace. The Duchess had not fled, she had retired with her women into one of the wings of the chateau. We arrived before the Emperor, the servants indicated to us the apartments we were to occupy. Napoleon arrived, intoxicated with his victory, impetuous, boiling over with glory, his head quite gone. In the second apartment the Duchess presented herself before him.

"Who are you?" said he—"The Duchess of Weimar."

"I will crush your husband, he shall not be allowed a moment of repose."—"Sire, I do not wish

to offend, but honour and his rank required of him the part he took."

"He lost his senses when he thought he could resist me. I tell you, madame, the Cabinet of Berlin has for a long time plagued and vexed me; they shall pay for it. The insolent Prussian nobles, making a vast parade of bravery, shall learn that my Ministers are not to be insulted with impunity; they shall be reduced to beg their bread."

The Duchess saw plainly that the moment was not favourable, and retired. The next morning she sent a gentleman to inquire how the Emperor had passed the night. "Well, extremely well," he said. "Thank the Duchess for her politeness, and say that I will come and breakfast with her." I do not know what passed at this *tête-à-tête*, but when Napoleon returned to his own apartments, he was full of admiration of the Duchess. "She is a very sensible woman, indeed," said he, "full of good qualities; I will do much for her—yes, she will save her husband."

In a short time all Prussia was conquered, and things were tending towards the peace of Tilsit. "If William," said he, "accepts peace on the terms I shall propose, it is well; he shall have it. If he refuse, he will act nobly, and render me a service, as this peace will interfere with my projects." At Tilsit the Emperor had an interview with the Queen of Prussia; on the eve he said to one of his Generals, "They say she is a fine woman."—"It will be," said the courtier "a rose with a bunch of laurel."

The beginning of this interview was polite, even delicate. "I expected, madame," said Napoleon, "to have seen a beautiful Queen, but you are the most beautiful woman in the world" There were some roses in a vase, he took one, and presented it to her.

"We know each other very little," she said, timid and confused, "may I be made acquainted with your Majesty's meaning?"—"Accept it, madame, accept it, it is a pledge of the friendship which I shall henceforward bear you, as well as your husband."

The Queen took the rose, she was pale and trembling, her women were alarmed. 'Do not alarm yourself, madame, said the Emperor, 'I am wholly your's. If there is anything that I could do to oblige you, do not deprive me of that pleasure.'

The Queen was silent for some time, at length, with a hesitating voice, she requested the town of Magdeburg for her son. 'Magdeburg!' exclaimed the Emperor, starting from his seat, 'Magdeburg' you do not know, madame, what you ask, let us hear no more of it,' and hastily took his leave.

This anecdote has been differently related. Phrases of the most gross kind have been imputed to the Emperor, but what I have given here is the truth, and was written down upon the spot. I might add something here relative to the following campaigns and the battle of Lyhu, but they will be found in my "Historical Survey," as well as some details relative to the Spanish War, so I refer the reader to that place.



## CHAPTER XII.

### NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE.

NAPOLEON, at the height of his glory, was, after the peace of Friedland, the first Monarch of Europe. For a long time he had been desirous of posterity, and Josephine despaired of bringing him children. More than once C—— and M—— had been made the confidants of his views on this point. "My weakness here," he said, "is great. I know not how to approach my wife on the subject, and yet I feel that it must come to that." The two counsellors proved to him that his scruples were idle; that the good of the State and the stability of the throne imperatively demanded that Napoleon should have an heir.

Napoleon hesitated for a long time before he could come to a decision in the matter; nevertheless, C—— and M—— urged him so closely, that at length the divorce from Josephine was resolved on. It was C—— who undertook first to sound her upon this important matter; and it was then that she displayed all the heroic firmness of her character. Scarcely had C—— begun, when she stopped him. "It is idle, sir," she said, "to make use of any disguise or circumlocution with me; speak out at once. I read my fate

in your countenance I had before some suspicion of it, but was willing to hope my suspicions were unfounded. The veil is now torn aside. Say to his Majesty that if my fall be absolutely necessary for his glory, I am ready to make the greatest sacrifices."

Napoleon, on receiving this answer, said, "I was well assured of it, she is good—ever, ever good." Orders were immediately given that the proper documents for annulling the marriage should be drawn up, and every one knows how both the civil and ecclesiastical part of the community conducted themselves in this affair.

The Empress never permitted herself to make the least complaint, to utter a single reproach. She only wrote the following letter to her husband —

"If your Majesty has definitely resolved to deprive me of the title of your wife, the only one of which I ever was proud, and in which I placed my whole happiness, if your glory, if the prosperity of the State, depend absolutely upon this great sacrifice, I am ready to make it. It is not the honours with which you have surrounded me that I regret, one thing alone rends my heart, that I shall no longer be your wife, shall no longer be your cherished friend the faithful depositary of all your cares and sorrows, that I shall no longer be able to soothe and console you. Who will replace me? Grant, O Heaven! that this young Princess may give my husband, whom for the first time I may call so, what he has so long desired

quit the Kremlin, he was no longer quite his old self, either physically or mentally. He committed faults in proportion to his losses. On the eighteenth of October the cavalry of the King of Naples was beaten by the Russians. Napoleon was furious when he heard the news, and laid the fault publicly upon the King. "If he is a soldier only where it is warm," he exclaimed, "let him return to Mount Tabor."

This insulting speech was most injudicious at a moment when the Emperor had occasion for all his forces and warriors. I know not whether it ever reached the ears of Murat, but from that time till he quitted the army, the utmost coldness was visible between him and his brother-in-law. His discontent rose to its height when Prince Eugene was appointed Commander-in-chief of the whole army. The King of Naples, on this, set off for his own dominions with a heart full of resentment for the insults he had received. These are faults which all the rhetoric of flatterers can never justify.

The Emperor, on his return to Paris, set no bounds to his demands. Everywhere he found the same facility; no resistance on the part of any of the bodies in the State; they seemed, with one accord, to have adopted his motto: "The last man and the last penny are mine." This compliance with his will in everything was the cause of his ruin; he thought that men were never to be wearied. He said to his wife, "I have had great losses, but they may soon be repaired. I know my people well; they are too far engaged

to recede. They have given me their sons, the sons will draw the fathers after them. My treasures are in every pocket, nothing is requisite but to ask for them. I will not degrade the throne, and yet I shall get through this conflict with glory."

He would have made almost any sacrifices to revenge himself on the Prince Royal of Sweden, because of his opposition to his schemes. Nothing was omitted to ruin him with the King, and Napoleon purposely made all his answers ambiguous, insignificant, and capable of being variously interpreted. The Prince Royal, who had the example of Spain before his eyes, perceived the snare laid for him. He was not ignorant that Napoleon had said to his Ministers that the only means of managing Sweden was to sow divisions between the Prince and the King, so, to stop the evil at its source, he resolved to meet the question boldly with the Emperor, through his *chargé d'affaires*, the Chevalier de Signoul. "The friendship of Sweden for France," it was said in this note, "has cost her several provinces. His Majesty the Emperor of the French has promised to afford her the means of recovering them, or to indemnify her by other provinces nearer to Sweden. If this promise is not fulfilled, Sweden will break with France." An explanation so explicit disconcerted the Cabinet of Saint-Cloud, and Napoleon had one enemy the more, he said consequently to M——, "It would be a master-stroke to make him finish his career at Vincennes."

The presence of Napoleon in Germany, however,

became every hour more and more necessary; and in a few days he arrived at Dresden—this was in the month of May, 1813. The battles of the nineteenth, twentieth, and the twenty-first re-established the honour of our arms and the affairs of the Emperor. All on a sudden Austria declared solemnly that she would take part against the side that would not make peace. On this Napoleon remarked to Marshal M——, “It is against me then that he will take part; in my present situation I cannot, and I will not make peace.”

On the twenty-second he sent me with several of the officers of his household to Mayence, to meet the Empress, and he joined us there himself on the twenty-sixth. He was visibly much agitated, and was resolving in his mind some great project. On the twenty-eighth of May I saw him surrounded by people whom I had for a long time known as those employed by him when he contemplated some great operation. Councils were held every day; but great care was taken to conceal everything from the Empress. Couriers were continually passing between the Court of Vienna and the French headquarters. On the sixth of April two regiments of cavalry, which came from Dresden, were lodged in the environs of Mayence. On the same day despatches were received by the Emperor from Vienna; I know not the contents of them, but they put him into extremely good humour. A secret council was immediately held, and the cavalry received orders

in the night to hold themselves in readiness to mount their horses. The next day other despatches arrived from the same Court, which entirely clouded over the Emperor's joy. He departed immediately for Dresden, and the Empress returned to Paris. From the observations I made upon all these things, I have no doubt that Napoleon's plan was to entice the Emperor of Austria to Mayence, under the pretence of seeing his daughter, when he would have been arrested, and kept as a hostage for the conduct of his Cabinet.

Austria now declared war against us. All Napoleon's ablest counsellors and his most experienced generals, all true friends to their country and to him, advised him to retire upon the Rhine. Vainly did Marshal M—— represent to him that Bohemia, an impenetrable country, menaced our right and our rear. Napoleon assented in part to these truths, but would not retreat. General Oudinot, a consummate officer and intrepid soldier, but a bad courtier, presented to him a detailed memorial, full of strength, good reasoning, and strong facts, in which was the following passage: "If your Majesty would withdraw all your garrisons, and, uniting them in one large body, retire with them to the Rhine, placing those who are the most exhausted in good cantonments, and making the others take strong positions, you might still dictate peace to the Allies." The counsel was bold, it is true, but it was prudent and decisive, and that alone which could save the

Emperor and his whole territory. But the memorial was hastily read, and the advice rejected. Every project of retreat, every hint to that effect, was, from that moment, hateful to him, and any one who dared to give such a hint, incurred his utmost displeasure.

Some days after this event, I fell seriously ill, and obtained permission to return to France. I was obliged to stop at Chalons, as travelling had increased my malady so much that the physicians said if I attempted to proceed, I should never reach Paris alive. I remained at Chalons till the twenty-sixth of November; my wife came to meet me, and accompanied me to the capital; but when I arrived there, I had a relapse, which confined me to my bed till the sixteenth of February. I regretted very much, and regret still, that I could not follow Napoleon to the moment of his fall; not to insult his misfortunes—he is fallen, he is punished—but to note his behaviour in the last moments of his expiring greatness.

My observations began in the cradle of his power, and it would have been of the greatest possible interest to me to have seen that power in its decline, as I knew Napoleon better than any other person ever did.

AN ACCOUNT  
*OF THE*  
REGENCY AT BLOIS,  
*OR*  
THE LAST MOMENTS  
*OF THE*  
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.







scarcely had a month elapsed, after their arrival, before they were ordered to depart. This change was occasioned by the battle of Brienne. In their stead the members of the Government were expected, arrangements having been made for their quitting Paris, and the most valuable articles having been accordingly deposited in safe custody; but the advantages gained at Champ-Aubert, Montmirail, and Vauchamp, retarded this movement, and it required the sanguinary combats of six weeks, with all their marches and counter-marches, to exhaust the powers of Napoleon.

It was after this interval that Paris was left without defence, and that the town of Blois received so many guests;—the Court of a fugitive Sovereign and the Ministers of Napoleon, whose capital was occupied by the Allies.

It was then that we saw the Government, which for a long time had been, from the bosom of Paris, the terror and scourge of the world, breathe forth at Blois its last sigh, and terminate its career.

Having witnessed this event, we propose to retrace the principal circumstances of it.

After the departure of the Swedes and English who had successively resided at Blois, and had imparted much animation to the place, the town became, as it were, a tomb, which was every day filled with the unfortunate victims of the war. The castle, formerly the residence of kings, was crowded with prisoners. Vessels conveying the wounded crowded the Loire, and supplied more than sufficient tenants

for the hospitals, and the same was the case at the towns more remote from the scene of war. In fact, no other travellers were seen. The roads, which had recently been crowded with fugitives who had escaped from Paris, troops belonging to the army of Spain who had found their way hither, national guards, and recently levied conscripts, were now deserted. The capture of Bordeaux tended to augment this melancholy solitude; and for three weeks the inhabitants lived in this deceitful calm, the general precursor of a storm, till, towards the end of March, a new emigration on the part of the inhabitants of Paris informed those of Blois that the capital was threatened a second time.

On Monday, March 28th, news arrived that Napoleon, who had not published any account of his movements for several days, had left Paris, and that he was more than fifty leagues from that city, at Saint-Dizier. Travellers and private letters agreed in stating that it was his intention to manœuvre on the right of the Allies, without any fear of seeing them advance towards the capital, which he conceived that he had left proof against invasion.

It is said that, after having undertaken this manœuvre, Napoleon demanded whether Paris could hold out three days, and that he departed in consequence of the answer having been given in the affirmative.

On Tuesday, March 29th, the number of fugitives became so great that it was evident that the alarm of the Parisians was increasing. Every one said

that the *dénouement* was at hand ; but no one said that it was the downfall of Napoleon—not even those who most wished it.

On Wednesday, March 30th, at ten o'clock at night, we learnt that the Empress and the King of Rome had quitted Paris, taking the route of Tours by Rambouillet and Chartres. This intelligence was brought by the Countess Chaptal, who escaped from Paris, and fled to Chanteloup ; and it was soon confirmed by the proclamation of King Joseph to the Parisians, as follows. It was not inserted in the journals, but brought to us by travellers.

*“ King Joseph, Lieutenant-General of the Emperor, Commander-in-chief of the National Guard, to the Citizens of Paris.*

“ CITIZENS OF PARIS,

“ A column of the enemy has advanced on Meaux. It proceeds by the road from Germany ; but the Emperor follows it closely at the head of a victorious army.

“ The Council of Regency has provided for the safety of the Empress and the King of Rome. I remain with you.

“ Let us arm to defend this city, its monuments, its riches, our wives, our children,—all that is dear to us. Let this vast city become, for a short time, a camp, that the enemy may find his disgrace under these walls, which he hopes to mount in triumph.

"The Emperor is marching to our relief. Second him by a short but spirited resistance, and let us support the honour of France.

(Signed) "JOSEPH \*

*"Paris, 29th March, 1814"*

On the morning of Thursday, the 31st, the diligences brought to Blois a much greater number of passengers, and these were much more alarmed than those who had arrived on the preceding night. They had left Paris on the 30th at six o'clock in the morning amidst the roar of cannon, which they heard until they reached Etampes. They reported that the National Guard had made a sortie from the walls, and

\* So short a document needed a commentary, and one appeared, which was circulated by authority, but of so violent a nature, that no one dared to acknowledge or sign it. The following are the terms in which it was couched

*"Shall we suffer ourselves to be pillaged? Shall we suffer ourselves to be burnt?"*

"While the Emperor is manœuvring towards the rear of the enemy, twenty five to thirty thousand men, led by an audacious partisan, dare to threaten our barriers. Can they impose upon five hundred thousand citizens, who are able to exterminate them? They are well aware that such a force is incapable of maintaining itself at Paris, and their sole object is a *coups de main*. As they have but a few days to remain among us, they hasten to plunder us—to gorge themselves with gold and spoil, and when compelled by a victorious army to quit the capital, they would depart by the light of the flames which they had kindled.

"No, we will not suffer ourselves to be pillaged,—we will not suffer ourselves to be burnt. Let us defend our property, our wives and infants, give our brave army time to arrive, and ann-

had supported the troops of the line in a brilliant affair, but that the capture of Paris would inevitably ensue.

There were, nevertheless, many incredulous persons, who would not believe that Paris was besieged, and still less that there was any probability of its being shortly taken. But they were soon convinced of its truth by the arrival of an ocular witness—an author and actor in this grand drama—the chief of the National Guard at Paris. This was Count Regnault, the Minister of State. His Excellency reached Blois

hilate the barbarians under the walls which they would destroy. Let us but have the resolution to conquer them, and they will not attack us. Our capital would be the tomb of the army which attempted to force its gates. We have, in the face of the enemy, a considerable body of troops, commanded by skilful and intrepid officers. Nothing is requisite but to second them. We have artillery, bayonets, pikes, and iron. Our suburbs, our streets, our houses—all may be converted to our defence. Let us, if it must be so, form barricades ; let us forbid our carriages to move, and everything that can obstruct the general passage ; let us surmount our walls with battlements ; let us dig fosses ; and convey the pavement of our streets into our chambers. This done, the enemy will withdraw in dismay.

“Let any one figure to himself an army attempting to force its way through one of our suburbs, in the midst of these obstacles, and a cross-fire of musketry from all the houses, while street-pebbles and beams are being showered upon them from every quarter.

“Such an army would be destroyed before it could reach the centre of Paris. But no,—the very sight of these preparations for such a defence would force the enemy to renounce his vain projects, and he would speedily retreat, in order not to be enclosed between the army of Paris and that of the Emperor.”

about nine o'clock at night, and demanded horses to go forward, but with these he could not be supplied, this obliged him to suspend for some hours a journey of an apparently very urgent nature.\*

The mail from Paris did not arrive at all, and that which left Blois the day before returned. Everything announced to the inhabitants of Blois that communication with the capital was entirely cut off.

Nevertheless, on Friday, April 1st, about eleven o'clock in the day, two hours after the time at which the diligences usually arrive, and when no hopes were entertained of seeing them, one made its appearance, which had left Paris the day before. With what curiosity did all press round this vehicle, in order to obtain, as a special favour, the news which they now despaired of receiving in any other way. The Mayor himself sent to request such particulars as the passengers would please to communicate. If they did not entirely agree as to the circumstances of the battle, which had taken place before the gates of Paris on the 30th, they were at least unanimous as to the capitulation, which had been the consequence. At the time of their departure the National Guard still occupied the posts of the barriers, but were to resign them in a few hours to the troops of the Allies.

\* We afterwards learnt that the Count had appeared at the head of a detachment of his legions on the heights of Montmartre, but after having seen the first balls, his prudence exceeded his courage, he had hurried away from the field of battle, where he had been degraded, and provisionally succeeded by M. Orléans.



Nothing could be more exhilarating than these details as to the occupation of Paris. It appeared evident that the conquerers had only entered it as liberators, and that terror had given way to joy. But where was Napoleon? Where was his army? What force had he still remaining? What would be the fate of Paris if he again arrived? To what point would he retreat if foiled in the object of his movements? These were points not to be settled without a great variety of opinion, which left the spirits balanced between the fear of Napoleon's return and the hope of a downfall, from which he could never rise again. The best-informed persons were of opinion that he was in the vicinity of the Prince de Schwartzenberg's army, and that a great battle was inevitable.

A few hours before the arrival of the diligence, the Ministers of Police and Justice had passed. Their Excellencies were on their way to Tours, which place they seemed most anxious to reach. It was thought that this town had been fixed upon for the residence of the Empress, who had taken the route of Chartres and Vendôme; but it appeared that her Majesty, after having been for several days without tidings from Napoleon, received some at Vendôme. They changed her destination, and fixed the seat of Regency at Blois. It was also stated, in order to account for this alteration, that Blois had been preferred to Tours, from possessing a more salubrious air, and from the beautiful situation which the Hotel of the Prefecture

could boast—advantages most valuable with regard to the health of her Imperial Majesty To this might be added a greater degree of security than she could have at Tours

Be this as it may, the Prefect, who had already repaired to the boundaries of his department for the purpose of complimenting the Empress, received a despatch by a courier, which caused his return to Blois with all possible speed for the purpose of removing from the Hotel of the Prefecture, and causing arrangements to be immediately made for the reception of the Empress and the King of Rome.

The principal inhabitants and functionaries, particularly those in the neighbourhood of the Hotel of the Prefecture, received an invitation to prepare apartments for Madame, the Emperor's mother, the Kings Joseph, Louis, and Jerome, the Arch Chancellor, the Ministers, and the chief officers of Administration, with further accommodation for eighteen hundred of the military\*

On Saturday, April 2nd, in the course of the morning, we saw the first detachments of cavalry arrive, they were soon followed by a large quantity of bag

\* This neighbourhood was chosen on account of the situation of Blois, which rises like an amphitheatre over the left bank of the Loire. The Hotel of the Prefecture crowns one of the extremities of the amphitheatre, and cannot be reached but by very steep streets, or by a flight of more than a hundred steps. The 1<sup>st</sup> Excellencies, who lodged at the lower part of the town, had to ascend these steps. The Prince Arch Chancellor, who had apartments midway, used a sedan.

gage, and particularly by fifteen covered waggons, containing the Imperial treasures; then couriers succeeded each other every hour. About three o'clock the Prefect went to meet their Majesties at the distance of a league from the town. The local guard and garrison were under arms, forming two lines, between which the troops and a great number of the carriages passed. Towards five o'clock those of the Empress and the King of Rome appeared, who made their entry through an immense crowd amidst a dead silence.

The Ministers, who had pushed forward to Tours, now hastened their return. Several were still at Orleans. Others had fled as far as Brittany. Of this number were the Count Bigot-Prémeneau, Minister of General Improvements, and Baron Pommereul, Director-General of the Library, who doubtless considered the exercise of their tranquil functions to be incompatible with the tumult of arms, and their advice superfluous.

On Sunday, the 3rd, mass was celebrated at the palace by M. Gallois, the pastor of Saint-Louis; for neither almoner, nor chaplain, nor clergymen of the Imperial Chapel were to be found among the suite of the Empress.

After mass a council of the Ministers was held; and at five o'clock her Majesty received the constituted authorities of the town. She passed through the midst of them, followed by the King of Rome, and addressed a few words to each, beginning with

the clergy—a remarkable innovation, and honourable to the piety of this Princess. Melancholy was depicted on her countenance.

Public rumour had announced the bulletins respecting the position of the armies. It appeared, in fact, that the Court had received two; the one conveying intelligence to March 29th, the other to April 1st. In the latter the fall of Paris was announced.

These two documents are the more valuable because they contain the last tidings which Napoleon gave to his army, and which were as follows:—

*Copy of the Bulletin, which should have been inserted in the "Moniteur" of March 31st.*

"Her Majesty the Empress-Queen and Regent has received the following intelligence from the armies, dated March 29th.

"The General of Division, Peré, entered Chaumont on the 25th, and has thus cut off the enemy's line of operation. He has intercepted several messengers, and taken from the enemy their baggage, many pieces of cannon, and magazines of clothing, besides which a great number of wounded in the hospitals have become his prisoners. He has been zealously supported by the inhabitants of the country, who are everywhere in arms, and display the greatest ardour. Baron Wessemsberg, Minister of Austria in England, returning from London with Count Pulsy, his Secretary of Legation; the Swedish

Lieutenant-General Sessiole de Brand, Minister from his Court to the Emperor of Russia, with a Swedish major; the Prussian Counsellor of War, Penguillen; M. de Tolstoi, M. de Marcoff, and two other officers in the Russian service, all going on missions to different headquarters of the Allies, have been stopped by the levy *en masse*, and conducted to the headquarters of the French army. The seizure of these personages and their papers is of great importance.

"The park of artillery, belonging to the Russian Army, and all its equipages were at Bar-sur-Aube. On hearing the first account of the movements of the army, they retired on Befort, which deprives the enemy of ammunition, of his resources as to provisions in reserve, and of several other objects necessary to him.

"The army of the enemy having commenced operations between the Aube and Marne, the Russian General Witzingerode, was left at Saint-Dizier with eight thousand cavalry and two divisions of infantry, for the purpose of maintaining the line of communication, and facilitating the arrival of artillery, ammunition, and provisions, which the enemy are in great want of.

"The division of dragoons, under General Milhaud, and the cavalry of the Guard, commanded by General Sebastiani, passed the ford of Valcour on March 22nd, attacked the Russian cavalry, and after several fine charges, completely routed them. Three thousand of them, principally of the Imperial Guard, were

either killed or made prisoners. The enemy also lost eighteen pieces of cannon, as well as their baggage. The woods and fields are covered with their dead. All the corps of cavalry have vied with each other in distinguishing themselves. The Duke of Reggio pursued the enemy to Bar sur Ornain, which he entered on the 27th. On the 29th, the headquarters of the Emperor were at Troyes. Two convoys of prisoners amounting to more than six thousand, follow the army.

"In all the villages the inhabitants have taken up arms. Exasperated by the violence, crimes and ravages of the enemy, they wage war against them—a war founded on provocation and fraught with peril."

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*' April 1st, 1814*

"The Emperor, who had removed his headquarters to Troyes on the 29th, has led the army by forced marches through Sens towards the capital. On the 31st, his Majesty was at Fontainebleau, and has learnt that the enemy, who arrived twenty four hours before the French army, occupied Paris after having experienced a strong resistance, which cost them a considerable number of lives.

"The corps of the Duke of Treviso the Duke of Ragusa and General Compans, which have united for the defence of the capital, are between Essonne and

Paris, where his Majesty has taken a position with all the army arrived from Troyes.

“The occupation of the capital by the enemy is a misfortune which sorely afflicts the heart of his Majesty, but which does not warrant alarm. The presence of the Emperor with his army at the gates of Paris, will prevent the usual excesses of the enemy in a city so populous, which he cannot defend without rendering his position most dangerous.”

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These two documents did not appear at Blois. It was, no doubt, supposed that a place so near the theatre of war would not attach to these reports the extent of veracity intended. They were destined for departments at a greater distance; and the Prefects, to whom they were addressed, received orders to accompany them, when published, with comments suitable to the time and place.

The following, for instance, were the words of consolation addressed to the inhabitants of the department of the Maine and Loire, on announcing this intelligence:—

“The Emperor is well, and watches for the good of all.

“The Empress and the King of Rome are in safety.

“The Kings, brothers of the Emperor, the Grand

Dignitaries, the Ministers, the Senate and the Council of State, have removed to the banks of the Loire, where the centre of government is provisionally established.

“Hence the actions of government will be in no degree paralyzed. Good citizens and true Frenchmen may be afflicted at the occupation of the capital; but there is no cause for serious alarm. Let them rely for deliverance upon the activity, care, and genius of the Emperor; but let them duly feel that in this important state of affairs, national honour, and our own interests, properly understood, more than ever require us to rally round our Sovereign. Let us support his efforts, regretting no sacrifice to terminate this dreadful struggle against enemies, who, not content with combating our armies, attack each citizen in that which is most dear to him, and lay waste this beautiful country, the glory and prosperity of which have ever been the objects of their jealous hatred.

“In spite of the success which the Allied Army has attained, and which it will not long boast, the theatre of war is still far from you; but if a few stragglers, attracted by the hope of pillage, should dare to appear upon your plains, they would find you armed to defend your wives, your children, and your property.”

The town of Blois was not thought worthy of this consolatory language; but was left, on the contrary, in complete ignorance as to the movements of the



army of Paris, from which place there were no arrivals of letters, journals, or travellers. It had been stated at two o'clock that the Court would be removed to Orleans on the following day; but this was contradicted later, and the intention announced of remaining at Blois. In fact, the orders of Napoleon were to decide this point, and communication with him now became more and more difficult. Perhaps, too, the Court meant to be guided by circumstances which became every day more critical; for its spies in Paris had not failed to communicate the declaration of the Allies, dated the 31st, that they would neither treat with Napoleon nor any member of his family, the decree of the Senate on April 1st, by which a Provisional Government was established; and finally, that on the 2nd, by which the dethronement of Napoleon was fixed.

But though the Court was acquainted with these facts, they were kept as secret as the bulletins, and none of them allowed to transpire in the place.

On Monday, the 4th, we were left in ignorance and anxiety as to what had taken place on the preceding day. The only intelligence from Paris was brought by a waggoner, who had left that city by a passport signed "Sacken," and who reported that all was quiet there. Such was not the case at Blois. The Ministers, directly after breakfast, assembled in a body at the residence of her Imperial Majesty, where they held a council which lasted till dinner-time, without any result being announced.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, however, we saw King Joseph and King Jerome set out from Blois, taking the road towards Orleans, accompanied by the Minister of War

The object of this journey was to ascertain whether the Regency could not be established at Orleans, for the purpose of having more easy communication with the Emperor, but on their arrival at that city, about three o'clock in the morning, the two monarchs found despatches from Fontainebleau,\* in which the dissatisfaction of Napoleon as to the Regency was avowed in terms dictated by the last transports of fury and despair. Napoleon, doubtless, attributed the subjugation of Paris to the flight of the Lieutenant-General, who had received orders to remain there

Far from attempting to protect the Regency by any military movement, Napoleon proposed, on the contrary, to manœuvre on Paris, leaving the right bank of the Loire undefended. He appears to have actually abandoned the Regency, for he communicated his order of the day† without mentioning the

\* This news arrived on March 28th, and at the same time that it commanded the General to keep his post, it ordered the departure of the Empress and the King of Rome, wishing rather," said Napoleon, "to see them at the bottom of the Seine, than conveyed in triumph to Vienna."

† The following is the Order of the Day alluded to —

"The Emperor thanks the Army for the attachment which it testifies towards him, and principally because it proves that the army possesses true French feeling, though the inhabitants of the capital do not. The soldier follows the fortune or misfortune

They did not appear to be disconcerted by the news from Paris and Fontainebleau ; but, on the contrary, had determined to maintain one Government against another ; for which purpose they were preceded by the Ministers of the War Department, and by forty Commissioners, who had received orders to recruit for the army by day and night. There were several military divisions with which communication was still open, and in these unfortunate districts the new levies were undoubtedly to be made, while volunteers were to assemble in the departments occupied by the Allies.

MM. Regnault and Lacuée passed the Loire, and took the road to Berry. The former stated that he was sent to Lyons to interview the Emperor of Austria, and showed a letter from the Empress to her august father. The object of this was merely to throw any suspicious inquirers on a false scent.

On the same day the Allies entered Pithiviers by main force, where a hundred chasseurs made a most honourable resistance to two thousand men. The place was given up to plunder, as an atonement for the death of a gentleman who had been killed by a revenue officer. The fate of Pithiviers is the more deplorable, and the circumstance which gave rise to it the more criminal, because the place had before been occupied by the Allies, and the inhabitants found their conduct unexceptionable.

On Wednesday, the 6th, MM. Regnault and Lacuée, whose mission had not been of long con-

tinuance, returned. The environs of Blois were inspected by the engineer of the department; all useless carriages were sent away, particularly those of the consecration, which were removed to Chambort. A quartermaster set out for Tours; the Polytechnic schools, the schools of Charenton and Saint-Cyr, and several pages arrived in the town. Blois was already full, there was not an inhabitant who had not received somebody into his house or his lodgings; some had even given up 'their beds to the visitors. But although these guests were polished, the fear was that they might soon have others of a very different description.

It was rumoured that two camps were to be formed near Blois, and this news kept people's minds divided between the spectacle of the present, and the fear of what was to come—between the astonishment excited by the living picture of the instability of human things, so strikingly displayed in this itinerant Court, and the fear of an army which might be called for the defence of Blois, and which would pay for the hospitalities received, by spreading around all the evils attendant upon war. A rumour of the suspension of arms was, however, circulated; it was also reported that the Duke of Cadore had gone on a mission to the Emperor of Austria. This double news was again communicated in confidence by Count Regnault to his hosts, who did not fail to impart it to their friends.

Another thing was not communicated, the whole

town of Blois being kept in ignorance of it. This was, that the bridge was mined, that under one of the arches was six hundred pounds of powder! The confiding inhabitants of Blois slept every night upon a volcano, the existence of which would only have been revealed by its explosion, and the protection thereby afforded to the flight of their guests, unless gratitude had urged some of these guests to confess the fatal secret.\*

The last news of the day was the arrival of two mails from Paris. It was known that they had been escorted by some of the allied troops as far as Mount Desire,† but that when they arrived at Orleans, the Prefect had stopped them, and sent them to Blois to the Minister of the Police.

On Holy Thursday, April 7th, mass was said in the palace, by the almoner of the pages, after which a council of the Ministers was held. The news, and the entertainment of the town, was a proclamation which was posted about early in the morning. Its contents were as follows:—

“FRENCHMEN,

“The events of war have placed the capital in the power of strangers. The Emperor is hastening to defend it at the head of the armies so often

\* The bridges at Beaugency and at Tours were also mined, ready to be blown up.

† A post station between Estampes and Angerville.

victorious They are in the presence of the enemy under the walls of Paris

"It is from the residence that I have chosen, and from the Ministers of the Emperor, that will issue the orders which alone you are to follow

"Every town in the power of the enemy ceases to be free, every order that comes from them is the language of a stranger, or requisite to further his hostile intentions

"You will be faithful to your oaths, you will listen to the voice of a Princess who considers it her glory to be a Frenchwoman and to be associated with the destinies of a Sovereign whom you have freely chosen

"My son was less sure of your hearts in the time of our prosperity, his rights and his person are under your safeguard

(Signed)

"MARIE LOUISE

(Countersigned)

"MONTALIVET

*"(Performing the functions of  
Secretary to the Regency)"*

This document was dated the 3rd, two days before a decree of the 5th, which appointed the Count Montalivet Secretary to the Regency The publication of it was decreed by the council on the 6th, it was printed and posted about in the night between the 6th and 7th From the antedate it may well be supposed that the plan of their Excellencies was to leave the door open for accommodation with the Provisional Government, and at the same time give proofs

of an active zeal for Napoleon. Be this as it may, the proclamation was sent into all the departments where there was a possibility of sending it.

It did not create any great sensation at Blois; it served, on the contrary, to give greater credibility to the news from Paris. The presence of the Government, however, created a constant apprehension of the arrival of the army. Some fugitives from Chartres announced that a body of the allied troops were advancing upon that city, whence they would not fail to march upon Blois, attracted by the hope of seizing upon the treasury.

The Court was much more embarrassed than the town. The Government appeared from this moment principally occupied with guarding the Empress, the King of Rome, and the treasury; they saw all these ready to escape them, and that they ought to take some decisive step without delay. For six days much time had been lost in deliberating upon the place of retreat; sometimes Tours was thought of, sometimes Nantes, sometimes Berry. It appears as if the Empress did not approve these projects; that she even resisted King Joseph and King Jerome, who endeavoured to persuade her to accompany them to the other side of the Loire, urging her own personal safety and that of the State.

The account given of the scene is this:—On Good Friday, April 8th, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, Kings Joseph and Jerome went with two carriages to the habitation of the

Empress, telling her that they were about to depart, and that they came to propose her accompanying them, so that her person might be placed in greater security. The Empress answered that she was under no apprehension for her person, whether she fell into the hands of the Germans or into those of the Russians; and she was therefore determined to wait the event. Her two brothers-in-law represented to her that the ties which united her to the Imperial family rendered her a voluntary and necessary hostage for that family and for the State, and that the safety of both required her removal. The Empress inquired whither they proposed to conduct her, and whether they acted thus by order of the Emperor. The two Kings answered that they had no positive orders to this effect, but that it was necessary for her, as Regent, to retire beyond the Loire, and that two carriages were at the door, one for her and one for her son.

The Empress answered this proposal only by tears. The Kings, little affected, each took her by the arm, and endeavoured to force her to the carriage; but by her cries she brought some of the officers of her household into the room. The Empress, addressing these gentlemen, desired them, as one of the last services they could render her, and as a proof of their attachment, to go and learn from the officers of her guard whether it was their intention to sanction the violence offered to her. The officers, informed of what was passing by M. d'Haussonville, the



chamberlain, hastened to the Empress's apartment, which they found already filled with other witnesses. The presence of all these people disconcerted the two Kings so much that they retired no less ashamed of their attempt than mortified at the ill success which had attended it.

The officers were eager to satisfy the Empress's mind; they protested that they were not to receive orders from any one but her Majesty, and that they never would listen to any other. The rumour of this scene transpired in the town, but in a vague manner and without any details. When and how such a state of things would terminate, no one could conjecture. The Ministers, always booted and ready to set off, came to the palace at an earlier hour than usual.

About two in the afternoon news was suddenly spread that Count Schuvaloff had arrived at the hotel of the Galley, and that he came to seek the Empress. He was alone and without any armed force. The proclamation of Blois was still posted about everywhere; neither the local authorities nor the Imperial Government had done anything to supersede it. No one ventured to open his mouth either to dispute the mission of Count Schuvaloff or to acknowledge it.\* A few moments after his arrival, some of the Ministers

\* A report was spread in Blois that the Hetman of the Cossacks had arrived. A clerk in the War Office, who had been a sapper, and who conceived that it would do him honour to cherish a fine beard, was the occasion of this error; he was visited by many ladies, who believed that it was Platoff they beheld.

were seen coming out from the palace, and it was thought, from the undisguised consternation which might be read in their countenances, that the last moments of the Imperial Government were at hand

This rumour received strong confirmation from a circumstance which must not be omitted. When the Ministers quitted Paris they had not time to furnish themselves with passports, perhaps it was a thing they never thought of, they, possibly, considered their dignities a sufficient safeguard for their persons. But, although they might be a security to them in their departure, they would be useless, or even dangerous, on their return. They had to pass through a long chain of the allied troops, and it will be easily understood that in their eyes, being the Ministers of Napoleon, far from proving a recommendation sufficient to supply the place of a passport, was more likely to expose them to danger and insult. They consulted together on what was to be done, and at length agreed that they would get passports from the Mayor of Blois, and entreat M. de Schuvaloff to add his counter signature.

The first of these objects was attained without any other difficulty than what arose from the description which it was necessary to give of their persons. But M. Bruère, to whose lot it fell to make out the passports, in the mayoralty at Blois, acquitted himself with all the respect that the singular position in which these gentlemen stood would permit. This position the honest clerk would gladly have softened,

and it was not without sympathizing in their feelings that he described the features of Princes, Ministers, counsellors of State, and other such great personages. These all shared his zeal, without exhausting it; he had still a portion left for others, though the number of passports delivered amounted to four hundred.\*

But only the first operation had as yet been accomplished; the second concerned Count Schuvaloff. This General had, in fact, not arrived many hours before the different members of the Government presented themselves before him, requesting his signature to their passports. The room which he occupied at the inn was soon found too small to contain his numerous visitors. Every one wanted the business despatched, and every one wanted to be the first served. Those who had been able to procure letters of recommendation came with them in their hands, presenting them to the General. The latter answered that he entertained the utmost respect for those by whom they were given, but in the little time he had, it was impossible to sign so many at once, and he must beg some to wait or to come again. Throughout the whole transaction he showed different degrees of politeness towards the different persons, thus evincing plainly that he was well acquainted with the conduct of all. It was observed

\* They produced the sum of eight hundred francs, the only revenue which the town of Blois derived from being the seat of the Government.

that every possible respect was paid to the Duke de Feltre, but that in signing the passport of the Duke of Rovigo, he wrote in the margin, "M. Savary."

As to what concerns the Court. The town was at length in possession of the public papers which had been so long withheld by the Minister of the Police; they were now distributed both among private families and in public places. Still the joy which they inspired dared not entirely break forth; the effusions of it were repressed, whether by the presence of the troops, or by the proclamation which remained still posted about, or perhaps from a certain sentiment of hospitality which would not add insult to misfortune. Thanks to this disposition, the illustrious personages who were suddenly deprived of the dignities which they possessed but the day before, were always treated as if they still retained them.

We have noticed the first act of the Regency which had for its aim the safety of the State. Delivered from so great an object of solicitude, the members of the Government did not now disdain to turn their attention towards one of less importance; they took measures relative to the payment of their several stipends. The Minister of the Treasury, and the Treasury itself, were upon the spot; nothing opposed their taking the last advantage they might be able to take of both. This salutary measure met with no opposition; every one received what was due to

him, with some addition to defray the expenses of the journey. The troops received three months' pay, without any distinction, whether more or less was due to them, and notwithstanding any observations made upon the subject, to which no one had time to listen.

Thus was terminated Good Friday, the 8th of April. These loyal subjects took their passports with one hand, and their money with the other, immediately after which the most zealous hastened to send in their adherence to the acts of the Provisional Government.

The night was devoted entirely to making preparations for the departure, which was to take place the next day. On Saturday, the 9th, between ten and eleven o'clock, the Empress, with the King of Rome and her Court, set out from Blois, accompanied by the appointed escort. Their Majesties took the road to Orleans, and found it bordered by a double row of spectators, who confined themselves to looking at the illustrious travellers in gloomy silence.

The order and tranquillity of the journey were nowhere disturbed excepting in the environs of Beaugency, where the sudden appearance of three hundred Cossacks occasioned a rather disagreeable interruption. One of the string of carriages was already plundered by these troops, ever greedy of booty, before the others were aware of their presence. The effects were, however, in a few minutes after restored, through the intervention of an aide-de-camp to Count Schuvaloff.

The civil and military authorities of Orleans came out to meet their Majesties, and the city guard and a numerous garrison formed two hedges between which they passed, and escorted them from the gates of the town to the episcopal palace. It was six o'clock when they arrived, the crowd was immense, and their reception here was not accompanied by the profound silence which had characterized the departure from Blois. The Prefect had all the journals taken away from the public places, and a few cries of "Vive l'Empereur" were heard from several hired voices.

Several of the ex-Ministers who had sent in their adherence, received, on arriving at Orleans in the evening, notice from the Minister of Police that the next day, Easter Sunday, the Empress would have mass celebrated, and that afterwards a Council of Regency would be held. One of them, the Duke de Feltre, who had intended passing the day at Orleans, could find no other means of getting out of this awkward situation than by setting off immediately for Paris. We know not whether the council was numerously attended, or what passed there, but her Majesty did not receive the constituted authorities of the place.

The town of Orleans was in a very singular situation. After having seen its gates barricaded, its bridge mined, its walls armed with pieces of artillery, it was now incumbered with the ruins of the Court, Government, and army. It was full of troops

of every kind, who arrived without chiefs, and chiefs who arrived without troops. It had no longer any reason to fear the horrors of a siege, but it was by no means safe from the disorder into which a disbanded army may drift. The public papers which for three days had been in free circulation made them acquainted with the acts of the new Government; but they still did not the less live under the *régime* of the old, and the proclamation of Blois remained posted up everywhere, without the authorities attempting to interfere and put order in any part. By the side of the proclamation was placed an exhortation to every one to conduct themselves pacifically, yet from no quarter did it appear towards whom this pacific conduct was to be observed, by whom it was to be guaranteed. Everything was done without mentioning the Imperial Government, which they no longer dared invoke, or the Royal, which they did not yet dare to proclaim.

This state of neutrality or interregnum, doubly grievous to a town animated with an excellent spirit, and which, after experiencing two months of oppression and terror, wished for nothing so much as to testify the joy felt at its deliverance, appeared more particularly in the religious solemnity of Easter. The hymn of *Salvum fac Imperatorem* was not performed, it would have been too much in contradiction with known events, and with the wishes of the faithful; but though the *Salvum fac Regem* was in every heart, they dared not yet pronounce it with the lips. Easter

Monday passed much the same. It was expected that the Empress would depart, some said that she was going to Fontainebleau to meet Napoleon, others said that Napoleon had departed, and that a very different meeting was prepared for her Majesty.

On Tuesday, the 12th, Prince Etterhazy arrived, sent to Marie Louise by her august father, and the Archduchess departed for Rambouillet without an escort, with a train of six carriages for the people of her own household and that of her son. On Thursday, the 21st the Empress quitted Rambouillet to return into the bosom of her family and of her nation. They must ever see in her a victim who devoted herself for their safety, while France can never forget that twice she saved her from the horrors of a civil war, once in quitting Paris where her presence would have occasioned a fatal resistance, the second time in remaining at Blois, and opposing with courage and resolution the violence of her brothers in law.

The Empress mother quitted Blois with Cardinal Fesch, her half brother, who arrived there only the evening before by a long and circuitous route. From the time of the first alarm at Lyons, on January 12th, his Eminence found himself very much divided between his affection for his family and love for his country. The voice of blood was the strongest, and it took the lead in his Eminence's heart, so he quitted his see, and followed the civil authorities to Roanne, little satisfied with the spirit of the Lyonnese, who



attended the holy offices in the Church of Saint-Louis, in the dress of a General. He soon after set out for Switzerland, where he purposed fixing his residence at a country house which he had in the neighbourhood of Lausanne, living upon a pension derived from Holland. Joseph and Jerome remained a week at Orleans, or in the neighbourhood,\* on April 18th, they quitted it, taking also the road to Switzerland

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Thus ended this family of Kings, who had not been placed on thrones from their merit, nor even through their ambition, and who knew not how to preserve a power they had not known how to refuse. Involved in the fall of him who had raised them, they ought to be consoled for it by the general peace established over the world. they ought not to be insensible to the joy occasioned by so great a blessing, they ought to remember that by it they are permitted to select an asylum in Europe, while legitimate Sovereigns were before this obliged to seek one at a distance from the Continent.

The fate of this family was determined by the following treaty, which displays throughout a most generous spirit —

\* It has been asserted that Jerome passed several days at La Motte Beuvron, where he distributed money among the troops that were passing, endeavouring to rally them in the cause of Napoleon

*Treaty concluded between the Allied Powers and his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon.*

“Art. 1. His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon renounces for himself, his successors, and descendants, as well as for every member of his family, all right of sovereignty and dominion over the French Empire, the kingdom of Italy, and all other countries.

“2. Their Majesties the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Marie Louise shall preserve their titles and rank, and retain them for the rest of their lives. The mother, the brothers, the nephews, and the nieces of the Emperor, shall also preserve, wherever they may reside, the title of Princes of his family.

“3. The Island of Elba, which the Emperor Napoleon has chosen as his place of residence, shall form, during his life, a separate principality, which he shall possess in entire property and sovereignty. There shall be granted, besides, in absolute property, to the Emperor Napoleon an annual revenue of two millions of francs, which shall be established as a rental upon the revenues of France; the half of this sum to be in reversion to the Empress.

“4. The Duchies of Parma, of Placentia, and of Guastalla, shall be given in absolute property and sovereignty to her Majesty the Empress Marie Louise: they shall pass to her son and his descendants in a direct line. The Prince, her son, shall take in future the title of Prince of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla.

"5 All the Powers engage to employ their good offices with the Barbary States, to make them respect the flag of the Island of Elba. To this effect, the relations with these States shall be assimilated to their relations with France

"6 There shall be reserved for the family of the Emperor Napoleon, domains, or rents upon the revenues of France, to the amount of two millions five hundred thousand francs, free of all charges and deductions. These domains or rents shall belong in absolute property to the Princes and Princesses of his family, who shall dispose of them as they shall judge proper. They shall be divided among them in the following manner: to the Empress mother, three hundred thousand francs, to King Joseph and his wife, five hundred thousand francs, to King Louis, two hundred thousand francs, to Queen Hortensia and her children, four hundred thousand francs, to King Jerome and his wife, five hundred thousand francs, to the Princess Eliza (*Bacchouch*), three hundred thousand francs, to the Princess Paulina (*Borghese*), three hundred thousand francs. The Princes and Princesses of the Emperor Napoleon's house shall also retain all their property, moveable and immoveable, of whatever nature it may be, which they shall possess by public and individual right, with the rents which they may enjoy as private persons

"7 The Empress Josephine's pension shall be reduced to a million, in domains, or charged upon the revenues of France, she shall continue to enjoy,

in absolute right, all her property, moveable as well as immoveable, with the power of disposing of it conformably to the laws of France.

"8. A proper establishment shall be formed out of France for Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy.

"9. The property which the Emperor Napoleon possesses in France, whether in extra-domains or in private domains attached to the Crown; the funds placed out by the Emperor, whether in the grand book of France, in the bank of France, in shares in forest lands, or in any other way whatsoever, which his Majesty resigns to the Crown, shall be reserved as a capital, of which a sum not exceeding two millions shall be employed in gratuities to the persons whose names shall be included in a list signed by the Emperor Napoleon, and remitted by him to the French Government.

"10. All the diamonds of the Crown shall remain in France.

"11. His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon shall remit to the public treasury, and to the other public trusts, all the sums taken thence by his orders, excepting only those appropriated to the Civil List.

"12. The debts of his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon's household, such as they existed to the day of signing the present treaty, shall be paid upon the arrears due from the public treasury to the Civil List, according to a statement which shall be signed by a commission named for that purpose.

"13. The obligations of Mount Napoleon, of Milan

(*Mount of Piety*), towards the creditors, whether French or foreign, shall be acquitted, unless any other arrangement shall hereafter be made.

"14. All the necessary passports shall be delivered for allowing a free passage to his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, the Empress, the Princes and Princesses, and all the persons of their suite who wish to accompany them, and who would establish themselves out of France, as well as their equipages, horses and effects. The Allied Powers shall, in consequence, furnish officers and troops to escort them.

"15. The French Imperial Guard shall furnish a detachment of twelve or fifteen hundred men, of every description, as an escort to the Emperor Napoleon to Saint-Tropez, the place of his embarkation.

"16. A corvette shall be provided, with the other vessels necessary for transporting his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon and his suite to Elba, and the corvette shall become the absolute property of the Emperor.

"17. The Emperor Napoleon may take with him, and retain as his guard, four hundred men, officers, sub-officers, and volunteer soldiers.

"18. No Frenchmen, who may have followed the Emperor Napoleon or his family, shall be considered as having lost the rights of Frenchmen, though they should not return for three years; at least, they shall not be included in the exceptions which the French Government reserves to itself to make after this term.

"19. The Polish troops of every description shall

be free to return into Poland, retaining their arms and baggage, as a testimony to their honourable services. The officers and soldiers shall retain the decorations they have acquired, and the pensions attached to them.

"20. The high Allied Powers guarantee the execution of the present treaty, and engage to obtain its acceptance and guarantee on the part of France.

"21. The present act shall be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged at Paris in two days.

*"Done at Paris, April 11th, 1814.*

(Signed) "METTERNICH, STADION, RASO-  
MOUSKI, NESSELRODE, CASTLE-  
REAGH, and HARDENBERG.

"NEY and CAULAINCOURT."

NAPOLEON

AT

FONTAINEBLEAU.





## NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

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THE campaign of 1814 had continued for two months with various success. Napoleon had plucked the last favours of fortune, but it was at the price of immense losses which he could not repair. His army was not only exhausted by the bloody and continual battles, which it had either given or sustained, it was even more exhausted by hunger and misery, by the never-ceasing marches and counter-marches, in which it was involved, with equal pain and inutility, by a chief who seemed no longer master of his movements or of himself. This campaign, which began at Saint-Dizier, by a battle fought on January 27th, finished at the same place on March 26th, by an action with the corps of observation under the command of General Winzingerode.

While Marshal Oudinot pursued this body in the direction of Bar-sur-Ormain, Napoleon took the route of Doulevant, hoping at length to find the army of the Prince of Schwartzemberg, whose route he had for four days been vainly endeavouring to trace. This Prince had contrived effectually to conceal his movements; his army had passed the Aube on the 23rd,

and after joining that of Blucher, these united bodies marched upon Paris, while Napoleon was seeking them upon the route of Vandœuvre.

The Allied Army entered Meaux on the 28th. Napoleon learnt the news at a village three leagues from Doulevant, while he was at breakfast. He accordingly quitted Doulevant the next day, the 29th, and removed his headquarters to Troyes, where he waited twelve hours for his Guard, which could no longer follow him. He set out from Troyes on the 30th, at nine o'clock in the morning, arrived at Fontainebleau the same hour in the evening, and continued his route to Essonne. This was the day on which Paris capitulated. Napoleon received the news of the capitulation at eleven o'clock in the evening, from a General who came at full speed to meet him; he was then at the Cour-de-France, a little post station between Essonne and Villejuif. The Emperor on receiving the news was like a man thunderstruck. When he came to himself, he said that he had rather have been pierced to the heart by a dagger. He inquired whether the National Guard had fought well; and upon the officer's answering that they had not even fired a musket (which was an unworthy falsehood)—“The cowards,” exclaimed Napoleon, “they shall pay for it.” He added, that he had to reproach himself with two great faults—the one that he had not burned Vienna, the other that he had not burned Berlin.

Did he think that the burning of these two capi-

tals would have led to the burning of Paris?—a catastrophe which he regarded as his only resource, the sole chance of safety which remained to him, and one for which he had made ample provision. We may hence judge with what feelings he saw the capital escape the destruction which he had predicted for two months as the fruit of its being conquered, and which he prepared at the same time as the inevitable consequence of the resistance he had himself ordered; not confining himself to the sterile character of a prophet, but assuring by his own efforts the accomplishment of his fatal predictions.

Furious at the magnanimous conduct of the Allied Monarchs, how much more incensed must he have been at the non-execution of the orders he had given for blowing up the powder magazine of Grenelle? This magazine contained two hundred and forty millions of powder in grains, five millions of cartridges for the infantry, twenty-five millions of ball cartridges, three thousand obuses charged, and a great number of other articles. Those who remember the effect produced in 1794, by the explosion of the magazine on the plain of Grenelle, when it contained only eight millions of powder, may easily picture to themselves an idea of the horrible effect that must have been produced by the explosion of a magazine a hundred times more considerable! The greatest part of the city must have been laid completely in ruins. This was the last catastrophe with

which Napoleon sought to terrify the world. All Paris shuddered with horror on hearing of the design, which was related after different fashions, so that M. Lescourt, director of the magazine, was required to give an account of it as far as came within his knowledge. Here follows his letter addressed to the Editor of the *Journal des Débats*, dated April 5th, and inserted in that paper on the 7th :—

“ . . . . . I was occupied on the evening of the day that the attack was made on Paris in collecting at the field of Mars the horses requisite for carrying away the artillery, in which employment I was assisted by the general officers. About nine in the evening a colonel arrived on horseback near the gate of Saint-Dominique, where I was, and desired to speak to the director of the artillery. I presented myself as the man. ‘Is the powder magazine at Grenelle evacuated, sir?’ said he.—‘No,’ I answered, ‘it is not possible that it should have been; we have neither had time nor horses sufficient for it.’

“ ‘Well, then,’ said he, ‘it must be blown up immediately.’ At these words I turned pale, I trembled, nor reflected at the moment that I had no occasion to make myself uneasy about an order not given in writing, and transmitted to me by an officer whom I did not know.

“ ‘Do you hesitate, sir?’ said he. After a few moments I recollected myself, and fearing he would transmit the same order to another, I answered him with

a calm air that I would occupy myself with it, where-upon he disappeared. Master of this dreadful secret, I did not confide it to any one; I did not close the gates of the magazine, as has been said; I had the evacuation, which had been begun in the day, continued.

"I must add that this order could not have come from the artillery office, since all the officers there are known to me;—that I knew that the Minister at War and the General-in-chief of the Artillery had quitted Paris some hours before; and that all the general officers were assembled at the field of Mars, where they were occupied with the evacuation which had been ordered.

(Signed) "MAILLARD DE LESCOURT,  
*Major of Artillery.*"

Thus did Paris escape, as by a miracle, the ruin prepared by such horrible means. It is well known with what acclamations the Allied Monarchs were received, and what a contrast their entrance, no less brilliant than pacific, formed with the projects of destruction and conflagration ascribed to them by the only real enemy of Paris. Let us advert again to him, and follow him in his return to Fontainebleau.

He arrived there on the 31st, in the morning, accompanied by the Prince of Wagram, the Grand-Marshal Bertrand, and the Grand-Ecuyer Caulaincourt, with whom he had passed the night at the Cour-de-France.

On the morrow, April 1st, he published the following bulletin :—

“The Emperor, who had established his headquarters at Troyes on the 29th, directed his course by forced marches, through Sens, upon the capital. His Majesty was at Fontainebleau on March 31st, where he learnt that the enemy having got the start of the French army by twenty-four hours, were then in possession of Paris, after having experienced a vigorous resistance, which cost them the lives of many of their troops. The corps of the Dukes of Treviso and Ragusa, with that of General Compans, who had assisted in the defence of the capital, have united between Essonne and Paris, where his Majesty has taken a position with the whole army, the latter having arrived from Troyes.

“The occupation of the capital by the enemy is a misfortune which afflicts his Majesty very much, but ought not to create any alarm. The presence of the Emperor with his army at the gates of Paris will prevent the accustomed excesses of the enemy, in a city so populous, the possession of which cannot be retained without their position being rendered very dangerous.”

Nobody will doubt the deep affliction which the heart of Napoleon experienced at the news of Paris being occupied by the enemy, particularly of its being peaceably occupied by them. But nobody was alarmed at this misfortune, still less did anybody see a remedy to their alarms in the presence of the Emperor,—of

him who alone was capable of inspiring alarms, whose genius had exhausted itself in useless efforts to destroy Paris, at the same time that he called himself its saviour. Nothing more remained to satisfy his vengeance and to chastise Paris for its submission and safety, but to come and give battle under its walls, this was what he prepared to do. It had been an opinion long circulated in the army that Paris was to be destroyed, and if not by the enemy that it would be by Napoleon.

The different corps of this army took their positions at Essonne as they arrived. The whole body was not assembled by the 3rd, but there was no time to lose. Napoleon, after having harangued the Old Guard, was ready to set out, when he received intelligence of his deposition pronounced the day before. Struck to the earth at this news, he delayed his departure. The army, however, still remained in their position at Essonne, or in the neighbourhood, increasing in numbers at every moment by the additional troops that arrived. On the 4th, it was very much diminished by the secession of the whole corps of Marshal Marmont, this was the first that, listening to the voice of the country, gave in its adherence to the acts of the Provisional Government. It had concluded a capitulation with Prince Schwartzemberg, from whom it received information of these acts.

This secession was the last stroke of thunder which completed the crushing of Napoleon. He had only power to give vent to his feelings in an order of

the day directed equally against the Senate and the Duke of Ragusa. But the other Marshals, far from sharing his impotent rage, already thought only of the safety of the country, and declared to the Emperor that nothing remained for him but to abdicate the throne.

This scene is related in the following manner:—On April 4th, the Marshals received the journals of the 3rd, which made them acquainted with the acts of the Senate and Provisional Government. They were conferring together upon them, when Napoleon came to a review. Marshal Ney was the first who dared to pronounce in a loud voice the word abdication—"Nothing but abdication can extricate you."

Napoleon affected not to hear him, and the review passed very tranquilly. Scarcely, however, was it concluded, when Marshal Ney, according to the general determination, followed Napoleon into the palace, even to his private apartment, and asked him whether he was informed of the events which had taken place at Paris. Napoleon still affected ignorance of them. Marshal Ney then put the journals into his hands. He read them, and addressing the Marshal, said, "Well, what do you think of all this?"—"Sire, you must abdicate; 'tis the wish of all France."

"Is it the opinion of the Generals?"—"Yes, sire,"

"Is it the wish of the army?"—"Yes, sire."

At the same moment Marshal Lefebvre arrived, who said in a very animated tone to the deposed Emperor, "You are ruined! you would not hearken .



to any of your servants, the Senate has pronounced your deposition." Marshal Macdonald said, "Sire, I have been faithful to you to the very last moment." Marshal Oudinot, by an expressive silence, and by an attitude of the deepest affliction, forcibly evinced the painful sensations he experienced at this moment.

Napoleon perceiving that the tide of opinion, even of his Marshals, was completely against him, and finding that his dethronement was virtually decided upon, drew up with his own hands and signed an act of abdication in the following terms, in the hope that the Allied Powers would grant a Council of Regency in favour of his son.

This memorable document ran as follows:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to relinquish France and life itself, for the good of the country, inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the Regency under the Empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the Empire.

"Given at our Palace of Fontainebleau,

"April 4th, 1814.

"NAPOLEON."

The scene concluded with Napoleon despatching Marshals Ney and Macdonald and M. de Caulain-

court to Paris with the document, in order to submit it to the Emperor Alexander.

Napoleon also wrote a very pressing letter to the latter, recalling to him that he had been his friend; but this Prince had declared that he would not treat with Napoleon or any of his family, and that he would accede to the wishes of the French nation for the restoration of the Bourbons. All the efforts of the ambassadors could not succeed in altering his determination.

To return to what passed at Fontainebleau during these negotiations at Paris. The same day, a little before the hour of parade, the Marshals and General Officers, having assembled in the court of the palace, conferred together upon the events of the preceding day, upon their probable consequences, and upon the influence which they ought to have at the moment in regulating the relations which were to subsist in future between the ex-Emperor and the army. As the opinions in this respect were very much divided, one of the Generals suggested a line of conduct which seemed very proper to conciliate all. This was to engage the Emperor, even for the sake of his own honour and authority, which might be compromised, not to come that day to the parade. Marshal Oudinot detached himself immediately from the group to perform this mission to the Emperor; but the latter was on the staircase coming down to the parade before the Marshal could get to him. He was immediately announced. His countenance

was pale and full of uneasiness, a convulsive movement agitated his lips, he could not speak. Some cries of "Vive l'Empereur," were heard from the ranks, but in a tone as mournful as if it had been a funeral. He who was the object of them seemed in haste to retire, and did not stay many minutes. However, a few hours after, he sketched a plan which he prevailed upon the Duke of Bassano to draw up and to counter-sign. This plan was to depart with twenty thousand men, and join Prince Eugene in Italy.

He ordered the Duke of Rovigo to be called. This Marshal, mortified with the two scenes of that and the preceding day, was desirous of avoiding a third, and hesitated whether he should go to the palace. However, the consequences of his refusal being represented to him, he consented. The Emperor began by putting the question to him—"Will the troops follow me?"—"No, sire; you have abdicated the throne."

"But I have only abdicated on certain conditions."—"The soldiers," answered the Duke, "do not understand these nice shadings, they believe that you have no authority to command them any longer."

"Everything then is concluded in this respect," said Napoleon; "but let us wait for news from Paris."

The ambassadors whom he had sent thither returned about eleven o'clock at night. Marshal Ney entered first. "Have you succeeded?" said Napoleon.—"In part, sire, but not for the Regency ;

revolutions cannot be made to take a retrograde movement, the course of this is determined, 'tis too late to attempt stopping it, to-morrow the Senate will acknowledge the Bourbons as their Sovereigns."

"Where am I with my family to live?"—"Wherever your Majesty shall please; at the Island of Elba, perhaps, with a revenue of six millions."

"Six millions! That is indeed a large revenue, considering that I am no longer to be anything but a private soldier. I see plainly that I must settle my mind to this;" and he said no more.

That very evening Marshal Ney wrote the following letter to M. Talleyrand, the President of the newly-constituted Provisional Government, to acquaint him with the disposition in which he had found the Emperor :—

"SIR,

"I was yesterday at Paris with the Marshal Duke of Tarento, and the Duke of Vincenza, to support with the Emperor Alexander the claims of the dynasty of the Emperor Napoleon. An unforeseen event\* having on a sudden stopped the negotiations, which were proceeding to the happiest results, I saw from that moment that but one way remained to save our beloved country from the horrors of a civil war, and this was for all Frenchmen to embrace unanimously the cause of their

\* Probably he alludes to the new constitution decreed on the 5th.

that he signed it on April 11th. His treaty with the Allied Powers was signed the same day.\* The execution of the treaty, however, having been delayed for some days, Napoleon availed himself of the delay, to add some demands very different from his original ones. For example, he desired to have the wine which was in the cellars at Saint-Cloud, some books, and some articles of furniture; every day produced some new demand. It has been surmised these demands were rather made as additional pretences to delay the moment of his departure, since he always entertained the hope that some movement would be undertaken in his favour.

During this interval, several scenes worthy of notice passed at the palace. The following appears particularly so. "The army," said Napoleon one day, "has dishonoured itself; I no longer wish to have any concern with it; it is unworthy that I should command it."—"Sire," answered General Dulaioy, who was one of the officers present, speaking in a tone of dignified resolution, "this army has fought for you to the last sigh, and when it has lost everything else, do not deprive it also of its honour."

\* "The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the only obstacle to the re-establishment of the peace of Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice which he is not ready to make in the interests of France."

"Dated at the Palace at Fontainebleau, April 11th, 1814."

"I speak not," said Napoleon, "of the artillery of the guard."—"Nor is it of that alone," replied the courageous General, "'tis of the whole army, 'tis of every individual corps that I speak. The number of Generals present ask with me, whether officers and soldiers have not all, and everywhere, rivalled each other in devotion to you?—have not all fallen in your cause with equal obedience?"

Napoleon was silent; he could no longer support his unjust accusation, and he was not disposed to modify it.

He waited several days for the Empress, and sent several times, hoping to meet her. Deceived in this hope, as well as in all others that he had conceived, he at length determined to quit the Palace of Fontainebleau, and set out for Elba.



# ITINERARY OF NAPOLEON

FROM THE PERIOD OF HIS

LAST RESIDENCE AT FONTAINEBLEAU,

TO

HIS ESTABLISHMENT IN THE ISLAND  
OF ELBA.

[By J. B. G. FABRY]





# ITINERARY OF NAPOLEON

TO

THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

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NAPOLEON quitted Fontainebleau on Wednesday, April 20th, at eleven in the morning, accompanied by fourteen carriages and an escort mounted on sixty post-horses. The four Commissaries of the Allied Powers who accompanied him, were M. de Schuvaloff, on the part of Russia; General Koller, on that of Austria; Colonel Campbell, for England, and Count Waldbourg Truchsess, for Prussia. Four officers of the ex-Emperor's household composed a part of his train.

At the moment of his departure he addressed the troops of the Old Guard, who had remained with him, in the following words:—

“Officers, sub-officers, and soldiers of the Old Guard, I take my leave of you. For twenty years I have commanded you, and I have ever been satisfied with your conduct, always finding you on the road to glory. The Allied Powers have armed all Europe against me; a part of the army has betrayed its trust, and

France has yielded to private interests. With you and the brave soldiers who have remained faithful to me, I could have maintained a civil war for three years; but France has suffered much, and this was very contrary to the end which I had proposed to myself; it was proper that I should sacrifice my personal interests to her happiness, and this I have done.

“Be faithful to the Sovereign which France has chosen; do not abandon this dear and too long-suffering country. Do not lament my fate, for I shall be happy when I know that you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier to me—but I will always follow the path of honour, and live to record the deeds which we have performed. I cannot embrace you all, but I must embrace your chief. Come, General;” and here he embraced General Petit. “Let the eagle be brought me.” Then embracing the eagle, he added: “Dear eagle, may my kisses penetrate to the hearts of all these brave fellows. Adieu, my children—adieu, my brave companions; once more surround me.” Then the *état-major*, always accompanied by the four Commissaries, formed a circle around him.

Let it be supposed in effect that instead of Napoleon, this harangue had been made by a General who had really been the father more than the chief of his soldiers, who, overpowered by numbers, not overthrown by his own mad projects, was taking a last farewell of his ancient companions in arms, with whom, for twenty years, he had shared the toils of war, and the

laurels of victory,—in such a supposition, an adieu like this would be truly affecting, because it would express genuine sentiments. But put in the place of this chief a man who sacrificed millions of victims to his cruel ambition,—who, in the space of twenty years, had renewed this Old Guard twenty times,—who not long since totally abandoned it in the deserts of Russia—then think, that this man addresses them as if not a soul had ever perished, and we must ask what meaning can be affixed to the first words of the adieu? what reasonable sense can such words have in the minds of these brave men? No, they felt at once all the emptiness of them.

This scene concluded, Napoleon got into his carriage, at that moment he could no longer command his feelings, but burst into tears. At his departure he asked for Constant, his first valet de chambre, but he was said to be ill, and could not accompany him on that account. A more ancient servant, the celebrated Mameluke, Roustan, had quitted him some days before, detained, as he said, by his wife, who refused to forsake her own country.

Napoleon arrived at Montargis at four o'clock in the afternoon, preceded by a picket of cavalry. The foot guards who were quartered in this canton were under arms. They knew how to respect misfortune by observing a profound silence, and showing no marks either of approbation or reprobation. Napoleon passed between the ranks of these brave men, affecting a tranquil and composed air, saluting the persons

who crowded the windows both right and left, and who evinced much curiosity to see him.

On his arrival at the Castle of Briare, where he was to rest for the night, he ordered the Mayor to be summoned, and had a long conversation with him. He said among other things that he had been extremely deceived by the people about him, who did not give him any idea of the misery prevailing in France, and that on learning it, he was only surprised that he had kept his station so long.

*Thursday, 21st.*—Napoleon arrived at Nevers, some detachments of his guard having preceded him. The town was besides full of other troops, and contained more than two hundred pieces of artillery. Napoleon inquired for the Prefect, who was absent; he then asked for the Mayor and the Chief of the Gendarmerie. These two functionaries, not knowing what etiquette ought to be observed with regard to the ex-Emperor, addressed themselves to the Commissaries, who said that Napoleon was still a Sovereign, although no longer Sovereign of France. On receiving this answer, they presented themselves before Napoleon. He addressed himself first to the Mayor, asking what was the population of the town. From the answer he obtained, he found that it had greatly diminished. The Mayor ascribed this decrease to the conscription—a reason which could not have been very grateful to Napoleon. He put several other questions; the officer of the gendarmerie confined himself to listening to them, but hearing some noise,

and even cries of "Vive l'Empereur" in the street, he went to the window to see whence they came. The ex-Emperor asking what was the matter, he answered, "It is nothing but the mob."

Napoleon then inquired of the officer concerning Marshal Augereau and his army, particularly whither it had retreated. The officer answered that it was in Dauphiné. "How?" answered Napoleon. "It ought to have been at Moulins or at Clermont, here then I am again deceived." Turning once more to the Mayor, he made many inquiries concerning the disposition of the people in that town. The Mayor answered that they were the friends of the laws. "You are strange men," answered Napoleon, as he concluded the conversation. During this scene the four Commissaries were present.

*Friday, 22nd*—Napoleon arrived at Moulins about eleven o'clock in the morning. Although he was not expected, his carriage was quickly surrounded by a number of the populace, all wearing the white cockade. "Salute the Emperor," said the cuirassiers who accompanied Napoleon. Some voices complied with the invitation, and cried, "Vive l'Empereur!"—"See there," said the cuirassiers, "these people wear the white cockade, yet they cry, 'Vive l'Empereur!'" "Are you not satisfied?" said one of the spectators. "Well then, 'Vive Louis Dixhuit!'" This scene passed while Napoleon was changing horses.

Napoleon was to sleep at Roanne. He was but three leagues from Pradines, where was a religious

house of nuns established by Cardinal Fesch. The Cardinal was there at this moment, with his sister, the ex-Emperor's mother. Informed that Napoleon was passing that way, they sent M. Jacquemont, almoner of the house, an ancient Monk of the Chastreux, to him. It was not without much difficulty that he could get to see Napoleon, who heard with great indifference the news about his mother and uncle, only observing that he thought they had already quitted the country, and asked whether they intended taking the route by Genoa, or that by Mount Cenis, after which he dismissed the almoner.

The Mayor having come to him at his request, he inquired whether the town had suffered much. "You ought to have had," said Napoleon, "six thousand men of the army of Spain here. If I had only been betrayed fourteen times in the day, I might still have been upon the throne." He remained some time at the gate of the inn, contemplating the multitude, taking snuff at every moment, and appearing exceedingly abstracted.

*Saturday, 23rd.*—After passing twelve hours at Roanne, Napoleon set off again about noon. He stopped to sup at the post-station of Latour, two leagues from Lyons; he supped by himself, and seemed angry that the Commissaries remained so long at table. He afterwards went out, and proceeded forwards alone; it was nine o'clock, but the night was very fine. The Minister of Dardilly-Latour, M. Tillon, followed to observe him, and

walked on very fast that he might pass him, in the hope that in this case he would speak to him. He was not disappointed. "You are a priest?" said Napoleon, with a dignified air—"Yes, sire, I am the Minister of Dardilly"—"Has your parish suffered much?"—"Yes, sire, it has been crushed with requisitions"—"They are the inevitable consequences of war." Afterwards Napoleon said, looking up to the heavens, "Sire, I formerly knew the names of the stars well, but I have forgotten them almost all, can you tell me what that is?"—"I never knew, sire." Here the conversation ended.

Napoleon passed through Lyons the same evening at ten o'clock. The post horses waited for him without the town, in the suburb of La Guillotière. The Austrian troops which occupied Lyons having had orders to render to the ex-Emperor the honours due to his rank, had remained the whole day under arms, expecting him, though in vain, and had returned to their quarters when he passed. It was not known till the next morning that he had gone forward. He had ordered that all the pamphlets published since April 1st should be purchased for him, the charge given was so strict, that the person who had the commission not being able to get a complete series of the *Lyons Journal*, required a certificate from the bookseller to attest the fact. The purchase amounted to eleven hundred francs, and included some books on religion, a beautiful Bible of Sacy in thirty-two volumes, and a herbal.



*Sunday, 24th.*—Napoleon arrived in the morning at the Pèage-de-Roussillon, a little town upon the banks of the Rhone, and stopped to breakfast. A crowd having assembled before the inn where he alighted, he went to the window and addressed them. "He declared that he quitted the throne without regret, since he could no longer confer happiness on France;—that to promote the felicity of the people had always been the object of his most ardent wishes;—that he had conceived great projects for establishing that felicity, but that the treachery of his enemies had prevented the execution of them." This scene, the absurdity of which even surpassed its impudence, produced some effect; it wrought upon the feelings of the populace so much that cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" consoled the ears of the fugitive hero. Cruel contrasts to this scene were, however, in reserve for him. But let us not anticipate events.

Napoleon then summoned the Mayor, and questioned him earnestly upon the spirit that prevailed in the department. This officer had now a fine opportunity to have told him that it was perfectly exhausted with requisitions to supply the army of the South, which was completely destitute. Napoleon inquired concerning the fate of this army, and whether Marshal Augereau and General Marchand had fought well. He appeared in complete ignorance upon the subject, his communication with this army having been so often interrupted during the campaign, and having

been entirely cut off since March 20th, when Lyons was taken.

Marshal Augereau at this time (the taking of Lyons) retreated upon Valence, putting the river Isère between him and the Austrian army; the fine bridge over this river was burned through excess of caution by General Pannetier. The Marshal had been a month at Valence when he was informed, on Saturday, the 23rd, of the approach of Napoleon. On Sunday, the 24th, he ordered the drums to be beat at seven in the morning, and having assembled his troops upon the esplanade, he had them transported to the other side of the Rhone. This was a wise precaution;—it was one indeed which the *spirit* of the troops rendered indispensable, since this body was as yet little enlightened upon the passing events, nor were their eyes opened with regard to Napoleon. There were no troops remaining at Valence except a hundred and fifty Austrian Chasseurs, sent thither the evening before to protect the ex-Emperor on his journey.

These precautions taken, Marshal Augereau set out from thence about noon on Sunday, the 24th, and repaired to the banks of the Isère. As the passage of this river had been interdicted from the evening before, a number of carriages, carts, and travellers were assembled here, waiting with impatience the moment when they should be allowed to cross—an impatience so much the greater from the circumstance that as there was no means of shelter on that side

of the river, they were all obliged to remain out in the open air. Two places, little better than hovels, were the only shelter to be found, and of these one was occupied by the four Commissaries, who had already crossed the river, the other was reserved for Napoleon when he should arrive, which he soon did. Then it was that the celebrated interview between him and Marshal Augereau took place. "You have betrayed me," said the ex-Emperor as he accosted him; "I have your proclamation in my pocket."—"Sire," said the Marshal, "it is you who have betrayed France and the army, in sacrificing both to a mad ambition." "You are going to serve new masters."—"I am not responsible to you for my conduct." "You have no soul."—"Go thy ways, it is thou that hast none," answered the Marshal indignantly, and with a tone that terminated the conversation and the interview, without allowing Napoleon the possibility of a reply.

According to another account, the interview was not so short, nor did the conversation terminate in a manner so abrupt. On the contrary, it is affirmed that the ex-Emperor and the Marshal remained together three quarters of an hour, walking from the Isère to Valence. This version adds that Napoleon did not know of the Marshal's proclamation till he reached Montelimart, where it was put into his hands by a soldier, who at the same time denounced the author of it as a traitor. The proclamation ran as follows:—

*Proclamation of His Excellency Marshal Augereau  
to his army.*

"SOLDIERS,

"The Senate, interpreters of the national will, weary of the tyrannical yoke of Napoleon Bonaparte, pronounced, on April 2nd, his deposition and that of his family. A new, strong, and liberal monarchical constitution, and a descendant of our ancient kings, replace Napoleon and his despotism. Your rank, honour, and distinctions are secured to you. The Legislative Body, the Great Dignitaries, the Marshals, Generals, and all the Corps of the Grand Army have given in their adherence to the decrees of the Senate, and Napoleon himself, by an act, dated at Fontainebleau, April 11th, has abdicated the thrones of France and Italy for himself and his heirs.

"Soldiers, you are released from your oaths; you are released by the nation, in whom resides the sovereignty; still more, if that could be necessary, by the abdication of a man, who, after having immolated millions of victims to his cruel ambition, did not know how to die like a soldier. The nation calls Louis XVIII. to the throne; a born Frenchman, he will be proud of your glory, he will with pride see himself surrounded by your chiefs; a descendant of Henry IV., he will have *his* heart, and will love the soldiers and people.

"Let us then swear fidelity to Louis XVIII. and the Constitution which he gives us; let us hoist the

true French colours, which will make every emblem of a revolution, now terminated, disappear; and you will soon find, in the gratitude and admiration of your King and your country, the just recompense of your noble toils.

(Signed)

“AUGEREAU.

“Headquarters at Valence,

“April 16th, 1814.”

Whatever may be the truth with regard to the different versions of this story, Napoleon continued his route without stopping at Valence, which he passed through in his carriage, nor did any circumstance occur worthy of remark. He arrived at Montelimart between six and seven o'clock in the evening. Having been preceded by several couriers, so that his arrival was expected, a great crowd was collected about the inn which he was to occupy. Many persons even entered the inn, and ranged themselves upon the staircase which he was to ascend; but a still greater number remained without. Napoleon descended from his carriage with a rapidity which very much disappointed the curiosity of the multitude; he was unable to practise the same rapidity when he got into the house, so much was he incommoded by the crowd. He passed through the lane made by them in the passages and upon the staircase, with an air of confidence, keeping his hat in his hand, saluting and smiling as he passed. He was followed by Grand Marshal Bertrand.

No sooner was he arrived in his apartment, than he desired to speak with the sub-Prefect. While waiting for him, he received some of the persons employed in collecting the imposts and in the administration of the forests. He inquired of the *Sieur Ragaut*, sub-Inspector of the Forests, whether they had suffered much, and what revenue they produced annually to the Government. He put many other questions, making inquiries of various persons concerning the disposition of the town and the department,—whether the white cockade was generally worn,\*—what they thought of him, &c, &c. At nine o'clock in the evening, he departed, accompanied by some cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" from his adherents, but these were stifled as much as possible by cries on the other side of "*Vive le Roi!*"

This was the last consolation which Napoleon experienced upon his route. Two hours after, in the little town of Donzère, the scene began to change. The inhabitants were celebrating a festival in honour of the Restoration, the streets were illuminated, they were dancing the *farandoule*, and joy reigned in every heart. In this intoxication, the people crossed Napoleon's carriage to stop his pro-

\* It was not more than a week that the white cockade had been worn here at all, and the Prefect had delayed proclaiming the Bourbons till the 17th, it was even rumoured that, in order to compel him to it at last, Marshal Augereau threatened, if it was not done immediately, to send him a prisoner to Paris.

gress, with cries of "Vivent les Bourbons! Vive Louis XVIII.! Down with the tyrant! Down with the butcher of our children!"

*Monday, 25th.*—The English Commissary, who preceded Napoleon, arrived at Avignon at four o'clock in the morning. The officer of the guard inquired whether Napoleon's escort was strong, and sufficient to repel a popular commotion. The Commissary appeared greatly disturbed at the fears which the officer evinced, and requested him to exert all his authority in protecting the ex-Emperor as he passed through the town, since his person was under the safeguard of the Allied Powers.

Napoleon's carriage arrived two hours after; but in consequence of the information sent, he did not go into the town, and stopped at the end opposite to that where he would otherwise naturally have done so. The post-horses had been conducted thither, and the same officer who had spoken to the English Commissary, was in attendance there with his troop. He found the carriage surrounded by a crowd, which increased by degrees, and seemed on the verge of proceeding to violence. A man had already got his hand upon the door of Napoleon's carriage, when a servant, who was sitting upon the seat in front, was about to draw his sword and defend his master. "Stop!" exclaimed the officer in haste, "do not stir, for Heaven's sake!"—and so saying, he removed the man from the carriage. Napoleon let down the front glass hastily, called three times to the servant to be

quiet, and then made a bow of acknowledgment to the officer.

During these movements the people had recognized Napoleon, and that fact seemed only to increase their rage. At length the officer with his troop succeeded in disengaging the wheels of the carriage from the surrounding multitude, and ordered the postillions to set off at full gallop. Napoleon had only time to say, "I am much obliged to you."

It was fortunate for him that he did not attempt to go through the town of Avignon. The inhabitants of that town and the peasants of the neighbourhood had assembled to the number of twelve thousand persons, and it would have been impossible to preserve the ex-Emperor from the fury of this multitude. Happily, after having waited two days for him in vain, they dispersed. At the time when he actually did pass, they knew nothing of the matter, and this ignorance was again one of those fortunate circumstances to which he so often owed his life.

Still greater dangers awaited him at Orgon. The rumour that he was coming having got abroad, the inhabitants assembled in crowds to meet him, having at their head a citizen of the town, by name Durel, and dragging along an effigy of Napoleon. When they got up to his carriage they stopped it, and fixing their figure to a tree, treated the ex-Emperor with the spectacle of himself hung and shot in effigy.

These excesses were renewed in the town in a still more pronounced form. But we will give the account



of them in the words of one who was an eye-witness of all that passed, and whose presence besides at the scene was of itself a very remarkable circumstance; this was the Abbé Ferruggi, secretary to Cardinal Gabrielli. It is well known that this cardinal passed several months in the dungeons of La Force and Vincennes. At the beginning of the campaign of 1814 he was set at liberty, but was sent to Vigan, a little town of Cevennes, where he was strictly watched. Here he was received in a manner truly worthy of him; the clergy and the faithful, the brotherhoods with their banners, going out to meet him amid the ringing of bells. This was matter of great scandal to the gendarmerie, who thought such a reception of their prisoner so very extraordinary, that they drew up a *procès-verbal* of the transaction. They might have recorded in the same manner the generous and delicate hospitality which the illustrious exile experienced at one of the first houses in the place, that of M. Henry Alzon. Sufficient matter for a long *procès-verbal* might also have been found in the deep interest shown in him by the whole town, in the attentions by which they endeavoured to soften the rigours of his banishment during the whole time of its continuance; that is to say, to the moment of the general deliverance. It was then that the cardinal, after singing a *Te Deum* for the restoration, quitted Vigan to return into Italy, carrying with him the regrets of the whole country.

He arrived at Orgon on April 24th, in the evening, and Napoleon passed through in the morning of the

25th. The scene, therefore, the account of which is subjoined, passed directly before the inn, under the very windows of the apartment in which Cardinal Gabrielli was lodged. But for this scene, Napoleon was to have stopped and breakfasted there.

“Orgon, April 25th.

“A scene of the most extraordinary and unexpected nature has passed here to-day before my eyes. The ex-Emperor Napoleon arrived *incognito* at eight in the morning, with three carriages, having been preceded by some others. The people, ever on the watch, assembled on all sides. Napoleon intended to have breakfasted here, but it was impossible, as he was surrounded with cries of ‘Vive le Roi! Down with the tyrant!’ His effigy was burnt in his presence, and other figures were held up to him with mangled bosoms and dyed with blood. Some of the people climbed about his carriage, shaking their fists at him, and crying—‘Die, Tyrant!’ Women, armed with stones, exclaimed, ‘Give us back our children! Tyrant, cry “Vive le Roi!”’ He complied, and cried ‘Vive le Roi!’ while some of his attendants resolutely refused to do so.

“What scenes! what horrors! what a mixture of joy, of pain! what a subject for reflection! This spectacle was reserved for me, it displeased me, it appeared little conformable with honour, humanity or religion. For my part, I would willingly have made my body a rampart to him. Napoleon is

fallen, that ought to suffice; his fall renders him henceforth incapable of further ill. What a contrast to this scene was presented in the passage of the Pope and cardinal through the country! At Saint-Hypolite, at Gauges, the people and the clergy flocked in crowds around them; the brethren with their banners, three or four thousand women arrayed in white, came to meet us, singing hymns of peace and joy, with actions of thanksgiving, asking the benediction of his Eminence. Oh what a sight! I cannot think of it without being melted even to tears."

At some leagues from Orgon, struck with terror, and fearing, not without reason, new excesses, Napoleon had recourse to the only means which remained to him, that of disguising himself. He borrowed the dress of an Austrian officer, and quitting his carriage, rode on before, accompanied only by one servant. In this disguise he travelled several posts at full speed, and arrived at La Calade, a place about two leagues from Aix. He gave himself out as an officer belonging to Napoleon's escort, and ordered dinner to be prepared for the ex-Emperor and his train, to which demand the hostess answered that she should be very sorry to prepare a dinner for such a monster! At the same time she overwhelmed the officer with questions respecting Napoleon, and the hour when he might be expected, not doubting, she said, that she should see him flayed alive for all his misdeeds and all the blood that he had shed.

The host arriving at this instant, recognized Napoleon, and exclaimed, "It is the Emperor!" The poor woman at this was ready to swoon with terror, and stammered out some excuses for what she had said.

While Napoleon posted on in this disguise, a courier, by name Vernet, had taken his seat in the carriage, where he listened tranquilly to all the imprecations uttered against his master. At Lambesc and at Saint-Cannat the people did not confine themselves to imprecations, but accompanied them with stones thrown at the carriage, the glasses of it being broken when it reached La Calade.

When the Commissaries arrived at the last-mentioned place, they found the ex-Emperor with his head reclined upon his two hands, and his face bathed with tears. He observed to them that his life was certainly aimed at, that the mistress of the inn told him that the Emperor was detested as a wretch, and that he would only be embarked to be left at the bottom of the sea. At first he would eat nothing at all, but after great persuasion he took some bread and water from his own carriage.

They waited for night to proceed on the journey; they were now only two leagues from Aix, and the population of that town being pretty considerable, it would not be so easy to restrain the people there, as those of the villages, though even among them great dangers had been incurred. The Com-

missaries, therefore, being rather uneasy upon the subject, wrote to the constituted authorities at Aix desiring them, considering what had passed at Avignon, at Orgon, at Lambesc, at Saint-Cannat, and even at La Calade, to take all possible precautions against a repetition of similar disturbances.

In consequence of this request, the Mayor of Aix came out of the town at the head of a detachment of the National Guard, one of the officers made a detachment of the company of Reserve take arms, and a second officer took the command of a party of troops of the line. The gates of the town were shut, and these different detachments were posted outside the walls. The sub-Prefect, taking with him the lieutenant of the gendarmerie and six of the gendarmes, proceeded on the road towards La Calade. The night was dark and the weather cold; this double circumstance protected Napoleon much better than the most powerful escort could have done. A strong "mistral" which blew and the darkness of the night prevented the people of the suburbs of Aix and of the neighbouring villages from assembling on the road to La Calade.

At this latter place some persons had, however, collected round the inn at the moment of the ex-Emperor's departure. It had been hoped that, under cover of night, he would remain concealed from the eyes of the curious, but many had provided themselves with dark lanterns, which they turned towards the object of their curiosity at the moment

that he passed. Thus was his countenance frequently illuminated, and snatched, if I may say so, from the darkness in which he sought to conceal his agitation.

In this way did Napoleon quit La Calade about half past twelve at night. A few moments after, he was met by the sub-Prefect with the gendarmerie. The sub-Prefect went up to the first carriage, in which was General Bertrand with one of the Commissaries. These gentlemen warmly expressed their indignation at the manner in which they had been treated in Provence, and their fears for the rest of their journey. They inquired anxiously whether measures for their protection had been taken at Aix, and begged the sub-Prefect not to quit them for a moment, till they had passed his division. To this the sub-Prefect readily consented, and joined the train which arrived at the gates of Aix at two o'clock in the morning.

After changing horses, Napoleon, continuing his journey, passed under the walls of the town amid repeated cries of "Vive le Roi," which were given by the people who had assembled in crowds on the ramparts. The inhabitants of the suburbs followed with the same acclamations; but the "mistral," which continued to blow, and the darkness of the night, preserved him from more serious annoyance. He continued his route, without stopping at the next relay, till he arrived at the end of the department, at an inn called "La Grande Pugère." Here

he alighted to breakfast; it was only four o'clock in the morning, but the mortifications he had experienced on the journey, ever since his arrival at Avignon, had made him neglect taking the nourishment of which he stood in need.

The sub-Prefect of Aix had hitherto remained in ignorance whether Napoleon was with the Commissaries, or whether he was gone on before, as they insinuated to him. Being now about to return home, he went to take leave of General Bertrand; the General pressed him earnestly to accompany them farther, but the sub-Prefect said that it would be of no use since he had not the least authority beyond the limits of his department. The General, forced to yield to this reason, then proposed to him, before he took his leave, to go up to the apartment of the Commissaries, where the company were at breakfast. He found there ten or twelve persons, among whom was the ex-Emperor; he was in the costume which he had assumed of an Austrian officer, and had a casque upon his head. Seeing the sub-Prefect in the character of an auditor, he said to him, "You would not have known me in this costume? These gentlemen (pointing to the Commissaries) have made me assume it, as they thought it necessary for my safety. I might have had an escort of three thousand men, but I declined it, preferring to confide in the honour and good faith of the French nation. Nor had I any reason to regret this confidence from Fontainebleau to Avignon; but from that town hither I have been

continually insulted and incurred the greatest dangers. The Provençaux have disgraced themselves; from the time that I have been in France I never had a good battalion from that country; they can do nothing but talk. The Gascons are boasters, it is true, but they are brave."

At this remark one of the party, who was undoubtedly a Gascon, drawing out the frill of his shirt, said, with a complacent smile, "That is delightful." Napoleon continuing to address himself to the sub-Prefect, said, "What is the Prefect about—M. Thibaudeau?"—"He set off at the first tidings of the changes which had taken place at Paris." "And his wife?"—"She went before him." "Are the *octrois* and the other imposts punctually paid? Are there many English at Marseilles?"—Here the sub-Prefect related what had passed not long before in that port, and with what acclamations the English had been received there. Napoleon, to whom this detail did not give very great pleasure, put an end to it by saying, "Tell your Provençaux that the Emperor is exceedingly dissatisfied with them."

This conversation, carried on in a tone half-jesting, half-serious, and in which the rest of the party sometimes joined, would perhaps have been continued farther, but General Bertrand, addressing himself to the ex-Emperor, said, "Permit me to observe to your Majesty that it is time to set off again." Napoleon instantly rose up, and throwing his napkin on the table, said, "I am ready." Then turning to the sub-



Præfect—"You will leave us your gendarmes?" he said.—"Most willingly." General Bertrand observed that as these gendarmes had been to meet the Emperor at La Calade, their horses must be fatigued. The sub-Præfect added that they had been augmented by the way, and had a brigade more. "It is no matter," answered Napoleon, "horses can very well go eighteen or twenty leagues in a day. Saint-Maximin is a town that contains two thousand inhabitants, we must avoid their cries; you will, therefore, leave them with me, will you not?" The orders were given in consequence, and the whole party set off.

No accident intervened from hence to the village of Tourves; but between that place and Brignolles they met a crowd of people who had assembled from the neighbouring communes, and a renewal of the scene at Orgon was feared. Napoleon's apprehensions were so great that he could not even be inspired with confidence by the presence of a detachment of two hundred men who waited for him on the road, and who evinced some marks of attachment to him. When arrived within a quarter of a league of the town he stopped, either to give time for the troops, whom he had left behind, to come up or to wait the result of a conference between the Mayor and an Austrian officer, which had for its object the maintenance of the public tranquillity.

But all these precautions could not prevent the people assembling in crowds upon the road, where

they soon formed a double line. Napoleon passed through the midst of them, while they were uttering the bitterest imprecations, interrupted only by cries of "Vive le Roi!" The couriers, who preceded him, in passing through the town circulated the report that he had taken the road by Aulps, and had arrived the evening before at La Luc, and that there were only the foreign Commissaries in the carriages. Although dinner had been ordered, Napoleon would not stop; the carriage, accompanied by twelve gendarmes, went through the town at full gallop.

This incident recalled to the memory of every one the very different reception given to the Holy Father on February 7th previous. He was received everywhere with the warmest acclamations and prayers for his welfare. Whole communes pressed around his carriage, in spite of Colonel Lagorse, who endeavoured to push them away. At Brignolles the Mayor obtained permission, not without some difficulty, to address the Pontiff, but at Flasseur the colonel was inflexible. In vain did the minister of the parish present himself in his sacerdotal garments, with the cross in his hand, the carriage still went on. Then the inhabitants, without any fear of being trampled under foot by the horses, laid themselves down in heaps upon the road, till the colonel was obliged to yield; the carriage windows were let down, and his Holiness gave them his blessing.

Napoleon arrived at La Luc at four o'clock in the afternoon; he did not stop in the village, but went on to a neighbouring chateau, called Bouillidou, belonging to M. Charles, a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He was expected at this chateau by his sister, Paulina, the Princess Borghese. She was waiting here to see the conclusion of this extraordinary chain of events, giving up her intended journey to the waters of Greoux, where she was in the habit of going every year. Napoleon's arrival at this place had been preceded by that of a thousand men of the Austrian infantry and five hundred of the cavalry. The infantry and a part of the cavalry were gone forwards to Saint-Tropez, where they were to protect the ex-Emperor's embarkation.

On arriving at Bouillidou, Napoleon shut himself up in one of the apartments with his sister; sentinels were placed at all the doors, with strict orders that no person should be admitted. The mistress of the house, however, and two other ladies, who were impressed with the most eager curiosity to see the Emperor, thought that the order could not be extended to them, and succeeded in persuading the sentinel to this effect; by this means they got into a gallery which communicated with the Emperor's apartment; there they found a person in the uniform of an Austrian officer, who accosted them. "Whom do you seek, ladies?"—"We wish to see Napoleon."—"I am that person." They seeing him in a foreign costume said, "You joke,

sir, you are not Napoleon."—"I assure you, ladies, I am. You perhaps expected to see Napoleon with a more evil and malignant countenance." They then entered freely into conversation. Napoleon said, "Am I not at present called a rascal, a robber?" The ladies did not deny the truth of the conjecture, and Napoleon, not eager to press them upon that point, turned the conversation to indifferent subjects, asking several questions relative to the master of the chateau and his family, who were known to him; yet always occupied with his first idea, he returned to it suddenly. "Confess, ladies," he said, "now that fortune is adverse to me, do they not say that I am a rascal, a wretch, a robber? But do you know the true state of the case? I wished to raise France above England, and have failed in the attempt."

As he finished these words, a noise was heard, occasioned by other persons who wanted to intrude themselves. Napoleon then quitted the ladies, and hurriedly retreated into the apartment occupied by his sister, with whom he passed the evening until about eight o'clock, when he left her to spend some time with his suite.

Hitherto the French Government had remained in ignorance of the ex-Emperor's removal, as the management of it had been confided by the Allied Powers entirely to their four Commissaries.

We come now to the details relative to the embarkation. By the sixteenth article of the treaty,

concluded between Napoleon and the Allied Powers, it was stipulated that "a corvette should be provided, with the other vessels necessary for transporting his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon and his suite to Elba, and the corvette should become the absolute property of the Emperor." Orders had been given for the execution of this stipulation, and were transmitted by a courier who arrived at Toulon on April 24th, bearing despatches for the Minister of the Marine and the Maritime Prefect.

Next day, the 25th, a frigate, the *Dryad*, and the brig *Inconstant* sailed from Toulon. The command of these vessels was given to the Count de Montcabrié and the Viscount de Charrier-Moissard, and it was known that they had on board an état-major and a specially selected crew. From these circumstances, no doubt was entertained of Saint-Tropez being the place of their destination, and that they were, according to the rumour in circulation, to carry the Emperor Napoleon from thence to the Island of Elba. In effect, they arrived at Saint-Tropez the next day, the 26th, and found there a party of Austrian troops, who were to form the Emperor's escort. But the Emperor himself did not arrive, and on the 27th, in the morning, intelligence was brought that the roads being very bad, the carriages had proceeded to Frejus, where the troops and vessels were desired to meet them. The bearers of this intelligence were M. Koulvaloff, aide-de-camp to the Count de Schuvaloff, and M. de Clam, aide-de-camp

to Prince Schwartzberg. They came successively to Saint-Tropez, and went on board the *Dryad* frigate.

A short time before the arrival of these officers, an English frigate, carrying a flag of truce, passed by the port. From an officer who went on board this frigate, it was known to be the *Undaunted*, commanded by Captain Usher; that it came from Marseilles, and was going to Frejus, according to the orders of Colonel Campbell.

The *Dryad* proceeded at once to Frejus, having on board the two aides-de-camp above mentioned. On entering Saint-Rapheau, the port to Frejus, she found the English frigate already at anchor there, and preparing to take on board the baggage of the ex-Emperor Napoleon. The Count de Montcabrié immediately repaired to Frejus, where he saw Grand Marshal Bertrand, and imparted to him his mission. He afterwards saw Napoleon himself upon the same business. Different accounts have been circulated of what passed at these two interviews, and of the result of them.

Some say that Napoleon, being ignorant, or affecting ignorance, that he was to be conveyed in a French vessel, had made his arrangements for going in the English frigate, before he saw the Count de Montcabrié, and that it was then out of his power to recall what he had done. According to others, no choice upon the subject was given to Napoleon; the matter was arranged by the Commissaries. By others the addition is made, that Napoleon, whether engaged

by his own choice, or that of the Commissaries, to go himself in the *Undaunted*, proposed to M. de Montcabrié to accompany them with his frigate; but this commander having been charged singly with conducting him, did not think himself authorized to share the mission, particularly as he was only to take a sort of secondary part, which would have rendered the French flag in some sort subordinate to the English; and to this the French commander could not possibly consent.

Be all this as it may, it is certain that M. de Montcabrié, after his interviews with Napoleon and Grand Marshal Bertrand, hastened to return to Toulon, where he arrived again on the 29th. From thence he proceeded to Paris, and reached that capital on May 5th. It appears as if his conduct was approved by the Government, since he was charged with a new mission to the Island of Elba, that of accompanying the *Inconstant* thither to bring back the garrison.

But let us return to Napoleon, whom we left at Bouillidou. He set out from thence on the 27th, early in the morning, and arrived in good time at Frejus. The Prefect of the Var, M. Leroi, came to see him, and was accosted with the reproach—"Is this the *levée en masse* that you announced to me?" It is said that the Mayor told him that his two greatest enemies were the conscription and the united duties. It is further said that Napoleon having asked how the people of Frejus were disposed, the Mayor

answered, that they were favourable to him, and that he had nothing to fear. Napoleon then said, "I am sorry that Frejus is in Provence, and that I have never done anything for you, but I hope that in some months I may be able to repair the omission."

When he was alone in his chamber, he walked about hastily, going at intervals to the window to look at the frigates as they arrived in the roads of Frejus. He never went to the window that looked on the high street.

In the morning of the 28th, the whole train prepared for their departure to Saint-Rapheau. Some of the Commissaries and a party of hussars took the lead. The baggage was embarked, but Napoleon had not arrived. At nine o'clock tidings were brought that he was ill with indigestion from eating lobsters. Whether this indigestion was real or feigned,\* it had the effect of delaying the embarkation, which did not take place till eleven at night. At the moment of his coming on board, the Russian Commissary said, "Adieu, Cæsar and fortune!" The English fired a salute of twenty one guns, contrary to the usual custom. Let us for a time leave him peacefully to pursue his course towards his new empire, while we give a sketch of the disposition of the people

\* Six thousand men of the army of Italy were on their march. They had passed fourteen places of halting that they might arrive the sooner. Perhaps Napoleon hoped that some movement might be made in his favour, and wished to delay the embarkation as long as possible.



there, and of the events which had taken place from April 20th.

On April 21st the garrison of Porto Longono, composed chiefly of Italians, revolted. After breaking one of the arms of the commandant, and killing or wounding several other of the officers, they directed their course to Rio, where they embarked for the continent. Next day, the 22nd, in the fear lest something of the same kind should happen at Porto Ferrajo, the troops were assembled. They were required either to remain faithful to the French Government, or to return to their own homes. The greater part of them being Italians, preferred the latter alternative, and they were accordingly sent to Piombino.

On the 27th there was an insurrection at Porto Ferrajo, occasioned by some of the inhabitants who wanted to give the island up to the English. The latter, availing themselves of the circumstance, sent a flag of truce to summon General Dalesme, commandant of the island, to surrender, urging the fall of Napoleon as the reason for his so doing, sending in the journals to attest the truth of this statement. The Council of War answered that they were going to despatch a French officer to Paris to procure information concerning what had passed, and entreated the English commander, Montresor, to give him a safe-conduct. This the commander refused to grant, and renewed his summons. Great murmurings were occasioned in the island by this event; the inhabitants of Porto Ferrajo were only restrained by the

cannon of the forts, which were in possession of the French. But the malcontents broke out in the villages, particularly at Marciana, where Napoleon was burnt in effigy.

On April 28th, at nine o'clock in the morning, an English flag of truce arrived at Porto Ferrajo, bringing an aide-de-camp of the Minister at War, who was the bearer of despatches to General Dalesme. These despatches announced the fall of Napoleon, and his future residence at the Island of Elba. Such news excited the greater astonishment in the General, inasmuch as he had not received any for two months. Napoleon was then triumphant, and it appeared scarcely possible that so great a revolution should have been effected in so short a time. The bearer of the news was, besides, not known to any one belonging to the garrison. To all these motives for doubting the truth of the relation was joined another, that was the repeated attempts which had been made by the English to get possession of the island.

The distrust of the General was only increased, and his doubts were almost changed into certainties, when, a quarter of an hour after the arrival of the aide-de-camp, and during his conversation with the General, a second flag of truce came with a fresh summons to surrender the place. This being communicated by the General to the aide-de-camp, the latter did not know to what a demand of this nature was to be attributed, and entreated the

English captain to land alone, that he might explain the matter. The General consented, and a person was sent to invite the captain on shore. When he came into the town, the people, who were still ignorant of what had passed in France, and who persuaded themselves that this officer came to take possession of the island in the name of his Britannic Majesty, received him with acclamations, which testified the desire they had to pass under the dominion of England.

The General having communicated to the English captain the despatches of the French aide-de-camp, the captain answered that he had been informed of the news two days before, but that the commandant Montresor, to whom doubtless it was not known, had charged him, when he quitted Leghorn, to go to the Island of Corsica, with the mission which he had now executed. He said, however, that he would go and seek information relative to the state of affairs. He afterwards desired permission for himself and the other vessels that were cruising, to come into port and salute the new flag. This the General refused, observing that such a step might occasion a commotion among the people, whom he had great difficulty in restraining. The captain then withdrew, and departed a few minutes after with the aide-de-camp.

By noon the English vessel was no longer in sight, and discharges of artillery announced the return of the Bourbons. Some of the peasants, however,

attached to their ancient Sovereign, cried out in favour of Ferdinand. Many others assumed the black cockade, the soldiers were disposed to abandon their standards, and appearances of a disposition to revolt were manifested all over the town. The General then ordered the gates to be shut, placing about them four twenty-four pounders, loaded with case shot. He summoned the National Guard to patrol the town and arrest all who showed a disposition to be turbulent. The guarding of the forts was confided to the French, to whom orders were given to fire upon any assemblages of the people. By these dispositions the mutinous were intimidated, and order and tranquillity maintained. The neighbouring villages confined themselves, some to hoisting the English flag, others that of their ancient Sovereign.

Such was the state of things when, on May 3rd, at five o'clock in the evening, an English frigate, the *Undaunted*, was seen to moor at a quarter of a league from the town. In a few minutes a boat was despatched from it, which came to the Office of Health, requesting admission into the town. Having obtained it, Grand Marshal Bertrand, General Drouot, a Russian General, an Austrian General, a Colonel of the Lancers of the Guard, an English Colonel, and two foragers of the palace landed, and waited on General Dalesme to inform him of the arrival of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, and to take possession of the island in his name. This, General Bertrand

proceeded to do immediately, putting seals upon the public chests.

General Dalesme immediately ordered the garrison under arms, and, accompanied by all the authorities of the town, went on board the English frigate. The ex-Emperor could ill disguise his mortification at so pitiful a deputation. After putting some questions relative to the island and its inhabitants, he dismissed them, ordering that all the Mayors and ministers of the neighbouring villages should be immediately convened. The inhabitants of Porto Ferrajo assembled upon the port to attend the debarkation of their new Sovereign; but at eleven o'clock at night, after having luffed for some time about the island, Napoleon ordered notice to be given to General Dalesme that the ceremony of his reception should be deferred till the next day at two in the afternoon. The foreign Commissaries and the French officers in the meantime passed a part of the night and the next morning in walking about the town, visiting all the public places, and endeavouring to learn the temper of the inhabitants.

On Wednesday, the 4th, at noon, the troops were all under arms, and the authorities went down to the port. At three o'clock the Emperor's debarkation was announced by a discharge of twenty-one guns from the frigate, which were answered by a like number from the forts. The ex-Emperor was then seen coming in a boat, dressed in a blue great-coat which he wore over a coat embroidered with

silver, on which was some particular decoration also of silver. He wore a round hat with a cockade in it.

Immediately on coming on shore, he received the keys of the town from the hands of the commandant, and was addressed by the sub-Prefect. He afterwards placed himself under a canopy which was brought for the purpose, and proceeded on foot to the parish church. His countenance was singularly gloomy, his eyes were fixed alternately upon all the people by whom he was surrounded, as if seeking to divine their sentiments, and making useless efforts to hide the distrust and fear by which he was agitated; nor did the acclamations he received appear to inspire him with any confidence. When he arrived at the church a *Te Deum* was sung, during which he appeared extremely affected, even shedding tears as he raised his eyes to heaven.

This ceremony concluded, the Emperor directed his steps, with extreme haste, to the Mayoralty, where apartments were prepared for him. He was followed by a great number of people, who were permitted to enter with him. He began to put questions to those around him, and seemed to recover somewhat from his agitation. Nature soon resuming her rights, he began to reproach the Mayor of Marciaua upon his effigy having been burnt there, and upon the inhabitants having hoisted the English flag. He exhorted the Mayor to preserve order in his commune, and charged him to assure the adminis-

trators that the liberty of the seas would soon afford them the means of repairing their losses. The ministers were exhorted to preach concord among their parishioners, and the chiefs of different corps were recommended to preserve a strict discipline. After this audience, he mounted his horse, and rode about the island for some time, notwithstanding that the wind and rain rendered the ride very disagreeable.

His taking possession of the island on the same day was attested in the following *procès-verbal*:—

“This day, May 4th, 1814, his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, having taken possession of the Island of Elba, General Drouot, Governor of the Island, had the flag of the island, a white ground, crossed diagonally with a stripe of red, on which are three bees embroidered with gold; hoisted upon the forts. This flag has been saluted by the batteries from the forts upon the coasts, by the English frigate the *Undaunted*, and by the French vessels of war in the port. In witness whereof, we, the Commissaries of the Allied Powers, have signed the present *procès-verbal*, with General Drouot, Governor of the Island, and General Dalesme, Commandant-in-chief of the island.

“*Done at Porto Ferrajo, May 4th, 1814.*”

At the same time General Dalesme issued the following proclamation:—

“Inhabitants of the Island of Elba,—The vicissitudes of human life have conducted among you the

Emperor Napoleon, and his own choice gives him to you as a Sovereign. Before he entered your walls, your august and new monarch addressed to me the following words, which I hasten to impart to you, as the pledge of your future happiness :—

“General, I have sacrificed my rights to the interests of my country, reserving to myself the sovereignty and property of the Island of Elba, to which all the Allied Powers have consented. Please make known to the inhabitants the new state of things, and the choice which I have made of this island as my place of residence, in consideration of the mildness of their manners and their climate. Tell them that they will be always the objects of my most anxious solicitude.”

“Inhabitants of the Island of Elba, these words want no commentary, they pronounce your fate. The Emperor has judged you rightly. I owe you this justice, and I freely render it to you.

“Inhabitants of Elba, I shall quit you shortly; it will be painful to me to be separated from you, for I love you sincerely; but the idea of your happiness will soften the bitterness of our parting. Wherever I am, I shall always be near to this island in the recollection of the virtues of its inhabitants, and in the vows I shall incessantly offer for their welfare.

“BRIGADE GENERAL DALESME.

*“Given at Porto Ferrajo, May 4th, 1814.”*





NAPOLEON AT ELBA.



## NAPOLEON AT ELBA.\*

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ON May 5th Napoleon went out on foot at five in the morning, to visit all the public establishments. He returned at nine, after having overwhelmed every one whom he met with questions, and harassed those who accompanied him with fatigue. He directed many changes to be made; he would have wished that the barracks of Saint-Francis could be metamorphosed in a moment into an Imperial Palace for his residence. It was observed to him, however, that the island did not offer resources sufficient for satisfying his wishes so instantaneously. He paid particular attention to the salt-works, which occasioned the bad air breathed in the country; they are so noxious, that no one can sleep near them without catching a fever. He gave orders for converting the premises into a vast lazaretto.

Next day, the 6th, he set out very early in the morning, accompanied by General Bertrand, the

\* This island, situated off the coast of Tuscany, is twenty-six leagues in circumference; its population is estimated at twelve thousand souls; it contains two towns, Porto Ferrajo and Porto Longono, with many villages and hamlets.

Austrian and Russian Commissaries, the Colonel of the Lancers, and an English Colonel, to visit the mines at Rio. When arrived there, he examined everything with great attention, proposed several improvements, and paid a warm tribute of commendation to the chief of the works. At ten o'clock he went to the house of M. Pons, the Director of the Mines, to breakfast. While he was waiting for the table to be spread, he walked about the room with hasty steps, appearing absorbed in reflection; at length, starting on a sudden from his reverie, he said with much warmth to the Austrian General—"If I had not been deceived by that scoundrel D—I should have arrived at Paris two hours before you, I should have raised all the people in the suburbs, I should have attacked you, should have crushed you, and driven you beyond the Vistula. I had, besides, a sufficient number of adherents to have maintained a civil war for three years; but I preferred the peace of France to all the laurels which I might still have gathered."

After breakfast he desired to speak with M. Pons, and told him that since it was his intention to come sometimes to Rio, and his house was very convenient for being converted into a palace, he wished him to seek another habitation for himself and his family. He gave a plan himself of the alterations which he wished made in the house, and charged General Bertrand with attending to the immediate execution of the plan.

On May 7th the Emperor took possession of the pavilion belonging to the officers of the Corps-de-Genie, and for the interval between that and the departure of the officers, he gave up to them the apartments which he had inhabited at the Mayoralty. This pavilion has only one story, consisting of six windows in front, but it stands insulated in a pretty garden, and overlooks the sea and the town.

At the same time the Emperor established his household, which was to consist:—*First*, of four chamberlains, who were also to be counsellors of State. The persons named to these offices were:—M. Lapi, ex-Mayor of Porto Ferrajo; M. Vantini, ex-Judge of the Criminal Tribunal; M. Gualante, Mayor of Rio; and M. Tradite, the existing Mayor of Porto Ferrajo. The salary of these united places was fixed at twelve hundred francs.

*Secondly*. Three officers of artillery, viz.:—M. Vantini, Junior; M. Binelli, Junior; and M. Peré, Junior.

*Thirdly*. Two foragers of the palace:—M. Deschamps and M. Baillon.

The Emperor next announced that he should be at home to receive ladies twice a week, at eight in the evening. The Elbese fair did not fail to accept the invitation. Napoleon presented himself in the midst of the circle, and asked many questions; in particular he inquired of each lady her name and her husband's profession. The greater part answered that their husbands were in trade. Napoleon then

inquired what trade, when he found that one was a baker, another a butcher, and so on. Little satisfied with the rank of his visitors, he retreated in a very short time; the ladies retreated also, and in a fortnight he found his Court wholly deserted.

From May 7th to the 25th, Napoleon was principally occupied with arranging his house, and closing up the avenues to it. He presided himself at the works, going among the masons at five o'clock in the morning, in his silk stockings and buckles.

On May 25th the frigate *Dryad*, commanded by M. de Montcabrié, and the brig *Inconstant*, commanded by the Viscount de Charrier-Moissard, arrived at Porto Ferrajo. The frigate was destined to carry home the French garrison, and the brig was to remain with Napoleon. After an exchange of salutes between the French and English ships, which was made gun for gun, the Count de Montcabrié paid his respects to Generals Dalesme and Drouot (the Governor of the island); having previously intimated to the latter his arrival and the object of his mission. In the night between the 25th and 26th, five English transports arrived, bringing with them the Imperial Guard of Napoleon, consisting of a thousand men, grenadiers, chasseurs, officers and soldiers of the artillery, and Polish Lancers, with nineteen marines and six Mamelukes.

On the 26th, at five in the morning, as the sailors were washing the decks of the *Dryad*, Napoleon arrived there, accompanied by General Bertrand,

General Cambrune, commandant of the guard, who had just arrived, and several other officers, with the commandant of the transports. As he came on board he said to the captain and the officers that he could not pass a French vessel without visiting it. 'He made the tour of the decks and the fore-castle, asking a variety of questions of the sailors whom he met, and then withdrew to go to the English frigate. He was there cheered with five rounds of huzzas from the crew, and all the vessels in the road saluted him except the *Dryad* and *Inconstant*. He personally superintended the debarkation of the guard and of his effects, and seemed very much pleased at receiving the latter.

*Sunday, May 29th.*—After mass a public audience was held, at the conclusion of which the Emperor had a private conference with M. de Montcabrié. That officer was then invited to dine with the Emperor; at the dinner were also present Generals Bertrand and Dalesme, and two ladies of the island, Madame and Mdllc. Vantini. It was the festival of the patron saint of the town, and a ball was given at which the Emperor with his whole Court attended.

*June 1st.*—The Princess Paulina arrived in a Neapolitan frigate, called the *Letitia*, commanded by Vice-Admiral Lostange.

*June 2nd.*—This Princess and the frigate both departed.

*June 4th.*—Everything being prepared for the departure of the garrison, the captain of the *Dryad*



gave orders for the embarkation. He, accompanied by M. Charrier, the captain of the *Inconstant*, went to inform Napoleon of their intended departure, and were well received by him. After conversing with them for a few minutes, he invited them to breakfast, during which the conversation continued upon indifferent topics. The breakfast concluded, he wished them a prosperous voyage and departed. He sent a renewal of his adieux by the Grand Marshal at the moment of sailing.

*June 26th.*—The Imperial Guard gave an entertainment to the inhabitants. There was a ball, at which Napoleon was present, and stayed three hours, walking about and talking to the ladies, as at the Tuileries. When he quitted the ball at two o'clock in the morning, he got into his carriage and went to Marciana.

*August 2nd.*—Madame Bonaparte, his mother, arrived with two ladies of honour, and M. Colonne, the chamberlain.

*August 15th.*—Being Napoleon's birthday, the Guard gave an entertainment. Napoleon added a ball to it, at the expense of the town, and sent the following note to the Governor:—

“As I have not yet a house which will permit of my giving entertainments, I shall wait for the arrival of the Empress, or the Princess Paulina, whom I expect early in September, for a display of fireworks. I wish the commune to be at the

expense of a ball, which shall be given in the Place, a building of wood being run up for the purpose, and that the officers of the Imperial Guard and of the Free Battalion be invited to it. Near this building let an orchestra be constructed, that the soldiers may dance, and let there be some flagons of wine that they may drink. I desire also that the commune will marry two young men, and give them portions, the Grand Marshal and the authorities to assist at these marriages which shall be celebrated at the high mass '

A ball was accordingly given by the commune, on the Place, at which the Emperor's mother, Madame Bertrand, and the two ladies of honour attended. There were present about thirty ladies, in a room which would have held three hundred. Napoleon did not appear, and the ball was very dull.

Porto Ferrajo is no longer the same place. Artists of all professions are established there, three hundred masons have arrived within a month, strangers flock thither from all parts, some attracted only by curiosity, others to make speculations. This influx has doubled the price of everything; house rent is beyond all price. Pavilions are to be constructed for the officers, and houses are to be raised in height, as the only means of enlarging the town, since the site of it is confined by the sea and the fortifications. One change has been made, in which the true genius of Napoleon is conspicuous: the church of the hos

pital has been converted into a theatre, and actors are expected to open it on the 1st of October. The streets have been repaired, and rendered fit for carriages. The soldiers appear little satisfied with their residence on the island.

The Emperor's life is very uniform. He goes out regularly every morning at five o'clock, commonly either to Saint-Martin or Marciana; at ten he returns home to breakfast. He then remains at home till six o'clock in the evening, when he takes a ride or walk, accompanied only by a single officer. When he is on foot, he stops the first person he meets, and if he likes his conversation, makes him walk with him for hours together.

I must mention a circumstance which happened the very day after his arrival. At two o'clock Napoleon mounted his horse to ride round the bay. A peasant who perceived him, escorted by several English, persuaded himself that the island had been surrendered to England, and that he was a commander sent thither by the King of Great Britain. He accordingly went down on his knees, and in this posture made a most pompous eulogium on the English, at the same time breaking out into violent invectives against the French Emperor. As he spoke Italian, the English did not understand a word that he said, but Napoleon asked him the occasion of the invectives he uttered. At this question the peasant entered upon an enumeration of the misfortunes he and his family had experienced, occasioned by the

conscription, the taxes, &c., &c. He would never have finished if Napoleon had not continued his ride without saying a word in answer. The peasant, being told that it was the Emperor himself to whom he had been speaking, remained stupefied for some moments, and then ran away as fast as possible. From that moment, notwithstanding all the researches made, he was never to be found.

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We shall now conclude our details respecting Napoleon, whose existence will henceforward be of no more importance than the island which he inhabits. During his elevation he might be mistaken for the hero of a tragedy, at his fall he appeared no more than a character in a melodrama, nothing of that character being wanting.

Thus he could after a battle visit the field of slaughter unmoved, and say coldly, in the midst of cries of despair for the victims that had fallen, "This was a grand consummation!"—and when returning from Moscow, could traverse a route of three hundred leagues thronged with dead and dying, without showing the least signs of emotion, being solely occupied with attending to his own preservation.

In this he has justified the idea entertained of him by the celebrated General, whom he so basely pursued as a rival, whom he endeavoured to bring to

destruction as a conspirator by the sword of the laws, but whose career was terminated very differently. General Moreau being asked, in his last journey to London, when he was about to depart for Dresden, what he thought of Napoleon: "The great characteristics of this man," he said, "are falsehood and a love of life. I am going to attack him, I shall beat him, and shall see him at my feet begging his life."

What a spectacle have these two men offered to our century! Both arrived at the pinnacle of military glory, how different has been their end! The one, passing from the camp to the throne, could not endure the glory of his rival. He involved him in a criminal suit, and dragged him before the tribunal of justice, to tarnish his honour for ever, if not to take away his life. The other, passing from the theatre of his glory to the bench of the accused, with difficulty extricates himself from a strife so unequal and so new to him. He is constrained, however, to quit his own country, and seek an asylum in the New World, living there in all the simplicity of a private character; while his rival, raised to the summit of power, becomes the arbiter of nations. But his elevation hollows out a precipice over which he must fall. To complete his overthrow, Moreau is summoned from the distant shores of America. He arrives; front to front he opposes his ancient rival, he becomes his most formidable enemy, he attacks him, and finds a glorious death on the field of honour, carrying with him to the tomb the

sweet hope of seeing his country delivered, and the consolation of having contributed with his blood to that deliverance.

Napoleon endeavours to snatch from him this glory, he insults a death which he has not known how to imitate. Conquered in his turn, he begs his life, according to the prediction of his rival. He obtains it, he survives the despair of his fall, the despair of seeing France delivered, of seeing her restore to an august family, whom he had so basely pursued, the homage which had been so long withheld.\* Moreau dies, and his glory survives him; Napoleon would live, and his glory perishes before him.

\* Napoleon signed his act of abdication on the day that Monsieur arrived at the gates of Paris. Napoleon entered the road of Porto Ferrajo the day that Louis XVIII. entered his capital.

THE END.

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## ERRATUM

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Page 180, line 22, *for* "Madame Lénormant" *read*  
Madame Le Normand

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